

# Mrs. Nose Builds Her Dream Closet



*Now that Sandra Newman finally has it all, where's she going to put it?*

BY LISA DEPAULO

**S**ANDRA NEWMAN IS LEANING DANGEROUSLY over a second-story balcony, waving her 20-carat diamond ring, and screaming, "Five!" to the auctioneer.

"But Saaaan-dra," pleads Karl Krumholz, her decorator, "we don't have room for a brass bed."

"I don't care," says Sandra Newman. "The bedding alone's worth \$500!"

It's just another wild and crazy night with Sandra and Julius "Dr. Nose" Newman—and their decorator—this one at the March of Dimes gala furniture auction. Sandra, who's dressed more like the March of Diamonds, simply *has* to buy something.

"Six hundred!" calls the auctioneer. "Do I hear \$650?"

"Six fifty!"

Karl puts his hand on his hip. "Saaaan-dra," he whines, "where are we gonna put it?"

Karl Krumholz is Sandra's and Julius's date for the night. From the moment they hired him as interior designer of their new \$4 million-plus home out in Gladwyne, he's been in attendance

whenever there was furniture to be bought.

"I suppose," he says, "we *could* put it in the maid's room."

"Not a chance!" says Sandra. "I'm giving it to the kids. Jonathan and Nancy would *love* a brass bed. Seven fifty!" she shouts.

"Is she the cutest or what?" says her husband, as Sandra comes *this close* to tumbling over the balcony, champagne flute in one hand, extra-long More cigarette burning in the other. She's wearing her usual four-inch heels and a dress that's half leopard miniskirt and half cleavage with black sequins. She may be 49, but all her husband, the much-hyped plastic surgeon, has ever had to fix was her nose. The rest is the original model.

"Do I hear nine?" asks the auctioneer.

"Nine!" shouts Sandra.

"Do I hear \$950?"

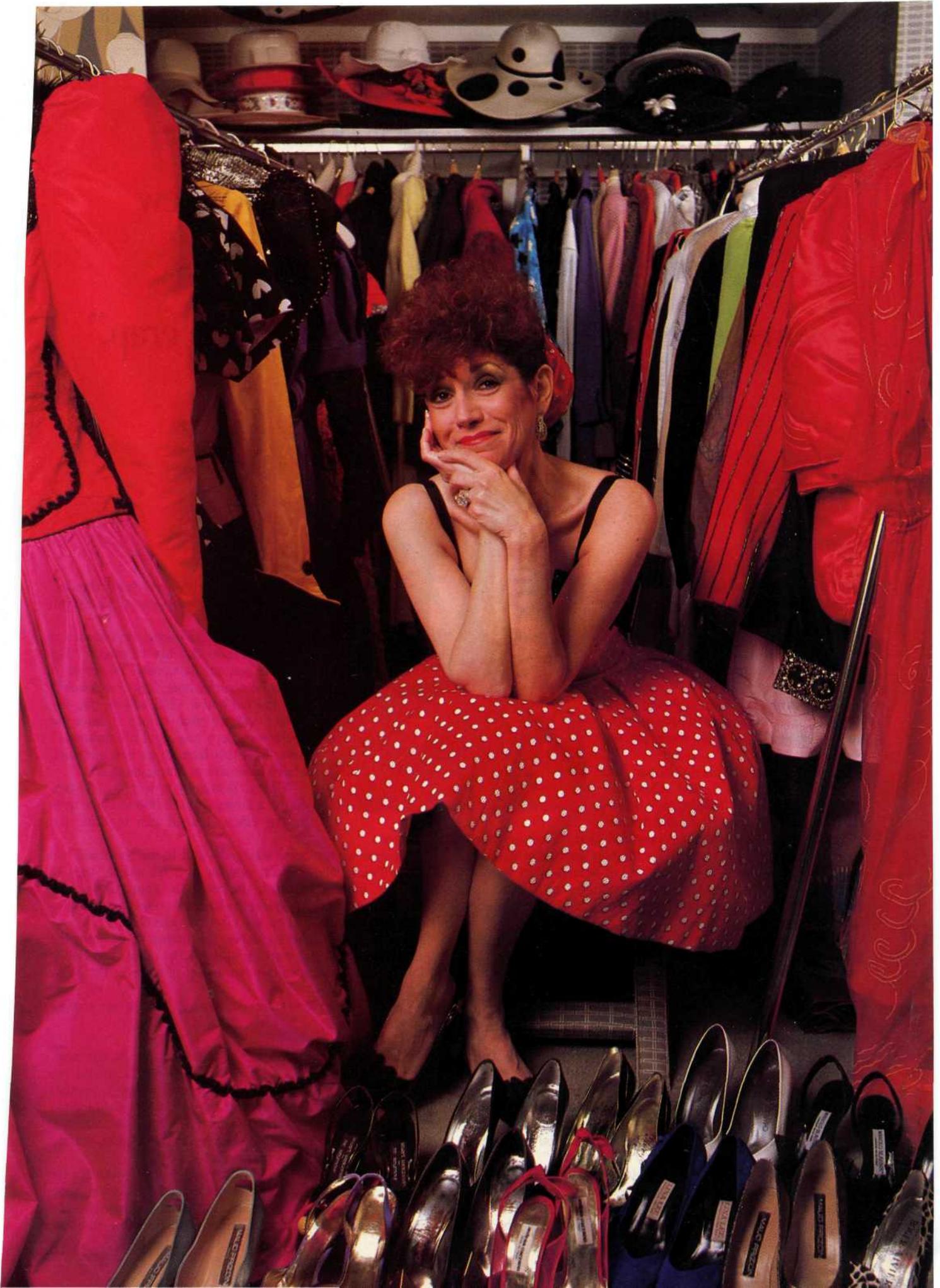
"One thousand!" she yells.

Behind her, Dr. Nose bursts out laughing. "She just outbid herself!" he roars. "Did I tell you she was the cutest?"

