

3. "We have given the whole country an international standing". The Australian Film Industry and Australia's 'Cultural Cringe'

At the 1995 conference organized by the German Association for Australian Studies, the guest of honour was the celebrated film producer, director, script-writer, editor and newspaper columnist Phillip Adams. In his address, Adams, providing a survey of the international standing of Australian films, claimed that more than one Australian PM visiting the White House had "in recent years" been asked about the newest Australia films. Clearly, presidential advisors of the White House had picked up an international trend. Adams had made the claim once before (1994, 67), adding that "image, glamour, photo-opportunities, and international attention" were sought after, and enjoyed, by many Australian politicians during the years of the 'Australian Film Revival' period and after. Adams also cited what economists call 'value-added factors' as corollaries to the film 'revival': a business contract with a South American country, brought about because its director had liked *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, or the tourist industry, which had been dormant for much of the post-war period, but suddenly took off in the 1980s after the great international success of Paul Hogan and his *Crocodile Dundee* (ibid.) In 1996, Australia's national TV company ABC used the 100-year anniversary of the first screening of a film in Australia as the occasion to produce a four-part documentary on Australian film production. Narrated by no less a person than Dr. George Miller of *Mad Max* fame, the documentary consistently emphasizes the industry's contribution to world culture, rather than its local culture and audiences. Ending the fourth part with the telling title *Days of Glory*, director Bruce Beresford claimed that only Australian films had been able to finally end Australia's parochialism. "My God", Beresford said with some passion, "we have given the whole country an international standing" (ABC, 1996).

Australia's Cultural Self Image and its Relation to the World

When we talk about the historical dimensions of 'Australia's place in the world', the all-too-familiar phrase *cultural cringe* will crop up. As is the case with many myths, there is a kernel of truth to the assumption of a cultural deprivation in Australia, and the absence of a film industry was a contributing factor. Reasons for and consequences of said absence will be discussed later in this paper. The

main obstacle for the development of an indigenous culture lay in Australia's long history as a British colony, which produced a cultural history that is overwhelmingly determined by the colony's need to erase its convict past. Charles Chauvel, the pioneer of Australian cinema of the 30s to the 50s, captured the mad spirit of this need in a scene of his movie *Heritage* (1935), in which Captain Arthur Phillip, the commander of the First Fleet addresses his men and officers in these ringing words: "Colonisation is like a battle in which retreat is impossible, for the eyes of England are upon you, and future generations reviewing your history will lavish praises or pronounce disapproval as you shall truly deserve" (Chauvel, 1935). We have no evidence that Cpt. Phillip actually gave that address to his men, but it is highly plausible that he and the whole officer corps were imbued with a sense of a mission, just as Charles Chauvel saw it in the described scene.

The common prejudice in 19th century England perceived immigration as a personal strategy for those who had failed: "The rumour ran through London Town and all over the land that (...) the failures and the misfits could start afresh in New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land." (Manning Clark, 89). Australia was for the 'second-rate'; that is also why so many Irish went or were deported there: the Irish were by definition second-rate citizens in the bourgeois English mind. The prejudice found expression in English novels written at the time. In Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* Jude's first wife, who has tricked him into marriage and is generally an unsavoury character, emigrates to 'New Holland' because she has been advised her talents of sexual exploitation are more at home there. The prejudice underlying this narrative detail is: Australia is good for the morally inferior. In *The Hand of Ethelberta*, (1876), an earlier novel, Hardy castigates the class prejudices of 'polite society'. He describes for us the discomfiture of a vain upper-class lady who has dined side by side with the daughter of her servant. Her disgust is described by the authorial narrator thus:

Impressiveness depends as much upon propinquity as upon magnitude; and to have honoured unawares the daughter of the vilest Antipodean miscreant and murderer would have been less discomfortable to Mrs Doncastle" (Vol 2, 189-90).

This English prejudice has never completely gone away – we only need to think of Dame Edna Everadge and Australia's 'cultural attaché' Les Patterson, both launched with riotous success in England by Barry Humphries, both working on the stereotype of the uncultured, uncouth (and frequently drunk) Australian. Humphries is not, as his defenders say, an unproblematic comedian: he panders to English quasi-racist stereotypes and can be critiqued as

an example of self-colonization. As a personal anecdote, I recall a conversation I had in 1990 with a fellow undergraduate of my college days spent in England in the 1970s. On hearing that I had moved my enquiries into the field of Australian Culture, her reply typically was: "Australian culture? Isn't that a contradiction in terms?"

