

would dare come near! Out in the open we rarely see the violence, but Ardrey reports studies showing how robins in confined captive spaces commit murder with apparent willingness if not enthusiasm. Of course here the poor victim is trapped and prevented from fleeing, as would most often happen in the open.

Human society being so complex, the phenomenon of the neighbour is similarly rather more elaborate than that found in the robin! Nowhere is the rivalry of neighbours more obvious than in the football stadium. When the team I support runs out onto the pitch there is a huge roar of support for them from the crowd. For 90 minutes they represent not only Sheffield, but that part of Sheffield known on the football pitch as Sheffield Wednesday. Frankly this is logically absurd, since at the time of writing the team comprises two Italians, a Swede, a Norwegian, two Dutchmen, a Czech and several Scots. Yes there are also one or two Englishmen, but these do not actually come from Sheffield, and the real heroes are the Italians. Now when England plays Italy that is another matter altogether! Of course this just shows how complex human territoriality really is, and how dangerous and simplistic it is to extrapolate blindly from animal behaviour, no matter how tempting that might be.

After this initial roar of approval the crowd is likely to raise the loudest cheer for a goal scored by the home team. Sadly, on many occasions this either does not happen enough or even at all. On such depressing afternoons the loudest cheer might well accompany the announcement of the score of our nearest neighbours, but only if they are losing! A rule about territory seems to be that those who are your nearest neighbours, and especially those with whom you share some territorial boundary, are those who you most wish to beat!

In England the football stadium is organized so as to position the most fiercely loyal supporters at one end of the ground (Inglis 1983). Here traditionally they stand looking down the pitch from behind their goal as if they were a collective twelfth player. Indeed they are almost recognized as such, with managers frequently appealing to the supporters to 'get behind the team' and shout loudly for them. These most faithful supporters generally paid less than the more well-heeled citizens who are comfortably accommodated sitting down the sides of the pitch. The opposite end is reserved for supporters of the away team, thus opposing them against the home end like two great medieval armies. These often massive and originally uncovered slopes resembled natural hills, and many are still known as Kops. In fact their full name is Spion Kop after a hill in South Africa, which was somewhat pointlessly fought over during the Boer War at the turn of the century. Thousands of British soldiers were killed in taking the Spion Kop from the Boers, but the force was so weakened by the effort that they withdrew almost immediately. The Spion Kop thus came to represent the ultimate