designs working in the same city at the same time. The results are, however, dramatically different.

In view of what we see it is not surprising that Piano has written in his 'log book':

> 'Knowing how to do things not just with the head, but with the hands as well: this might seem a rather programmatic and ideological goal. It is not. It is a way of safeguarding creative freedom. If you intend to use a material, a construction technique, or an architectural element in an unusual way, there is always a time when you hear yourself saying, "It can't be done", simply because no one has ever tried before. But if you have actually tried, then you can keep going – and so you gain a degree of independence in design that you would not have otherwise.
> 'While we were building the Centre Pompidou, we had to make a structure out of pieces of cast metal. The entire French steel industry rose up in arms: it refused point-blank, saying that a structure like that wouldn't stay up. But we were sure of our facts, Peter Rice above all, and passed the order on to the German company Krupp. And so it was that the main structure of the Centre Pompidou was made in Germany, even if the girders had to be delivered at night, almost in secret. This was one case in which technique protected art. Our understanding of structures set free our capacity for expression.'
> (Piano, 1997, p.18)

The introduction to the log book is an enthusiastic and heartfelt statement about what it is to be an architect. The opening page reads:

> 'The architect's profession is an adventurous one, a job on the frontier. The architect walks a knife-edge between art and science, between originality and memory, between the daring of modernity and the caution of

tradition. Architects have no choice but to live dangerously. They work with all sorts of raw materials, and I don't just mean concrete, wood, metal. I'm talking about history and geography, mathematics and the natural sciences, anthropology and ecology, aesthetics and technology, climate and society – all things that architects have to deal with every day.

'The architect has the finest job in the world because . . . We are left with the adventure of the mind, which can bring as much anxiety, bewilderment, and fear as an expedition to a land of ice and snow.

'Designing is a journey, in a way. You set off to find out, to learn. You accept the unexpected. If you get scared and immediately seek refuge in the warm and welcoming lair of the already seen, the already done, it is no journey. But if you have a taste for adventure, you don't hide, you go on. Each project is a new start, and you are in unexplored territory. You are a Robinson Crusoe of modern times.

'Architecture is an ancient profession – as old as hunting, fishing, tilling the fields, exploring. These are the original activities of human beings, from which all others are descended. Immediately after the search for food comes the search for shelter. At a certain point the human being was no longer content with the refuges offered by nature, and became an architect.

'Those who build houses provide shelter: for themselves, for their families, for their people. In the tribe, the architect performs a role of service to the community. But the house is not just protection: this basic function has always gone hand in hand with an aesthetic, expressive, symbolic yearning. The house, from the very beginning, has been the setting for a quest for beauty, dignity and status. The house is often used to give expression to a desire to belong, or to a desire to be different.