The problematics of the 'cultural cringe' syndrome thus lies less in the substance of Australian culture than in its relation to a 'mother' culture. Australia's dependence on England as a provider of cultural norms was very much a reality even in the post-war period, and while the influence is diminished, it has not been totally shaken off. Where British influence waned, America stepped in. American culture rose in its power to influence Australian cultural *praxis* at the same pace that Australia became politically and economically dependent on the US rather than Great Britain. Any colonial society has a cultural identity largely determined from outside, by a 'mother culture'. To reject the mother culture would be tantamount to cultural self-annihilation. At the same time, the colony knows that it does not have the safe status of one of England's home countries. Far from it: it must suspect that it has been cast off and cast out. Geoffrey Blainey's seminal study *The Tyranny of Distance* was one of the first to point out that the mere distance between the colony and England made not just trade, but all communication problematic. Blainey should have also thought about the ways this distance fostered doubts in the colonial mind about the reliability of the distant mother.

Thus, Australian cultural discourses of the 20th century were characterized by a dilemma, the choice of foregrounding either loyalty or independence. And this has persisted, in residual ways, even up to the present. On the one hand, the colony never tires to assure its colonizer of its loyalty and devotion. If we look for historical evidence, we need only point at Australia's voluntary participation in a series of foreign wars, starting with the Boer War of 1901-1903, the 'Great War' 1914-1918, the second World War, the Korean War, the Malayan Insurgence (1959-61), the Vietnam War, *Operation Desert Shield* of 1990-1991, also known as the Gulf War, and only recently, the invasion and conquest of Iraq in the spring of 2003. In none of these seven 20th century wars, with the possible exception of World War II, did Australia defend national interests of its own: the point was always to ensure the colonizer of its doggish loyalty.

But on the other hand, a part of Australia has always protested accusations of cultural or moral inferiority. Such reproaches have always existed, from the characterization of Australian soldiers as "those wild colonial boys" (as General Kitchener allegedly said in relation to the trial of Lieutenants Morant and Hancock during the Boer War) to the merciless satirizing of Australia by British

entertainers (e.g. John Cleese and the *Monty Python's Flying Circus* sketches titled "Australian wine" or "Australian university"). An early example of "cultural cringing" can be found in Charles Chauvel's historic film *Heritage* (1935) which vainly tries to conceal the most essential feature of colonial Australia, convictism. Re-writing Australia's early history, the opening titles proclaim in the following:

In the year 1788 an English seaman Captain and Governor Arthur Phillip, with a handful of British exiles (sic!) established a settlement upon the shores of the most remote continent in the world. In this settlement these people slaved –

They starved!

They fought!

And through a baptism of suffering and dogged struggle, they emerged triumphant, giving to history the greatest story of colonisation the world has ever known –

The birth of Australia! (my transcription)

Chauvel conveniently forgot that the alleged "British exiles" were convicts.

Ray Lawler, the famous 1950s playwright, made the subject his main concern in his play *The Piccadilly Bushman* (first staged 1959): it satirizes collective Australian perceptions of an antipodean 'master race' that is yet beholden to the notion of 'home' being England. The typical bush heroes of the Lawson/Furphy school of nationalist writing were acceptable for so long to Australian readers not least because they provided an alternative model of social organization, one with which the colonized could counter the colonizer's allegations of dependence on English cultural patterns and norms. In fact, Australian literature has never developed a comparably acceptable model, and that is why this archetypal male keeps cropping up as Mad Max or Crocodile Dundee or the James Bond actor George Lazenby, – or even as Alan Bond or Rupert Murdoch.

