

Editors Mind

Secrets from the Chopping Block

Scott Goldman

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the many who have left us sooner than we would have liked for them to have. While I may never understand the design, I will always honor the designer. Marvin Goldman, Bernard Goldman, Martha Goldman, Arthur Rabinovitz, Bernard Rabinovitz, Belle Bass, Bina Bass, Mitzi Bass, Sut Osofsky, Roz Perkins, Richie Perkins, Andrew Perkins, Elba Aleman, Barry Kaplan and the many others who I may have left off this list...may your light shine eternally. Your essence will live forever in our hearts.

Preface

When I decided to write a book, I was pretty unsure of what I was going to write about. I knew I was going to write about editing and some type of production. When I say some type of production I mean focusing on one area of production rather than all of the areas of production in which I have participated throughout my lifetime. Because, at the end of the day, I have spent time as a professional recording studio engineer, music producer, musician, videographer, video producer, a director, colorist and as an editor. But I think what's important to me to bring across will come through in just about anything I write about being creative and the creative process. At the end of the day that's really what it is. All of these other processes are just that. They are

processes. They are processes and channels through which creativity flows.

I believe that creativity comes from the way you look at things and the way you interpret things as well as the way you replicate and represent those things. The presentation medium is secondary. Whether it's shooting video, writing lyrics for a song or playing music, whether it's the mixing of music, or the editing of video...what it really boils down to is creating something that another can relate to. I hope with this book, I am able to do that.

Ultimately, I decided to focus on video editing. Many of my most recognized public accomplishments reside in that space. From television, to movies, to cable and so many more arenas, editing has been my consistent means of expression and livelihood. Of course, there will be some parts of the book that are somewhat just obligatory. For example, I will be talking about some of the basic editing software, as well as talking about types of shots used in videography and other things like

that. But hopefully, at the end of the day, the essence of what I'm trying to communicate will come through. And for me, that essence is to trust yourself and trust who you are. Be true to who you are and let that guide you. Let the internal voice go where it wants and then reel it in where you need to reel it in. Don't allow external things to control you. And, don't allow the opinions of others to squash the things you believe in. That's not to say "don't play well with others". And, that's not to say "don't work well with others". And, that's certainly not to say, "don't let other people's ideas share the same validity as your own". It's a creative process and other people are fantastically creative as well. But what I'm saying is trust your instincts. Trust what you feel and trust your vision. That's what gives you your originality. And there is little worse, in my opinion, than losing your originality.

I hope you enjoy this book. As I write this preface, I really don't know what is going to come out just yet because I haven't written

it. But as I just said, I'm going to do what I do and trust the process.

Acknowledgment

There are many people I would like to acknowledge not only in the creation of this book, but in my life. There are many people without whose contribution I would never be who I am and where I am. First and foremost, I am thankful to the Creator for giving me the gifts, the tools, the internal spark, and everything else with which I have been blessed.

Next, I want to thank my parents, my sister and my brother. While they were not always perfect, they certainly did the best they could. But, if they were any different, it is unlikely I would have turned out the way I did. So in this regard, they actually were perfect.

In particular I am thankful for my mother teaching me how to love. This was my mothers greatest gift to me. She definitely taught this by example.

I want to give huge acknowledgment to my wife Magda. She's the one that sees the me that no one else sees. She gets the good, the bad, the ugly, and everything in between. Sometimes she puts up with it and sometimes she doesn't. But I'm sure that's the way it's supposed to be and am fantastically lucky that I chose to fly on that one particular day.

I definitely want to thank my son Arturo. Arturo fills my heart with everything that is magical in the world. God really knew what he was doing with the blessing of children. There is something that happens the first time you look into your childs eyes. It is an indescribable experience. The person Arturo is moves me and moves my heart every day.

I really want to thank and acknowledge my stepdaughter Nathalie. Without Nathalie entering my life I would have

never experienced the type of unselfish love that transforms someone from who they thought they were into who they wanted to be. The day this amazing and beautiful girl entered my life, my world changed. Without question, Arturo and Nathalie have driven me to become the man that I am today and that I strive to be.

Professionally, and personally, I will always be thankful to my best friend Marc Serota. Marc is an extraordinarily talented guy. We've been friends since the early days of my life. We have grown together creatively and most every other way.

I also want to thank my friend Larry Rosenbaum who has often been a grounding force in my life.

I want to give special acknowledgment to my earliest creative cohorts. Steve Murphy, Bill Murphy, Mark Knight and, in particular, James Wisner were the most amazing guys to grow up, to learn with, to experiment creatively with, and to just hang out with. I can not overstate their importance in my life.

A very special acknowledgment also goes to Barry Kaplan. Barry was an amazing friend and mentor who left this world way to early. I will forever be watching yours my friend.

If you've been a part of my life for any length of time I wish to acknowledge you as well. I acknowledge the importance of who you are in my life and I thank you with all of my heart

Chapter 1 Get To Know Me

Opening Scene

Born in Brookline, Massachusetts to a modest family, I've had the privilege of living in multiple places. Each has offered me different opportunities to explore and grow. The first of many include moving to a small town in New Jersey named Hightstown. Though I was only three or four years old when we moved there, the town left an indelible imprint on my mind and on my life. I remember it was a pretty small town, but a complete town that had everything in it nonetheless. I don't quite remember the town having tall buildings or substantial shopping malls as they have become familiar sights to see in today's society. But, the town

did not need any. It made up for all it had in its own ways. It was the classic small town of an America in the making.

To put it in perspective, Hightstown had only two middle schools and one public high school. But when it came to sports and activities like that, they were plentiful. So all in all, it was a pretty cool place to grow up. The small size of the town meant almost everybody knew everybody, or at least knew their family name. Nobody lived far, and if you had a cool group of friends like I did, you could hang out with them all the time. I had around 5 core friends and around eight other guys who hung out with us pretty often too. We were always playing baseball, basketball, football, capture the flag, prisoners of war, and just about any other sport or contact game imaginable. I mean, we had enough of us to always have two full teams. We basically hung out daily. And on days when someone ditched or was busy with schoolwork, we would invite other kids from neighboring areas to join us

and play. They would happily oblige, and we would spend away the entire evening playing with kids that we did not even know a couple of hours before. By the time day transitioned into night we had become well acquainted and had all multiplied our friends. That was the fun of living in a small town. Everybody embraced everybody. We had absolutely no idea what racism was. We had no religious separations. We were just a mixed bag of kids having fun. This was despite the fact that it was still a very divided America at the time. My childhood was very jovial and fun. In fact, it was one of the best times of my life.

Of all the good things living in a small town brought, much of it crashed with a single event. My parents decided to split up when I was around eight years old. Divorces back then were not common yet. So, you can only imagine how the story must have been received by the locals. It spread like wildfire, and lo and behold, I started losing friends.