"We got it!" says Sandra, dropping ashes on the floor. "Quick, honey! Call the kids! Tell them what we bought for them!"

"OK," says Dr. Nose. "And don't you worry, dear, a thousand sounds better than \$900 anyway."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY D'ANELLA



“So I wrote Jules a very businesslike letter about why we had to build a new house,” says Sandra. “None of this you-better-do-this-’cause-you-love-me crap.”

“YOU WANT THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HOUSE? I’ll tell you the truth.” Today, Sandra Newman is sitting behind her desk in the posh Bala Cynwyd offices of Astor, Weiss & Newman, the law firm where she reigns as the highest-paid—and only female—partner.

“I just woke up one day and said, ‘This . . . is . . . ridiculous! I have no room for my shoes, I have no room for my dresses . . .’”

She reaches for a cigarette. Brown, the same shade as today’s outfit. Chocolate brown dress, brown suede boots, a brown fedora hat tipped dramatically and deliberately over her forehead. Her copper-red Medusa hair is frizzed down to her shoulders. Her lips are carefully outlined in matching pencil. She looks exactly like the kind of person—part woman/part tigress—you wouldn’t want representing your husband in a divorce. On her finger, she’s wearing nothing but a thin gold wedding band.

“I never wear my jewelry to work,” she says. “Because that’s the *last* thing my clients need to see. Besides, their wives already think, ‘That bitch! She has everything in the world and I’m gonna end up starving.’ Of course, my response to that is, ‘So, why aren’t you working?’ . . . Oh, and I never drive my Rolls to work either. . . .”

“So where were we? The house. Well, first I called my architect. I said, ‘Vince, I need more closet space!’ Well, he came over and drew up all these elaborate plans, then said, ‘We’re gonna have to put another story on the house.’ It was going to be fabulous—with a spiral staircase leading up from my bathroom and a greenhouse all around it—but I wasn’t getting too excited about it. I said, ‘Vince, I lead a busy life. Can you picture me every morning climbing up to get to my clothes?’”

So that night Sandra Newman wrote a very businesslike letter to her husband. “None of this you-better-do-this-’cause-you-love-me crap. Just a very businesslike letter about why this was ridiculous and how we’d have to build a new house. And the next



day, he said, ‘All right, let’s build a house.’ We’re calling it Casablanca—did I tell you that?”

She picks up the phone and punches in the numbers to dial her chauffeur. “Let me take you out there now. I’ll tell ya, it better be done by June, ’cause we already sold the old house. And believe me, my builder will not want to pay to have *me* live somewhere else until it’s finished. I have dogs that have to go into a kennel. I have nine cars to put in garages. . . .”

“Cathy? How are you dear? . . . Listen, do me a favor, and tell Bob to come over to the office. I need him to drive me

somewhere . . .”

In seconds we are being whisked—first to the Newmans’ old house in Penn Valley, which sold for over \$1 million, then to Casablanca. In the driveway of the house she’s outgrown sit five of the Newmans’ cars, including the limo and one of the Rolls—the one with “Dr. Nose” on the vanity license plate.

Inside, Alison the maid is cleaning the kitchen floor, Cathy the full-time bookkeeper is working in the home office, and Bob is on the way downstairs to the gym to polish some of Dr. Newman’s shoes.

“What do you want first?” asks Sandra. “The house tour or the clothes tour?”

IF THE UNOFFICIAL MOTTO OF THE ’80S IS THAT, IN THE END, Whoever Has the Most Toys Wins, then the Newmans are going to come close. How they’ve played the game is another story altogether. It’s a story of what happens when your husband has done more than 17,000 nose jobs (but who’s counting?) and you’ve risen to the top of the divorce law profession, leaving plenty of male competitors in the dust.

By now the legend of her husband, Dr. Nose—with his fur coats, his Vegas-style offices, his nurses who get called Newman’s Angels, and his blatant style of promoting himself—has become as much a part of Philadelphia folklore as the statue of



*A house isn't just a house:  
The Noses in (almost) Casablanca,  
their new \$1 million digs.*

Rocky. And if you don't believe it, just ask him. But just like with Rocky, no one's ever been quite sure if we should be proud of this flamboyant tribute to excess or appalled by the . . . well, the chutzpah of it all.

They have built their considerable fortune on the vanities—and the weaknesses—of others. She splits them, he fixes them. And if now they seem to have chosen to live their lives like the embodiment of those vanities, well isn't that what the '80s was all about? If you've got it, get more?

The neighbors may hiss, but they still call Sandra Newman for their eight-figure divorce settlements. And they still count on her husband to readjust their noses—if only so they can keep them in the air.

"I don't even think about what people think of me," says Sandra. "Because I learned a very important lesson many years ago. A friend I had in college said to me, 'Sandra, if people don't either love you or hate you, you haven't left your mark on the world.'"

"BOY, SHE'S SOMETHING, AIN'T SHE?" SAYS BOB.

Bob is Sandra Newman's chauffeur.

"I know what you're thinking," says Bob. "You know how those rich people are. But I gotta tell ya, not this one. She's real. And I'll tell ya how I know. I belong to the Main Line Chauffeurs Society. There's 26 of us. And if you wanna hear *stories!* We meet once a month. And they don't even believe me when I tell them what the Newmans are like to work for.

"Wherever they go—wherever—they make sure that *I* go out to eat. I drove them last week to Washington, they get out at this fancy restaurant, and you know what she does? She hands me a \$100 bill and says, 'Get a decent meal.' So I went to McDonald's and brought her the change. She couldn't understand what I ate. I said, 'Mrs. Newman, that's where I eat.'

"For Christmas—she never even *met* my sons—and they all got these beautiful gifts. My wife got this beautiful watch. I don't even want to tell you what I got.

