

BEN HUR and THE TEN COMMANDMENTS



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This is both a review and an opinion piece

After [my recent paper](#) on the most popular movies of all time, I was driven to rewatch these two old classics. I had seen them both before, but not for several decades. I have a lot of comments, which may or may not interest you. If you are on my site, I assume they *will* interest you.

I will open with some general observations. *Ben Hur* was shot during 1958-59, when Charlton Heston was 35. *The Ten Commandments* was shot in 1955-56, when he was 32-33. I was surprised at how old he looked at age 35. He was a heavy smoker, which probably accounts for it. Yes, he was admittedly in great shape for *Ben Hur*: he had to be for the galley slave scenes. He was a physical specimen and there is no denying it. But still, he looked very old in the face for 35. At a glance I would have guessed him ten years older. I only mention it because it once again confirms one of my repeated contentions: these promoted people from the families do not in general age very well.*

Ben Hur is a much better movie than *The Ten Commandments*. Overall, William Wyler did a much better job than Cecil B. DeMille, which goes opposite to expectation. Or to my expectation at any rate, based on the greater fame of DeMille. But that may just be my ignorance, since I didn't know until now that Wyler won three best director Oscars for three best picture winners—the only person to do so. *The Ten Commandments* is surprisingly cheesy in many scenes, and in part it is because you can tell DeMille had no respect for women. He treats the majority of female roles like chorus girls, and a lot of the dialog in these scenes is really embarrassing. The major female role, that of Anne Baxter as Queen Nefertiri, is almost as bad, her depiction being entirely too modern and catty. These large parts of the

script conflict mightily with the more serious scenes, like the ones where Moses is speaking in Biblical phrases.

The costuming in *Ben Hur* is a lot better as well. It isn't great, but it is rarely intrusive. But in *The Ten Commandments* it is often ridiculous. As just one example, see the Egyptian footwear. Ramses is wearing some golden clogs that aren't period appropriate at all. The only thing I can figure is that Brynner requested a couple of extra inches to help him next to Heston, and this is what they came up with. They then tried to match the other Egyptians to Ramses. It doesn't work at all.

The casting of Yul Brynner and Charlton Heston isn't too bad: they are serviceable. Heston is always wooden, but with the right wig he does have a commanding presence. And Brynner does have an Egyptian look. But the other casting is a mystery. Anne Baxter looks about as Egyptian as Molly Ringwald would. DeMille wanted Grace Kelly as Moses' wife Saphira, which would have been equally bad or worse. What was he thinking? Cedric Hardwicke was a good actor, but not as Seti. How could he have a son that looked like Brynner? And Vincent Price is badly miscast as well. I don't remember Price being so gay. Was he always like that, or did he play that part especially camp? I will have to rewatch him in other things and get back to you.

And then there is Heston's hair. He apparently refused to grow it out or wear a long wig for either film, so his look is too modern in almost all scenes. Compare it to Jesus' long flowing locks in *Ben Hur*. That is when the problem becomes most obvious in that film. In *The Ten Commandments* it is even worse, since when he does finally wear a wig after seeing God in the burning bush, it looks like a joke. Not only has his hair and beard turned grey (in telegenic streaks) in a span of minutes, but it has become ten times as full. Why? Did God decide his prophet couldn't get anything done without the right perfectly coifed hair? Is God really that shallow? Anyway, if Heston had worn studio hair in previous scenes, the change wouldn't have been so noticeable. We could perhaps accept a bit of curling and greying from seeing God. But a complete transplant? Not so much.

But let's dig a little deeper. Watching one of the opening scenes in *Ben Hur*, I was struck by how gay the dialog was. Turns out I wasn't imagining it, since Gore Vidal was one of the writers of that scene, and he later admitted he wrote it gay. See the 1995 interview, where he says he purposely decided to make Judah's boyhood relationship with Messala gay. Vidal claims that Stephen Boyd as Messala was aware of the gay angle and agreed to play it up, while Heston was unaware of it. Heston then responded negatively to Vidal's interview, saying that Vidal shouldn't be sullyng a great movie by telling stories. But this all looks like cover to me. Vidal was clearly covering for Heston, since there is no way Heston would be unaware of the gay angle there. In 1995, 36 years later, Vidal felt free to partially spill the beans on this story, but not to the point of including Heston in it. As a leading-man tough guy, Heston's career depending on his seeming straight. But Heston had to have been in on it. The scene plays overtly gay, and Heston would have had to have been an idiot to miss it. And if what we are told about Heston were true, he would have killed the gay angle. He certainly had the power in 1959 to object, and if he didn't object we must assume it was because he was fine with it. Which means. . . the whole story about Heston being a homophobe is false.