If we bring the picture forward in relation to the never-ending story of turning Australia into a Republic, we see that the conflict between Loyalists (whose agenda includes retaining the Queen as the figural head of the nation) and the Republicans (or secessionists) plays out the same tensions that had wracked pre-Federation Australia one century earlier. The Loyalists wish to deny history; they claim that there are no significant differences between Australia and the UK (which is why they are also opposed to multiculturalism, when in fact England has already turned multicultural.) The Republicans wish to banish the former banisher, the 'Teeth Mother' as Robert Bly would say, the witch of the *Hänsel and Grete* myth, who has locked up the potential of the antipodean 'prodigal son.' The Loyalists repress their anger and resentment, the Republicans, their love. The Loyalists see Australia as defined by a European heritage, the Repub-

icans regard it as more important that Australia is located in and shaped by Asia. The Loyalists deny the existence of a culturally independent Australia and worship Buck House as the centre of their world; the Republicans play down the existence of English cultural roots and most decidedly refuse to worship the monarchy.

A foray into social psychology will shed further light on this problem. Although it is disputed as to whether findings of individual psychology can be transferred into the realm of social psychology, on occasion it seems fruitful to do so. Frantz Fanon in his famous study of the decolonisation of the colonial world *The Wretched of the Earth* has provided parameters that seem applicable to the Loyalist-Republican dichotomy. Fanon observed that no sooner has a colonized country thrown out the colonizing power than a great insecurity seizes the mind of the colonial bourgeoisie. Typically, it "will send out frenzied appeals for help to the former mother country" (Fanon 120). In turning to the colonial mother, it has to repress and manipulate its own memory in regard to its former lack of gratitude. After the Federation of 1901, those who had clamoured most loudly for Federation became the fiercest loyalists. What else happened in 1901? Queen Victoria, the "Mother" Queen, died. Her wayward antipodean children must have felt pangs of guilt: their secessionism had killed the Queen. The postcolonial bourgeoisie will however accuse its class antagonists of ingratitude, making unhappy appeals to the mother culture to come to their help against reproaches of a deferential, ingratiating behaviour towards the former colonizer. An obliging colonial mother "protects her child from itself, from its ego, and from its physiology, its biology and its own unhappiness which is its very essence" (Fanon, 170).

Opponents of maintaining a loyal link to the colonial mother will face the problem of constructing an indigenous national culture. In that enterprise, they will play down all the cultural influences of the colonizing power, while at the same time exaggerating indigenous cultural achievements. The result will be an overblown cultural construct. In the words of Fanon: "The passion with which native intellectuals defend the existence of their national culture may be a source of amazement" (ibid., 168).

Otto Kernberg's important study (1988) on the "inner world and external reality" of so-called "borderline" patients is also relevant here. The symptoms of "borderline", also known as "identity diffusion" are as follows: self-aggrandizement, aggressive behaviour, some features of paranoia, feelings of emptiness, contradictory self-perception, violent mood swings and a "striking tendency" to view all significant others only in black/white fashion. An underdeveloped sense of ego was seen by many working in the field as the main reason behind the syndrome

(Kernberg, 3-8). These descriptions fit most assessments of the collective Australian mind in the postcolonial phase: the wild praise of 'homo Australiensis' as the 'coming man' and the vilification of 'homo Britannicus' as a weakling; the aggressiveness of the White Australia policy (officially revoked only in 1975); or the collective trend towards denigrating both 'pommies' and 'Yanks' (as models of the collective *Über-Vater*), which is still a feature of contemporary Australian jokes. Finally, there is the inability to properly assess its Asian neighbours, who were, well into the 1970s, lumped together as 'the yellow peril'; and who are, after only a brief interlude of relative liberalism, once again viewed as a menace (following the 'Tampa' affair of 1999). Kernberg disagrees with orthodox views that see 'borderline' always as a consequence of a weakness of the ego, pointing out that the syndrome mostly develops in adults. And here he points at an interesting causal connection: many 'borderline' patients developed the syndrome after the loss of one or both parents. Sigmund Freud (in his essay "Trauer und Melancholie", 1917) had claimed that the loss of a parent demanded a "working over" (*Durcharbeiten*) of the ambivalence towards the parent, and thus a second grappling with the Oedipus complex. In that process, so Kernberg argues, elements of guilt (for not having loved the parent enough) as well as the latent aggression towards him/her (because not enough was done for the child) have to be dealt with and reconciled. And exactly at this "labour of mourning", borderline patients fail. Unable to bring their labour to a successful completion, they waver between love and hate, grieving and condemnation. Typical are fantasies of parricide, suicide or being overwhelmed by external forces (ibid., 150-152). Once again, the analogy to Australia's history is striking. After the fierce attacks on the mother country in the 1890s, the 1901 Federation suddenly brought with it a 'loss' of the mother. Significantly, Queen Victoria as symbolic mother *did* die in 1901, almost as if she had been murdered by her wayward antipodean child.