"You wanna know the kinds of things she does? My wife and I were going on vacation last year. She said, 'Bob, where you going?' I said, the Trump Hotel in Atlantic City. We got this package deal. The room, the meals, the shows. And she says, 'Bob, you mind me asking what it costs?' So I told her, \$422. And she went into her office and came out with a check for \$500. She said, 'Now this isn't from the Nose, it's from me, Bob, so don't even argue.' *That's* what Mrs. Newman's like. The other guys, they don't believe me."

The funny thing is, no matter who you ask about the Newmans—even those who aren't on the payroll—they can't help but mention the tabs she picks up, the lavish parties they get invited to, the gifts she sends, all carefully handpicked and planned, and the spreads of champagne and smoked salmon she brings to settlement negotiating sessions. The Newmans are hardly the only ones enjoying their money.

Several weeks after Bob the chauffeur delivers his monologue on Sandra, he is driving the Newman limousine, with the boss lady in tow, through heavy Manhattan traffic as part of the annual ritual of Putting Mrs. Newman's Furs in Storage. Bob hates Manhattan, and his hands get sweaty just thinking of the wildlife kingdom stashed in the trunk—17 pelts he must deliver personally to her midtown furrier.

A block away from the Helmsley Palace he loses his cool.

"Oh, *go to hell!*" the Newman chauffeur is screaming to a New York traffic cop. "That's right, buddy, go to hell!"

At which point Mrs. Newman lowers the window that separates him from us, and raises her voice to her chauffeur.

"Go get 'em, Bob!" she yells.

THIRTY YEARS AGO, WHEN SANDRA WAS 19, SHE WENT TO A BAR mitzvah and a waiter served her a knish. Eight months later, she married the waiter. No, there weren't any dollar signs in Sandra Eileen Schultz's eyes when she became Mrs. Julius Newman.

In fact he was, if you'll pardon the expression, a nose below what Sandra had been used to. Not that the Schultzes of Wynnefield were *rich* rich, as she likes to put it, but they were comfortable enough to send their only daughter off to "typical Jewish kid camp" in the summers—where she led the raids on the boys' bunks—and to clothe her in her first fur-lined coat at the age of eight. Still, her mother worked full time all her life in the family business, a string of food store/luncheonettes.

By age 17, while a freshman at Drexel, Sandra joined the Young Republicans—a decision, she says, that was made in deliberate defiance of her father's liberal Democrat views. "I

was a capitalist even then," she says. "Though, to my father, becoming a Republican was the worst thing I could do."

Jules had a much different upbringing. His mother died when he was six, and his father remarried three times, with two of those marriages ending in divorce. "He used to think," says Sandra, "that 1801 Vine [Family Court] was his second home." And though the Newmans weren't exactly *poor* poor, they were poor whenever it seemed to matter. His father, who had a food store in Atlantic City, did well some years and did miserably the rest. The youngest of four boys, Jules watched his two oldest brothers be put through college and grad school (one became a podiatrist, the other a dentist), but by the time he was of age, there wasn't any money left. And so he went to work for a catering company to pay for every nickel of tuition through college and med school at Temple.

When he met Sandra Schultz, he was 29, doing his internship, and just beginning to entertain the notion of going into

cosmetic surgery. She was a fourth-year student at Drexel, majoring in audiology. When she brought him home, her mother said, "Sandra, he's too old for you. When he's 50 everyone will think that *you're* 50, too. Besides, he's probably been married before and he's not telling you."

(Actually it was Sandra who had broken an engagement just four days before she met Jules, returning a nice-size rock.)

When Jules proposed, he brought her to his apartment at St. Mary Hospital where he was interning, and offered her his medical fraternity pin.

They married on a Saturday in July, and two days later, Jules started his residency. No honeymoon, not even a motel room. They spent their wedding night in the efficiency apartment they rented near Graduate Hospital. Sandra put up a screen so the bed would be separate from the living room.

They had their first big fight the following week when Jules came home with a bloody surgeon's outfit and Sandra told him, "Wash it yourself!" "I'll never forget that bloody outfit floating in our bathtub," says Sandra. "*That* was my honeymoon!"

She admits she used to go out with her old college friends (she'd graduated two weeks before the wedding) while he worked long hours as a resident and a waiter, and wonder what the hell she had gotten herself into. "The first year of marriage was the

*continued on page 186*

There were hardly  
dollar signs in  
Sandra's eyes when  
she married Jules.  
At the time, he was  
making \$250 a week—  
in tips. When he  
proposed, he gave  
her his frat pin.

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*continued from page 108*

worst year of my life," says Sandra. In the sixth week she got pregnant, and cried for three months, wondering every night how they'd ever support a child on the \$250 a month her husband brought home in tips. But somehow her pregnancy began to be a sign of hope for both of them. "Jules desperately wanted a little girl," says Sandra. After carrying full term, Sandra delivered a stillborn daughter.

Sandra saw a shrink for the first and only time in her life. When, years later, her firstborn son would take his bride-to-be home—a fellow Penn law student whose mother had recently died—Sandra welcomed her as though she were her own, instructing family and friends never to call her the Newmans' daughter-in-law, just daughter. And Nancy has called her Mom since almost the first date. But for a long time the loss of that child was something Sandra never thought she'd shake. Even when her sons went off to college, she'd call them—and hang up—just so she knew they were safe. "Mom," they learned to say, "I know it's you."

When Sandra was 22 and had just given birth to her first son, Jonathan, Jules went into the Army. "We could have gone anywhere in the world," says Sandra, "and he chose Fort Dix." If there seemed to be a lack of focus and security in their lives then, it was a feeling Sandra Newman was determined never to have again.

ACCORDING TO THE ARCHITECTS OF SANDRA Newman's new house, the first thing she told them was that the closet had to be big enough for 1,000 dresses.

Just how big is it?

"Ever see *Mommie Dearest*?" replies Vince Rivera, her architect.

