

The story goes that in the fifteenth century, in a tiny village near Nuremberg, Germany, lived a family with 18 children. They both wanted to pursue their talent for art, but they knew full well that their father could never afford to send either of them to Nuremberg to study at the academy. In order to keep food on the table for his large family, the father—a goldsmith by profession—worked almost 18 hours a day. After many long discussions, the two boys finally worked out a pact. Despite their hopeless situation, two of the Durers' elder children had a dream. All heads turned to the far end of the table where Albert sat, tears streaming down his pale face, shaking his lowered head from side to side while he sobbed and repeated, over and over, "No... no... no. Finally, Albert rose, wiped the tears from his cheeks and said, "No, brother. I cannot go to Nuremberg. It is too late for me. Look what four years in the mines have done to my hands!