But is it even more than that, because you have to ask why the gay angle was necessary. Answer: it wasn't. It doesn't help the movie, and to those who picked up on it (but weren't gay), it must have hurt it. To start with, it undercuts all of Judah's relationships with female characters, which are no longer convincing. They certainly didn't convince me, which didn't help the director or scriptwriters sell me the story. Large parts of the script fall apart, starting with Judah's love scenes with Esther. The kissing scenes are cringy enough on their own, but given the previous gay scenes, they are ten times as cringy.

So why would Heston agree to it? I can only come up with one answer to that.

But let's go even deeper. *Ben Hur* is subtitled “A Tale of the Christ”, but in both the book and the film, Christ has almost no part. It is all about Judah, with Christ only used to draw in Christians. This is painfully obvious in the film, where Jesus only makes two very brief appearances in the first 2.5 hours, with no dialog and shot from behind. And even the final scene of the crucifixion seems like a tack-on, the connection to the rest of the story being forced. Because of this, something dawned on me that I hadn't come close to realizing as a kid when I saw it the first time: this is a film for and about Jews, and the rest of us are just there as ballast.

We can confirm that by studying the author of *Ben Hur*, **Lewis Wallace**. Wallace had been a famous Civil War General and Governor of New Mexico, most famous for disobeying verbal orders from Grant at Shiloh. In hindsight, it now looks like this was just a ploy by Grant to cover his ass; but the point is Wallace, like Grant, was high-ranking Phoenician Navy. That is, he was a crypto-Jew, which is why he was trying to sell this Jewish story as something to do with Christ. Wallace's mother was named **Esther** French Test, so she just happened to have the same given name as Ben Hur's wife. Wallace was also a **Campbell, a Bruce, a Hamilton** and a **Lippincott**, which links him to all sorts of action. Being a Campbell, a Bruce, a Hamilton and a Wallace links him to the top of the Scottish peerage, which means he was a descendant of William Wallace—see *Braveheart*. This also links him forward to Mel Gibson, whom I have shown is from the same lines. In fact, Wallace is a direct descendant of John Bruce, Baron of Clackmannan, whose wife was Elizabeth **Stewart** of the Lords of Rosyth. These Stewarts take us directly back to Alexander Stewart, 4th High Steward of Scotland. The Stewarts link us back to Charlemagne, who links us back to Rome *and* Jerusalem, so Lew Wallace was just promoting his ancestors, as usual.

This also links us to Alfred Russel Wallace, competitor of Darwin; newsman Chris Wallace; author David Foster Wallace; Presidential candidate George Wallace; Vice President Henry Wallace; and many others. It may also link us to Biggie Smalls, real name Christopher George Latore Wallace. And yes, Biggie faked his death.

Wallace's mother-in-law was **Zerelda Gray Sanders**, and all three of those names are clues in the same direction. Zerelda is a variant of Zelda, a Jewish name, and Sanders links us back to **Ben Franklin**. Franklin's penname Sanders was not an accident, since he *was* a Sanders. This is provable concerning Zerelda, since Geni admits her direct ancestor was Richard Sanders of Suffolk who founded Suffolk, VA. His mother being an **Isaacke**. She was also a French and a **Howard**, meaning she was a cousin of Wallace's real mother. Zerelda was also a Grant and a Boone, meaning Wallace was related to his nemesis in the history books General Grant.

As for *Ben Hur*, so for *The Ten Commandments*: we are supposed to believe that Moses belongs just as much to Christians as to Jews, but I no longer feel it. The story is obviously a Jewish myth, crafted by them and tailored to their needs. It says nothing to me, and seems ridiculous. Even if we accept the story as it is, it makes no sense. If Moses had wanted to free the Hebrew slaves in Egypt, it would have been far easier to do that as the pharaoh. So why not just keep his stupid mouth shut and become pharaoh? If this story had been real, God must have done a face palm when Moses decided to become a slave. Here he had gone to all this trouble to plant Moses in the royal house, and the problem was moments from being solved when Moses decided to embrace his Jewish roots—which up to then he had no idea or experience of. Now God would have to see Moses out of Egypt, through the desert, up the mountain, back to Egypt, then reveal himself over and over with extravagant miracles. Whereas if

Moses hadn't been such a dope, all this could have been achieved with the stroke of a pen, without Yahweh ever leaving his cozy mountain or breaking all his non-disclosure rules. So let it be written, so let it be done.