Actually, it's the same size as one of the four-car garages; it's 800 square feet—200 square feet larger than the average one-bedroom apartment. It is arranged supermarket style, by aisle—scarf aisle, hat aisle, shoe aisle (the jewelry closet is separate)—so Sandra can compose her outfit as she goes along.

Once the closet was designed, the Newmans sat down to figure out what to do with the rest of the house—all 20,000 square feet of it. Jules drew up his vision on a cocktail napkin on a flight to L.A. and the architects went to work. An entry rotunda with a neon-lit dome. A "floating" grand staircase (the supports are an optical illusion). Hand-pressed terra-cotta tiles from Spain, marble from Italy, a whole kitchen being shipped from Germany, and a dining room table made of the largest piece of glass commercially available. At one point, during one of the architects' weekly meetings with the Newmans, someone dared mention that the house had

everything but an indoor swimming pool. "Well, why the hell not?" asked Sandra, and in went the 20- by 40-foot glass-enclosed pool with a roof that disappears with the press of a button.

But today, as Sandra floats through her old house, opening doors and pointing to her clothes collection, one can't help but wonder: Will 1,000 hangers ever be enough?

"These are my work dresses for winter," she says at one door. "In this closet, I keep my winter hats. Here's a shoe closet. And here's another shoe closet. . . ."

"You don't want to know how many pairs of shoes I have, do you? Two hundred pairs of boots and 350 pairs of shoes. I had to count them for the new closet."

Upstairs, invading her kids' bedrooms, is another wall full of shoes and a half-dozen more closets filled with Sandra's

*Mrs. Nose, the shopper:  
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designer gowns. "My favorites are Galanos, Zandra Rhodes and Fabrice, but if I had to pick a fourth, I'd probably pick Blass. . . . Though I just bought a Scaasi that I'm mad for."

Sandra does most of her clothes shopping at Giorgio on Rodeo Drive. When she's back in Philadelphia, her girl there ships her new designer gowns, three and four at a time. When pressed she goes directly to the designer. Upon meeting Zandra Rhodes at a party in Manhattan, she couldn't help but order three new dresses made-especially-for-Sandra Newman.

Everything they say about her shopping sprees is true. On one recent trip to New York, it took her just one minute and 32 seconds to drop \$1,950 on an Judith Lieber evening bag at Bergdorf's. She spent another ten minutes sitting with her legs crossed in a skin-tight leather mini in a dressing room at hoity-toity Martha on Park Avenue, as a salesgirl brought out dress after \$10,000 dress.

"Now this is my art hallway," Sandra is saying, continuing the tour of her clothes. She enters a second-floor foyer whose walls

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## MRS. NOSE

are covered with, among other things, two original Salvador Dalis. Between them stands a clothes rack on wheels. On it hang the 17 fur coats (three belong to Jules). "Would you believe I have to keep these in the hallway because I ran out of space?"

"Now do you see why I need a new house?"

THE ARMY WAS, WELL . . . INTERESTING for the Newmans. Starting with the day Jules had to go to a surplus store on Broad Street and pick up his uniforms. "I thought we were going shopping!" says Sandra. She marched up to the counter, with her husband in tow, and asked the officer what kind of outfits they had in his size. He handed her a stack of standard-issue shirts and pants and one pair of black shoes.

"I'm not crazy about this style," said Sandra. "Do you have anything else?"

It was in the Army, though, that Jules really began to make his mark as a plastic surgeon. He'd enlisted on a plan whereby doctors who gave the government two years of service would never have to worry about being yanked out of practice later on—and he began to serve his country doing nose jobs for officers and face lifts for their wives.

"Every big, fat sergeant had a little pug nose when my husband got through," says Sandra, proudly. His big moment, though, was when he did the nose of the woman who became Miss McGuire Air Force Base. Shortly after, he was summoned on his day off. The general's wife needed a new chin.

By the time the Newmans left Fort Dix, Jules had done enough nose jobs to think about a practice. The top cosmetic surgeon in Philly at the time, who has since died, offered him the chance to join him in his practice. Jules declined, much to Sandra's worry—the thought of a steady paycheck seemed wonderful to her. Especially since they'd just made a down payment on a \$22,500 house in Wynnefield that they knew they couldn't afford. But in his first year in practice for himself, Jules made 70 percent more than the \$35,000 he'd been guaranteed as a salaried partner. Sandy and Jules were on their way to Casablanca.

IF JULES'S RISE TO FAME, FORTUNE AND flamboyance was impressive, it was nothing compared to Sandra's own rise.

She was 28, had two children, a master's degree in audiology from Temple, was working part time for her husband, and was beginning to study at night for her Ph.D. when she drove by Villanova Law School and thought, "What I really want to be is a lawyer."

She walked in, filled out an application,



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took the LSATs that Saturday, and started law school the very day she dropped her five-year-old off for his first day of kindergarten. She had her classes scheduled so she could deliver a hot lunch at noon-time to her second-grader; she certainly wasn't going to let her son eat cold peanut butter and jelly every day. When stuck with a late afternoon class, she sometimes took her children to law school with her—a practice that stopped when she learned that one of the other law students had taught her seven-year-old how to play gin.

She continued full time and was one of eight women to finish law school in the 1972 'Nova class whose graduates included tough-nuts prosecutor Barbara Christie and judge-turned-informant Mary Rose Fante Cunningham. ("They were *like this* in law school," Sandra remembers.)

Her first year out, she became the first

*Mrs. Nose, the lawyer:  
"My wife hated her,"  
says a client. When,  
as part of her divorce,  
she had to return his  
100 credit cards, she  
mailed them, one at  
a time, to Sandra.*

female assistant D.A. in Montgomery County in over 30 years. And it didn't take long for her to make her mark. The first case she prosecuted was a fornication and bastardy case. Dressed to kill, Sandra stood in front of the jury, and held up the one-year-old child in question. "Winston Churchill once said that every baby looked like him," she said. "But I ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, doesn't this baby look like the defendant?" It was vintage Sandra Newman—part woman/part tigress, part mother/part bitch—and the jury bought it all.