The conflict between the Loyalists and the Republicans broke out with full force during World War I, as we know. I particularly think of Prime Minister Bill Hughes' hysterical claim made in 1916, that without the protection of 'mother' England ("Australia's guarantor in a hostile world"), the defenceless 'child' Australia would be vanquished in a Japanese invasion (Hirst 1999, 65). It is my argument that a latent and collective 'borderline' syndrome was the result of a separation from the 'mother' country, in which the Oedipal components (guilt, pain, longing) were not properly recognized and dealt with. The result is that both Australian factions have something in common, namely an almost maniacal desire to match up the colonized nation against the colonizer, whether this be in sports (Crick and Rugby come to mind), in military matters, in physical fitness – or in film produc-

tion. A relaxed comparison with the 'mother' culture, as it characterizes such discourses in Canada, is a rare thing in Australian discourse. The loyalist faction wishes to establish sameness and therefore a sense of cultural belonging, the separatist aims at superiority and difference (in this order). The Loyalists were and are mostly in the conservative camp, and in the course of the 20th century Australia has only had about one year of Labour rule to four years of conservative rule.

Australian Cinema, 1900-1970: Self Expression vs. Finance

That Australia has a film industry older than Hollywood has been mentioned already. It astounds the Australian film scholar to learn that in its first decade, the Australian film industry responded exclusively to Australian cultural needs, and was as yet unencumbered by the norms and paradigms later imported from the USA. As has already been noted, the productivity of those years was astonishing. From the end of the Great War, which had provided government orders for propaganda films, the Australian film industry became highly dependent on public subsidies, but these gradually petered out. The main reason was Hollywood's resounding global success, resulting in a global stranglehold that the American film industry now had on the Australian as well as other national film industries. In 1921, *Theatre Magazine* warned: "Is Australia going to be a mere dumping ground for pictures made in other parts of the world?" (qut. Shirley/Adams, 45). An editorial of the *Sydney Morning Herald* tactfully stated: "without disparaging American culture, we would prefer to keep our own." (Ibid., 96) An unidentified cultural critic said: "It is deplorable that a country with such a regard should submit quietly to foreign exploitation, have its individualism undermined and its characters and ideals practically shaped by a battering invasion of American films". (Ibid.) Australia's 'moral brigade' also weighed in: the Victorian Women's Citizen Movement catalogued the number of socially undesirable instances in 250 films screened in Sydney at matinee times: "97 murders, 19 seductions, 25 disreputable women" and so on. One of the official censors wrote in his report that even in "serious" American films, the [female] characters were habitually shown "without their nether garments" (Ibid.) The general concern seems to have been that a nation with an already underdeveloped sense of a cultural identity, and a weak cultural presence overseas, was in danger of losing what precious national identity and overseas reputation it might have. Secretary of Trade Herbert Pratten declared in a speech made in April 1927: "We recognize that the film is a great means of instilling a national Australian spirit in the

Australian people" (Ibid., 75). Subsidising Australian films thus becomes justified by a 'national interest', which is also culturally inscribed. The ensuing dilemma - defining which films are in the national interest and which not - has dogged Australian cultural policies to this day.

An example. In the 1930s, Ken Hall and Raymond Longford created a series of entertainment films based on the *Dave and Dad* novels. (The most successful was *On Our Selection*, 1932). Unlike most other films produced in that decade, these films actually made some money and had export value. But since the essence of these movies was the stereotyping of the selector as a loveable, but ignorant and bungling hick, politicians and other public leaders began to attack Longford for his denigration of the Australian national character.

The same thing happened again in the early 1970s, when Tim Burstall, Brian Adams and others produced a series of commercially successful 'Ocker' comedies with a considerable amount of sexual content. These comedies were an embarrassment to cultural politicians: "[q]uestions were asked in parliament whether government funds should be expended on this type of product" (O'Regan, 1989, 77). But this issue has already been discussed in chapter 2, under the heading of "The Ocker Films".