And it makes no sense in another way: once Moses blew it the first time, God would have dumped him as a useless tool. God could easily have found another more reliable person to appear to in the burning bush. Given Moses' track record on following the script, there would have been a great danger of him going off-script again, perhaps deciding last minute to re-embrace his Egyptian upbringing, or perhaps deciding to take his new wife and son and head off across another desert into Persia or Ethiopia or something.

But it is even worse than that, because—[given what we have discovered](#)—this Moses story is now transparent. The worst-case scenario up to now has been that it is fiction, but a fiction crafted by the Jews to make themselves feel better. After being conquered by everyone from Egypt to Persia to Rome, they needed these myths as some sort of compensation. The Moses myth made them seem very powerful, waltzing into the palace with nothing but a stick and bringing the pharaoh to his knees. I had already come across that theory of Jewish compensation years ago, and you probably had too. We were meant to see it.

But that theory now looks like more cover. And the Moses story itself contains the truth, though heavily redacted. Our first clue is the name Moses, which they admit isn't Hebrew. It is Egyptian. That should have been obvious, since it is a variant of Thutmoses, an imperial name. In the movie, they tell us Moses means “child of the Nile”, but it simply means “child of”. Indicating they had to omit the first part of his name, to hide who he was really the child of. Another clue is that Moses is the sister-son of the pharaoh. In the Bible, he is supposedly a Hebrew slave planted in the royal house by fate or God, but of course that isn't believable. That story was concocted to hide the far more likely truth: Moses really *was* of the royal house of Egypt.

[Addendum May 28: With more research, I discovered much more evidence for that. In the centuries leading up to Moses, Egypt had been ruled by the Hyskos, a Phoenician or Jewish dynasty that worshipped Set/Hadad/Baal instead of Horus. We are told they were foreigners, but that theory doesn't scan very well. More likely they were just a cadet royal branch, more closely tied to shipping than other dynasties. Perhaps they were tied to Tyre by marriage, but we can be sure that to seize the throne, they must have been of the Egyptian royal family as well. Anyway, we are told they were overthrown and wiped from Egyptian history, but that also doesn't scan, since the Seti/Ramses dynasty at the time of Moses **was still worshipping Set** instead of Horus, making them descendants of the Hyskos. That is pretty obvious, given the name Seti. For that reason alone, we could say **they were still Hyskos**. So we have found an important historical link between Ramses and Moses, admitted by mainstream historians. **They were both Hyskos/Phoenicians**. So they were close cousins even without the whole Biblical narrative, the finding of Moses in the rushes, and the adoption by Ramses' sister. Which means the Biblical narrative and the DeMille film were just covers for the real history. Given that Moses and Ramses were both Hyskos, worshipping Set, the logical assumption would be they weren't enemies but allies. As I said, Moses was most likely sent by Ramses to re-settle/re-conquer Canaan, driving out invaders from the east. Moses probably re-entered the area at the head of an Egyptian army/with Phoenician support from the sea.]

And why on Earth would the Jews want to hide something like that? The usual reason: to turn history on its head, and make themselves the victims. They have been subsisting on that lie from the beginning, and you might say that it is the first and central lie. We have seen them still subsisting on it

in Hollywood, though on a smaller scale. All the directors, producers, and stars are supposed to be from nobody families, the sons or daughters of truck drivers, housewives, or possum trappers, when a little research shows they are American royalty, like we saw with Lew Wallace above. In the same way, but on a far larger scale, you are expected to believe that historically Jews came from goat herders in the desert, suddenly hitting prominence with the twelve tribes around the same time the Phoenicians went extinct. But the truth is just the opposite, as we see with Moses: [the Phoenicians and the Jews were the same people](#), and *both* were outposts of Egypt. Supposing Moses did found Israel, he did it not by freeing the Hebrew slaves and leading them out of Egypt; he did it as an emissary and governor of the pharaoh. So there was no reason for the Egyptians to enslave the Hebrews, and we can be sure they never did. The Phoenicians/Hebrews were always of the lines running the Mediterranean world.

And what good does playing the victim do? It covers many bases, the first being to keep them in the shadows. If you don't know who they really are or what they are really up to, you cannot respond to them logically or in just amount. Second, it creates sympathy. If you think they are the victims of a long line of holocausts, you feel sorry for them and refrain from attacking them. Third, if you believe they are a marginalized people, a plucky but tiny and downtrodden minority, you will never figure out they run the world through banking, shipping, and trade, just as they have for five thousand years or more.

As you now see, both the *Ben Hur* and *Ten Commandments* stories continue that big lie. In one they are the victim of the bad old Romans and in the other they are the victim of the bad old Egyptians. Except that we now know Rome was another outpost of the Egyptians/Phoenicians, so any competition between them was just cousin rivalry. This explains not only the early relationship of Judah and Messala, it explains stories like Antony and Cleopatra. It explains all the toing and froing between Persia and Greece, as when the various Greek generals and admirals retired to Persia and became aristocrats there. Without this realization, large parts of history make absolutely no sense. But given this theory, all of history starts to fit very easily into a coherent and comprehensible tale.