She made a name for herself quickly with her ballsy confidence and outrageous style, showing up for court as if she were auditioning for *Dynasty*.

As a colleague would later say, "She never felt, like other women lawyers did, that she had to out-macho the male lawyers to get her point across. She was a woman first, but that didn't mean she wasn't tough as nails."

Judge Vincent Cirillo, now president



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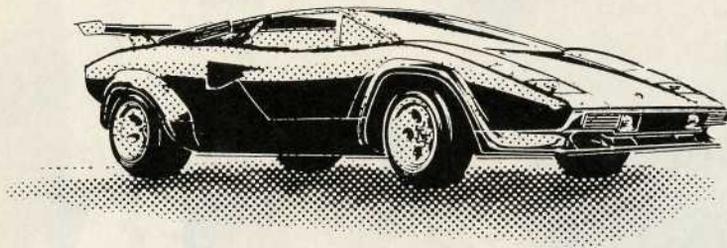
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judge of the Superior Court, remembers the first case she tried before him, early on in her career. She was prosecuting a man charged with drunken driving whose defense was that he'd run out of after-shave and put bourbon on his face instead.

"She stood in my courtroom, opened a bottle of Jack Daniels and splashed it on her face," Cirillo remembers. Of course, it dissipated and you couldn't smell a thing. "She walked up to the jury," Cirillo remembers, "and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you. Is this the same strong smell of bourbon the officer described?' The jury deliberated for about three minutes. And I have to say, I was mighty impressed. If there's one thing she has that has always put her far above the rest, it's that Sandra is a *salesperson*."

Cirillo has since become one of Sandra's closest friends. In fact, it's a longstanding tradition between Sandra and the judge—who weighs in at about 300 pounds—to throw each other into the swimming pool at friends' parties. "I can't remember a party where Sandra and I didn't end up in the pool," says Cirillo.

"I lose about a gown a year on that thing!" says Sandra.

At one point while her kids were in high school, Sandra considered running for public office. She'd gotten chummy with Faith Whittlesley before Whittlesley's appointment as U.S. ambassador to Switzerland, and had campaigned for many Republicans. People thought that with her skills and her ability to raise money, maybe she should take a shot, starting with a judgeship. So Sandra sat down with her inner circle of friends, law partners and family and thrashed it out. "It wasn't a simple decision, but I figured—and they agreed—my image is just not right. I mean, I couldn't wear my clothes, I couldn't wear my jewelry . . . It just wouldn't be any *fun!*"

By the time Sandra left the D.A.'s office for private practice, she already had a reputation as a heavy-hitter. And so it was that with less than a decade of experience, the Main Line plastic surgeon's wife with the penchant for fancy clothes was called on to handle some of the biggest criminal cases in town, the kind that win plenty of publicity.

Though she'd only been a prosecutor in rape cases before, it was Sandra Newman who defended Dr. Panayotis Apostoleles, the Lankenau Hospital gynecologist who was charged with four counts of rape by his patients, all of whom remained silent for years before filing charges. "I defended him," says Sandra, "because as a woman, I couldn't imagine that you could return a year later to a doctor who had raped you." With the prosecution marching witness after witness to the stand, and Women Organized Against Rape marching

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outside the courtroom, Newman got the doctor off on the criminal charge.

Yet that year, she decided to give up criminal defense work for a strictly matrimonial practice—something she'd been doing more and more of anyway. Back then divorce law was a lot like criminal defense work—with wiretaps and bedroom videos yet to be ruled illegal—and as her reputation grew, so did the size of her clients' bankrolls.

When the laws of equitable distribution came about—and divorce became more a search for hidden assets, and less a search for body parts—she found herself in even greater demand: Finding bank accounts and hidden funds suited Mrs. Nose well. Her representation has cost clients up to \$125,000, but her settlements have reached well into eight figures. Even her most competitive rivals admit, "No one can negotiate a settlement like Sandra Newman."

She represented Barbara Katz, filing an injunction to prevent Harold Katz from buying the Philadelphia '76ers until he put his wife's settlement money in escrow. She's representing a common-law wife of Muhammad Ali who, as the undisputed mother of one of his children, is suing him for a piece of the action. And years earlier, after getting chummy with fellow Villanova Law School grad Susan Tose Fletcher, she was called in to settle Leonard Tose's sticky divorce from his second wife Andrea.

But business is business. A few years after representing Tose, she sued her former client—and squelched her friendship with Susan (who was once close enough to Sandra to name her guardian to her daughter in a will)—in the well-publicized attempt by the Newmans and two other investors to buy the Philadelphia Eagles. Charging that Tose reneged on a contract to sell the team, the Newmans and their pals landed a \$1.75 million settlement.

"I am a devil Scorpio," says Sandra Newman. And if you believe in astrology as she does—to the point of having had her babies' charts read 20 minutes after she gave birth—you'd know that means more than having your sun and moon in Scorpio.

"If someone does me one good, I'll do them a thousand goods," she explains. "But if someone does me a wrong, they're in trouble."

In her practice, she's earned the luxury of being able to turn down cases—and colleagues say she does that frequently, particularly custody cases where she does not agree that the potential client is the parent who should have the child. If Meryl Streep had come to her in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, for instance, Newman says she would have

told her to find another lawyer. "I have no compassion whatsoever for a parent who walks out on a kid," she says. "But I also don't take cases I don't think I can win."

Hers is hardly a lady-of-luxury career. Just like her husband, who does nearly 30 cosmetic operations a week, Sandra works like she still needs the money. She settles more than 100 cases a year, and averages well over 50 billable hours a week. She also represents more men than women, because as she figures, "Wouldn't it seem logical to get a woman who has a career to stand up there and argue that your wife has earning ability?" Or maybe it's just the way a client once explained it, that "only a woman could be as big a bitch as my wife!"