Australia's Honour Saved by the Period Films

The dilemma described above was solved by the timely appearance of a number of sensitive, visually stylish and aesthetically pleasing film that foregrounded Australia's past. The first of these was Peter Weir's *Picnic at Hanging Rock* (1975), which was received ecstatically by Australia's critical as well as political establishment. It had been hoped that it might be the first Australian feature ever to win one of the coveted awards at the 1976 Cannes Film Festival. As it was, it received an honourable mention, which was 'close enough', to use a popular Australian idiom. Graeme Turner has written extensively on the success of the genre and how it secured a future for the industry as such. His central argument runs as follows:

The preoccupation with historical drama seemed designed to demonstrate that Australia had a history and therefore was a culture. Key films from this period (...) deferred to European models of cineastic taste rather than American objectives of entertainment, the models for many of the period films were the BBC historical drama and the open ended narratives of the French *nouvelle vague*. Beautiful, untroubling films, they were politically conservative, and (...) said virtually nothing about contemporary Australia (1989, 103-4)

Why did it take so long to facilitate that "revolution" as Phillip Adams called it? The reasons are primarily political. As late as in 1963, Prime Minister Menzies had argued in a TV interview (it is included in part 3 of the ABC documentary *100 years of Australian Film*) that Australia did not need an independent film industry. The Americans, so he said, were the best movie makers in the world, just as the Australians were the best wool producers; one could more cheaply import their products with the revenue earned in the wool trade than pour money into a local film industry. It was a simply awful statement, no wonder the artistic/intellectual community was incensed by it. After increased pressure, the Gorton government did in the end grant 300,000 dollars in subsidies in 1969, the first time in 40 years. Once Gough Whitlam came to power, these subsidies were considerably expanded, until they gave way to a system of tax incentives in the 1980s (the so-called '10BA' clause). A brief look at production statistics shows the policy was successful:

In the decade 1960-69 only 22 films were made in Australia (Verhoeven 1999, film index). Not all of them were Australian productions, one being the spectacularly unsuccessful *Ned Kelly* (1969) starring 'Rolling Stones' singer Mick Jagger. Looking further back, i.e. at the period between 1945 to 1970, MacFarlane and Mayer claim there were "less than two dozen wholly Australian-backed feature films (...) most of which are now forgotten". (1992, 1) If feature films were made at all during those 25 years, they "were almost entirely funded from overseas" (ibid., 2). The next decade, however, (1970-79) saw no fewer than 167 film productions, increasing the productivity of the Sixties by almost 800%, a veritable productivity explosion (Verhoeven 1999). Gough Whitlam took a great personal interest in all the arts (he created the Australia Council and enacted laws on the running of the Australian National Gallery) but his special emphasis lay on the encouragement of films. Towards that end he not only quadrupled film subsidies, he also created the Australian Film and Television School and the Australian Film Commission (AFC). When Philip Adams (producer) and Bruce Beresford (director) made the sequel to the highly successful Barry McKenzie sex-farce (entitled *Barry McKenzie Holds His Own*, 1974), the unofficial cultural ambassador, Edna Everadge (portrayed by Barry Humphries), back from a successful cultural mission to London (of course), arrived at Sydney Airport, where, according to the script, she was welcomed by the Australian PM. The Australia PM at the time was Gough Whitlam. The actor playing him was none other than Gough Whitlam (Murray, 63). How many other nations in the world can claim to have had an acting Prime Minister? 20 years later, in a truly remarkable twist of his own memory, Whitlam wrote the introduction to a collection of essays on the Australian Cinema:

I believe the best Australian films have certain obvious qualities in common ... a certain wholesomeness, a certain decency, a fundamental seriousness of purpose (...) our films are robust, energetic, honest, frequently beautiful in pictorial terms and made with great craftsmanship. They are more often than not attuned to the lives and feelings of common people: the working class, the pioneers, the soldiers, the battlers. They are an index of our values and aspirations. (1994, 3)

In the same article, Whitlam claimed that Australian films were unique "in owing little to the influence of developments abroad." Read: this is our own creation and we are proud to have sunk millions of dollars into it. He claimed that Australian film was "an expression of a distinctive local culture." Read: the Australian film is best when it portrays our Australianness, warts and all. He claimed that the film renaissance of the 1970s (his own time of office) was "the most creative and admired phase of [Australia's] history." Read: in today's world, films are more likely to be noticed internationally than any other medium, and now we are internationally respected. He was also careful to emphasise the difference to American film production. One type of movie which Australia had avoided making, so he pointed out, was the 'Rambo' action movie. Note the attack against the cultural Big Brother, who may possess superior marketing skills, but then Australia has "wholesomeness, decency and seriousness of purpose." Nor is the claim itself correct: *Crocodile Dundee II* (1988) lifts whole scenes from *Rambo II*, the only difference being that Mick is kinder to his foes than Johnny R.

