

were secretly monitored by the Security Police and followed. This led to the arrest of Ahmed Timol.

He died five days later. While being interrogated in Room 1026 he had, 'for no apparent reason', jumped up from a chair and dived through the window. That's what the Security Police said. My London BOSS handler, Alf Bouwer, told me a different story. He said three Security Police officers had been in Room 1026 at the time of Timol's death. They had asked Timol if he knew a man named Quentin Jacobsen. Timol had said 'Yes. He's a Coloured chap who lives down in Cape Town.' The Security men knew this was a lie because, acting on my information to BOSS, a Security Police monitoring team already had Quentin Jacobsen under surveillance and knew he was a White man from Britain.

Timol's lie angered the three security men, so two of them grabbed him and pushed his head and shoulders through the window as they held on to his legs. They threatened to drop him if he did not stop telling lies. But something happened to make one of the officers let go of Timol and he fell ten floors to his death.

Alf Bouwer told me he knew this 'inside story' because his brother, Robbie Bouwer, was a Security Police interrogator based at John Vorster Square. Robbie Bouwer had also helped to question Timol, but not on the day he died. When I returned to South Africa in 1974, I became friendly with Robbie Bouwer, because he knew from his brother Alf that I had worked in London as a BOSS agent. I asked Robbie what had really happened to Timol, and this is what he told me:

'One of the chaps grabbed Timol by the seat of his trousers with one hand and his hair with the other. Our other chap held Timol's left leg with one hand and his shirt with the other. They only meant to scare him into talking and held him face down over the window ledge as they slowly pushed his head and shoulders out.

'They told Timol they would let go if he didn't tell the truth about Quentin Jacobsen. Timol shouted something

like "Stuff you, you bastards", so the chap holding Timol's left leg let go of his shirt and, using both hands, banged Timol's left shin on the edge of the window ledge.'

It was at this stage that 'something terrible' happened, said Robbie Bouwer. Timol's right leg, either by spasm or by design, jerked up, and his heel hit the other officer in the testicles. He let go of Timol and fell back grunting in pain.

'The other chap, still holding Timol's left ankle and calf, was nearly pulled through the window by Timol's weight and had to let go to save himself,' said Robbie Bouwer.

There was a reason why the Security men had lost their tempers and held Timol through the window. His lie about Quentin Jacobsen being a Coloured man who lived in Cape Town made them realize he had been taking them for a ride the previous day when he had sat down and started drafting out a statement about the South African political figures he had been connected with while studying in London the previous year.

When he was first detained the Security Police had started their usual torture techniques. Timol knew that if they kept beating him he would blurt out the names of his contacts inside South Africa. To protect these people, and to give them time to hear about his arrest, so they would have a few valuable extra hours to flee the country, Timol pretended he was most willing to talk.

He kept his interrogators busy scribbling for two days by telling them a long involved story of how, while studying in Britain, he had joined a folk-music club known as the Singers' Group in London's King's Cross area. One night, he said, he had attended the club when Peggy Seeger and Ewan McColl had performed on the stage.

(Within hours of Timol telling the Security Police about the Singers' Group, BOSS signalled me in London and told me to join the club and get the names and photographs of the leading members, which I did.)

Timol said Peggy Seeger and Ewan McColl had invited songs or poetry from the audience, so he had jumped up and sung an impromptu ditty about the stupidity of