But in fact, it may just be that more men can afford her.

At \$225 a hour, she's one of the highest-paid divorce lawyers in town. Only Al Momjian, who charges \$250, is believed to be on a higher scale than Newman,

*Mrs. Nose, the wife:  
It was Sandra who  
decorated Julius  
Newman's offices, ordered  
the "Dr. Nose" license  
plate for the Rolls, and  
picked out his  
"TV wardrobe."*

though she insists that she gets better retainers—\$7,500 to \$20,000.

One woman who hired Sandra Newman after her husband of 22 years announced that he wanted out, says the \$60,000 in legal fees was worth it just to see the look on her husband's face when she told him, "I got Sandra Newman."

"My wife positively hated her," says another client, who forked over \$50,000 for the pleasure. When, as part of the settlement, his ex-wife was asked to return his 100 credit cards, she sent them, one at a time, in envelopes to Sandra Newman.

"In the Delaware Valley, there are ten divorce lawyers who are very, very good," says Neil Hurowitz, president of the Pennsylvania Chapter of the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers, whose members are elected by their peers.

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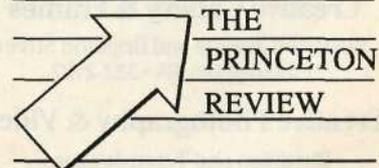
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**MRS. NOSE**

"There are only a handful who are exceptional. Sandra is one of them."

"MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION OF SANDRA was years ago," says Diane Biefeld, Sandra's best friend and jeweler. "Our boys were in Little League together and there I was sitting in the bleachers in jeans and a warm-up top, like all the other mothers, and in walks this powerhouse, who we all knew was the D.A., in a white cashmere dress. We were so impressed.

"She is not a lady who lunches," says Diane. "She has no time whatsoever for the nonsense of women. But she'll think nothing of spending \$10,000 on a dress. I wouldn't spend that in a million years. I sit with her in dressing rooms and all I can say is, 'Are you crazy?' The price tags look like telephone numbers. Then she'll go out and buy two Chanel bags, one for herself, one for [her daughter-in-law] Nancy. I say, 'Sandra? Are you crazy? You're gonna turn her into a monster.'

"And did she tell you how she got the ring?" Diane is referring to Sandy's flawless 20-carat diamond, which Sandra says she won when she stopped smoking once.

"Hmm," says Diane, "Well, now I'm gonna tell you the truth."

Diane says when the stone went on the market she only wanted to *show* it to Sandra ("They're my friends, I'm not out to make a profit from them") but when she brought it over to their house, Sandra slipped it on her finger, and declared, "I gotta have it."

"Jules was sitting in a lounge chair in the bedroom saying, 'I'm not buying it, I'm not buying it.' And it took her about a minute. She said, 'Jules, I'll quit smoking!' And he said, 'You got a deal!'"

When Sandra started smoking again, Jules put the ring in a vault for six months, says Diane. So how'd she get it back? "All she has to do is smile at him." (Sandra won't tell, but she says smiling wasn't what did it.)

"I have to tell you something else," says Diane, "They ought to make a statue out of him, to put up with her. She's gonna kill me for saying this. I can hear her now—'You bitch!' But Jules is a doll, a living doll. The man calls her from the operating room! He runs home to her bedside if she has a sniffle. I've never seen anything like the love affair between those two people, and Sandra is *not* an easy person to live with. She likes everything *just so*.

"I tell her all the time, 'You're gonna have to stand him up in the operating room at 4 in the morning to pay for what you're buying.'"

But while Sandra Newman went about selling herself (and OK, also buying for herself), she also had quite a bit to say in the successful—and very calculated—

selling of her husband. She had decided early on in their marriage that Jules wasn't going to be just any old cosmetic surgeon, and set out to help him in creating his image. (She insists that they've "never paid a dime to a PR person, which nobody believes.")

"I knew Jules could do it with his talent," explains Sandra, "Nobody does a nose like Jules! But I also knew that this had to be a splash."

First she decided "that we had to get out to the right balls and the right social events." Problem is, her husband may have an ego the size of her old nose when he's with clients, but socially, the man is *shy* to the point of being introverted. It takes at least two or three meetings for Jules to loosen up. But if you'd never guess it from Julius Newman's image, maybe it's because his wife has done such a good job. It was Sandra who ordered the license plates (the new one says "Dr. Lipo," as in liposuction). And it was Sandra who created his flashy offices. Jules says she phoned him in his old office in Upper Darby one day and said, "Honey, you're just too good to be out there! We're gonna move your offices."

"Actually, I was kind of content where I was," says Jules, "but when she makes up her mind to do something, it's done."

Sandra decided that her husband had to be at "the number one traffic area in Philadelphia," and when waiting one day in bumper-to-bumper traffic at a light at City and Haverford avenues, she caught herself staring at an empty gas station, she decided that was it. "I couldn't believe it," says Jules. "The property was in litigation, but she went to the owners and wheeled and dealt until they sold it to her." *He* suggested they use the existing structure. Sandra had it bulldozed.

The huge electric sign out front that says Newman Cosmetic Surgery Center? Her idea. The inside decor—complete with the custom-made wallpaper in "The Mirrored Room" that says, in little hearts, "I love my cosmetic surgeon" . . . ? Sandra's idea. She worked with the decorator through every last piece of glitz.

By this point Dr. Nose had become a media darling. But Sandra's job hardly ended there. Not only does Mrs. Newman lay out her husband's clothes—arranging a week's worth of outfits, right down to the hanky, belt, shoes and tie, every Saturday afternoon—but she purchases all of his clothes. Including an entire wardrobe selected specifically for his TV appearances.