Of course, Whitlam's prose contains a lot of empty rhetoric. Whitlam is frozen in time. His description of Australian films is that of one particular genre: the Period Film of the 1970s. As was pointed out by Graeme Turner (1989), the genre relied on a re-hash of the Australian master narrative of the Lawson-Furphy school, which by then should have long used up its natural shelf life. But therein lies is a difference between academic enquiry and political discourse. The former debunks national myths, the latter exploits them. The 'Lawson/Furphy' myth was for a long time perceived as genuinely Australian. Understandably, Whitlam's idea was to present something to the world that was genuinely Australian. The irony is that the Period Film "said virtually nothing about contemporary Australia" (Turner 1989, 104). In Whitlam's defence, it must be said that many policy officials and top administrators of cultural administrations also took the simplistic view that films created a "cultural identity" by "adequately reflect[ing] our way of life." In a trenchant analysis of the deficiencies of Australia's cultural film policy, Elizabeth Jacka demonstrated how "even the best contributions" in that debate "continually (...)

take the notion of an Australian cultural identity for granted, rather than problematizing it" (Jacka 1993, 109).

There is no need, however, to denigrate the Period Films of the 1970 as an aberration. The popular acceptance of the genre provided an important impetus towards the development of an indigenous film industry, which otherwise may have never happened. Also, the films provided extra stimuli towards the discourses of national self-definition. It would be incorrect to claim that the Period Film has vanished without a trace, has left little impact on the industry as it stands now. Some of the newer films already refer to or quote earlier Period Films. There is the case of *Priscilla Queen of the Desert*, which quotes and caricatures a key scene of *Picnic at Hanging Rock*: instead of the sacrificial virgins of the latter we now have the shrill camp transvestites and their outrageous clothes climbing heavenwards. Speaking of the continuities and discontinuities since the Period Film era, *Priscilla* and with it most of the Australian movies of the 1990s are transgeneric, hybrid products that no longer need to "place Australia on the map", as politicians earlier hoped, because Australia already is on the map.

Today Australia's film industry is firmly established; where there were 1-2 Australian films per year in the period 1945-70, we now have between 20-25 films per year. This figure does not even include Australian TV-series (or 'soaps', as they are commonly called. When speaking of the increased media presence of Australia we must not forget nature documentaries, in which Australian contributions have been extremely successful, appearing with some regularity on Austrian TV² as part of the twice-weekly *Universum* series.

Nor has international acclaim been denied to Australia. In three successive years Australian films of the 'Period' genre were invited into the (highly prestigious) official competition of the Cannes Film Festival. They were: *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*, (Fred Schepisi 1978), *My Brilliant Career* (Gillian Armstrong, 1979) and *Breaker Morant* (Bruce Beresford, 1980). In addition, Jack Thompson won Australia's first *palme d'or* Award for 'Best supporting actor'²⁰ in the same year, and in 1982, Linda Hunt won the first Australian Academy award in the 'Best Supporting Actress' category for her performance in *The Year of Living Dangerously*. A largely and unfairly neglected film, Rolf de Heer's *Bad Boy Bobby*, won the first prize at the International Venice Film Festival in 1993. In 1994, Jane Campion's *The Piano* won three Academy Awards: Best Script, Best Actress, Best Supporting Actress; in 1997, *Shine* brought Jeffrey Rush an Academy Award for Best Actor, Russell Crowe won it

again in 2002 for his role in *The Gladiator*, and in 2003 Nicole Kidman became the first Australian woman to win the Academy Award in the 'Best Actress' category for her stellar performance as Virginia Woolf in *The Hours*. Australian film production has come a long way. It may have abandoned old stereotypes, may have crossed into dangerously new terrain, it may be diverse and hybrid and even crass, but it is treated with great respect in the international film world.

²⁰ Ironically, Thompson won the award for 'Best Actor' at the AFI Awards in the same year.