"THEY'RE NO DUMMIES, I'LL TELL YOU that," says Lou Guida. "The two of them—sharp as a tack." Guida, the former senior V.P. of Merrill Lynch, and the man who

tried to purchase the Eagles with the Newmans, should know. In the last few years, he's been their investment partner on some very profitable deals. Never in the stock market, because if Sandra can't touch it, Sandra doesn't trust it. Instead, they've hit pay dirt in the very risky business of purchasing racehorses. Two of the horses the Newmans put their money on, the father and son horse team of Nihilator and Niatross, turned out to be the greatest pacers in the 157-year history of harness racing. A third, Mack Lobell, is considered by industry publications to be the single greatest trotter. We're talking *thousands* of nose jobs: Nihilator, which they purchased on gut instinct for \$100,000, they sold with their fellow investors 14 months later for \$19.2 million.

They also own a fifth of Laurel Race-track in Maryland, a business that, since

*Mrs. Nose, the mother:  
Her son Jonathan  
remembers how mortified  
he was when she sent  
him off to summer camp  
with a set of matching  
luggage. All the other  
kids had duffel bags.*

they purchased it, has profited nicely from the troubles at Garden State, and according to Guida, is now making \$8 million a year. And with that nice little sum they got from Leonard Tose, they invested in a ski mountain in Vermont.

SUCCESS, SUCCESS, SUCCESS. MONEY, money, money. OK, but how did she manage to find time to work, go to school, shop, dress her husband—and still raise a family?

"People make such a big deal out of it," says Sandra. "But I did have live-in help. And Jules was like a cheerleader. 'Do it, Sandra! You always wanted it, Sandra!' And he'd usually cook dinner, because we never wanted the kids to come home from school and have supper with the maid." Just in case, she prepared three of the week's meals in advance every Sunday.

It was always a rule in the Newman household that the family have dinner together every night—no matter what. And it's something Sandra still does—afterward, she and her husband work at ad-

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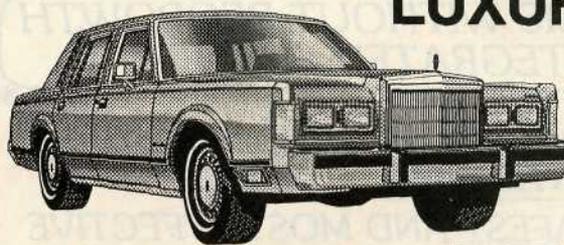


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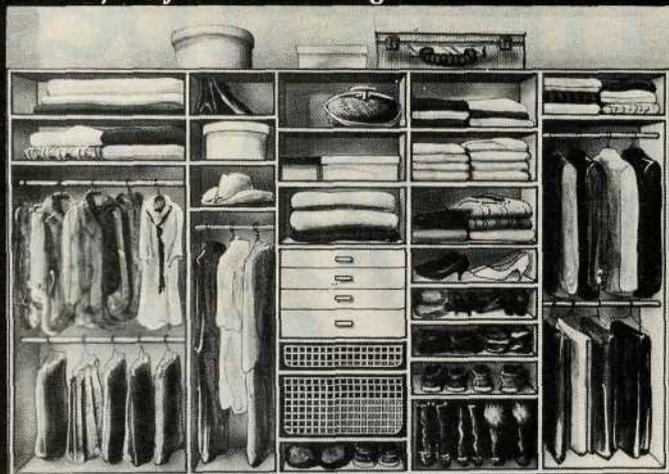
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## MRS. NOSE

joining desks in their bedroom.

Their sons (who both had their noses done by Daddy) say that neither parent ever missed a rugby game or a school play. And there were plenty to attend. Jonathan, who is 26 and a lawyer with La Brum & Doak, graduated summa cum laude from Bowdoin College, co-founded a conservative newspaper on campus and started the school's croquet club. David, who's 24, is head of artists and repertoire for a record company in L.A., graduated magna cum laude from Bowdoin, starred in tennis, and performed in musical productions.

"I never, ever felt the lack of her being there," says David. "She's always had an unbelievable knack of doing 2,000 things at once."

Well into her career, Sandra tried desperately to have more children, the one thing she says she wishes could have been different in her life. In bringing up her two sons, she somehow managed to give them the good life that she never had without raising a pair of brats. Though they always knew which parent to go to for a raise in their allowance, they were never allowed to watch TV during the week, and when they turned 16, and their pals at Penn Charter got brand new cars, the Newman kids did not. They had to make honors at Bowdoin before they got a Buick and a Datsun. "I just didn't think it was appropriate," says Sandra, "for a kid to be driving a BMW." Still, she'd let David tool around in her Porsche, and when Jonathan's pet snake got sick, he was taken to the vet in a limo.

Growing up Newman certainly had its moments. Jonathan remembers how mortified he was when his mother sent him off to summer camp—with a set of matching designer luggage. All the other kids had duffel bags.

"That's nothing," says David. "They drove me up to my *bunk* in a Rolls-Royce. Was I embarrassed? Big time. In elementary school, I used to make my father drop me off a few blocks away, 'cause it was so uncomfortable pulling up in the Rolls."

"I tried," Sandra sighs. "I even bought a separate wardrobe just for PTA meetings."

"My mother has quite a few sides to her," says David. "She has the princess side that wants to be pampered and taken care of, and then she has the shrewd businesswoman/career woman side. But either way she has to be *in control* of everything."

He's not just referring to Sandra's compulsiveness: She arranges her scarves and underwear by color, and draws up long checklists every night for the help. He's referring to what he calls his mother's "Dynasty fantasy."

"Her main goal in life is to have us all

## MRS. NOSE

under one roof," says David. "I live in L.A., but she's building me my own suite in the house in Gladwyne. I'd say she brings up my moving back home about 35 times a week. She'd even settle for me moving to New York."

David thinks that what is often perceived as extravagance on Sandra's part is often just her need to be surrounded by her husband and sons. "They're coming out here tomorrow," he says one night on the telephone from L.A. "Now I have an *apartment* here, but my mother calls and tells me she took a room for me at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they always stay. I said, 'Mom, that's a waste of money.' But again, she goes to major extremes to keep the family together." (Eventually, they compromised: He slept on a cot in their hotel bungalow.)

SANDRA NEWMAN IS SITTING AT A TABLE AT the Four Seasons, dressed in a Valentino trimmed in fox. She was in court at 8:30 this morning, but ran home to change "because I didn't want to walk in in my court clothes." After lunch she has an appointment with the trustees of one of her scholarship funds; three universities have full scholarships in Sandra's mother's name, and she always insists on meeting the Villanova law school recipient, to say that they can have it under one condition: that they promise to do the same when they're big-buck lawyers. At 6:30 this morning, before she went to court, she got up, sautéed a brisket and made matzo balls. "David's coming in this weekend," she explains. "I can't send him back to L.A. without my matzo balls."

I ask Sandra Newman if her parents were this way.

"My mother had a wonderful sense of style and elegance. She was also my best friend," says Sandra. Her mother also had a rare kind of cancer for 22 years. During Sandra's first month in law school, she had the operation that ended up being the beginning of the end. She died right after Sandra graduated, at the age of 56.

"This was 15 years ago," says Sandra. "And Jules was doing well by then. But I wish she could have seen what I've done. She was always so worried about my going to law school, though she worked her entire life. She was convinced I was going to ruin my marriage. To the man she warned me not to marry! They ended up having a beautiful relationship, you know. Jules really adored her. When she was sick, he literally carried her around. When I'd be in class, he'd be sitting by her side in the hospital. You know, I think he was to her everything she would have liked in a husband. . . ."

It was the first time she had brought up her father without having been asked.

"My father was," she says slowly, "a very difficult person. I mean, he was not an affectionate person. He was very old-world. I mean, I wish I could tell you more about him, I really do. But I don't think I'll ever know what he thought or felt. It was funny when you asked about the kids and their grade school plays. Because I remember the time when I was in a ballet recital. My father went to the bathroom and missed me." She pauses. "It was the only thing he ever showed up for."

The plates are cleared and Sandra, who's constantly dieting, passes on dessert. So far, she's admitted that what she'd really like to do—if she could do anything at all—is be a race car driver. (She signed up for lessons but "Jules went bonkers.") And that the only thing she's afraid of is elevators. But then, she divulges something else.

"Jules will tell you," she whispers, "that

*Sandra, the woman:  
"I wouldn't even care  
if we lost all of our  
money tomorrow. I mean,  
sure, it would be an  
adjustment . . . . But  
guess what? I wouldn't  
shoot myself."*

I spend money like a drunken sailor, and I don't know the value of a dollar. But you know, I use toothpaste until there's nothing left in the tube, I'll yell at poor Jules if he throws it away, and then I'll go out and buy a gown for umpteen thousand dollars. I don't understand it either."

Hmmm. Anything besides elevators?

"Dying," says Sandra. "That's the only other thing. You know, I wouldn't even care if we lost all our money tomorrow. I mean, sure it would be an *adjustment*, but we'd be fine. We'd really be fine. I made drapes in Fort Dix, I could do it again. I mean, we've planned so well, that unless the economy went to hell, it probably wouldn't happen. But if it did? Guess what? I wouldn't shoot myself. Though sometimes I wonder how the world would react to us poor . . . ."

SANDRA HAS DECIDED THAT HE'LL BE RICK and she'll be Ilsa and they'll star in their own version of *Casablanca* no matter what the world thinks.

The idea came to her one morning while her husband was at work doing nose jobs and she was at work splitting people up. "I got it," she told Jules when he called her from the operating room, as is his custom between procedures (though he does wait till the patients are asleep). Since they were going to call the new house *Casablanca* anyway, why not do a family portrait for the great room? She could be Ilsa, he could be Rick, their son David could be Sam the piano player. And Jonathan could be the French lieutenant, and Jonathan's new wife Nancy could be . . . oh, she'd figure something out. And the dogs could be in it too, since they're already named Humphrey and Bogart. It is her favorite movie.

"Sandra," said Jules, "you're brilliant."

And so now the top divorce lawyer in town and the top cosmetic surgeon are posing for pictures as Ilsa and Rick—except that Ilsa probably didn't wear a black enamel choker covered with clusters of diamonds.

"Sandy," says Sue Horvitz, the portrait artist, whose mission it is to turn this idea into a 20- by 40-foot canvas to hang in the main room of the house. "Let's show a little more leg."

The last project Sue did for the Newmans was a 72- by 44-inch portrait Sandra commissioned for Jules's office—of his wife in, and only in, high heels, tights and a fur coat, showing not a little bit of leg, but most of it. "See," says Jules, whenever he shows it off, "she's the sexiest divorce lawyer in the country." (He believes that enough to have used part of his wife's anatomy in a recent advertisement. "When you've got the best, why not use the best?" says Jules.)

"Is there lipstick on my teeth?" asks Sandra.

"Don't worry," says Sue. "I can touch that up. Now, let's try to look like you did at the last sitting. Remember how you were looking at him as though he were Humphrey Bogart?"

Sandra stares deep into her husband's eyes, across a table set up like the one at Rick's Cafe, and says smiling through clenched teeth, "Like this?"

"No, no, no," says Sue. "You're looking at him like you've been married forever."

"We have been," says Jules. To think, of all the bar mitzvahs in all the cities in the world, she had to walk into his.

"Think Humphrey Bogart, Sandy," says Sue.

"That's easy for me to do," says Sandra. "Tell him to think Ingrid Bergman."

"Sandra," says Jules, "you're prettier than Ingrid Bergman."

"Oh, Jules."

"Now, *that's* it," says Sue. "Perfect! Just a little more leg. . . ."