*A friend read this before I put it up and she asked me to add this footnote. It may be of interest if anyone ever writes my biography, since little things like this are the spice of biographies. I have never put these facts online or on paper before. Over the years, one of the favorite bar or pub games of my friends has been to ask people to guess my age. They often found ways to win money off it. I remember some of the highlights. When I lived in Amherst, we were at Amherst Brewing Company one night upstairs in the poolroom. A buddy and I were playing against a couple of girls from UMass. College girls, about 21. I was 38. He asked them to guess my age. One said 23 and the other said 24. When he told them I was 38, they refused to believe it even after I showed them my ID. They remained sure they were being scammed.

Around the same time, the same buddy bet two guys twenty bucks they couldn't guess my age to within ten years. They huddled and we heard them agree to add five years just to be sure. They guessed 30. My buddy said, "Well, you are too smart for us, you win. You were only off by eight years. Here's your twenty." The two guys looked at me in confusion, and one of them finally said, "eight years in which direction?" They admitted they thought I was more likely to be 22 than 38.

Five years later, when I was living in Bruges, we were out in a big group and somehow my age came up again. I admitted I was 43. A woman about my age across the table refused to believe it, even after I showed my passport. She said there was no way I was over 30 and that was that. She actually got mad.

Three years later I was in Taos, and I was already known as the bicycle and kitten guy. There was a group of pretty highschool girls that would always run up to me and chat whenever I rode through the plaza. I later found out one of them had a crush on me. I had to very careful with them.

Six years later in Taos I was on the sand volleyball court alone practicing in just my boardshorts. A woman about my age came up to me and started chatting. I think she thought I was too young for her, since I wasn't showing any interest, so she asked how old I was. I said 52. Her mouth dropped open. She said she assumed I was late 30s.

Oh, I remember another one from earlier. I went with some friends to a highschool football game in Austin, since their son was the placekicker. They knew a lot of people in the players' section, so we sat there, or right on the edge. I got up alone to go to the concession stand and when I came back the guard said I couldn't sit in that section because I wasn't a student. She then looked closely at me (I already had a goatee by that time) and said, "Or are you?" She thought it was possible I was a highschool student. I was 32.

I have gone to only one highschool reunion: my 20th, when I was a month shy of 38. Soon after I got there, I was standing in between two friends when one of my old girlfriends walked up to us. She said hi to the guy to my left and the girl to my right, but said nothing to me. Finally I said, "Hey, LeeAnn [Snodgrass], it's me, Miles!" She almost jumped out of her skin. Clearly flustered, she said, "I thought you were somebody's kid". Everybody laughed. I don't see how I could have looked young enough to be anyone's kid, but that is what she said.

I guess the way all that ties in here is that when I was 38 I looked 23, while Heston looked 45. So there had already developed a 22-year gap between us before we were 40. That's pretty astonishing if you think about it. Nobody goy-lad looks 23 while rich crypto-Jew famous for his appearance looks 45. They are the same age. Can we explain that just by sleep and clean living? Maybe. Maybe not. I don't really think we can, but if so it is a good reason to quit smoking tomorrow. In fact, multiple readers emailed me after my paper on Brad Pitt, telling me it had caused them to quit smoking or drinking. Which I see as a win regardless of anything else.

Speaking of positive influence, I will share with you one of mine. When I was about 35, I saw an over-60 swimmer at Deep Eddy pool in Austin, and his image has always stuck with me. He had gray hair and his face was lightly lined, but his body was absolutely perfect, and looked twenty years younger. Everybody present was looking at him in wonder. I thought how nice it would be to look like that at 60, and promised myself to give it a shot. Which I am proud to say I have. . . given it a shot. I didn't achieve it and wasn't ever going to, since he simply had better conformation (bone structure) than me and there was nothing I was ever going to be able to do about that. To say it another way, he had a better body than me, period. He wasn't knock-kneed, for one thing. Nothing you can do about that, and even Heston had to deal with it a bit. But I did take pretty good care of myself and stay pretty fit, so although I look nothing like as good as he did, I do look pretty good for my age. So that brief encounter nearly 25 years ago has stuck with me and done me some good. It gave me something to shoot for, and we all need that.

I know some will roll their eyes at me telling stories about myself, but the truth is I get lots of requests for more biographical material, and if I don't tell the stories I don't know who will. To be honest, I always kind of figured the stories would come out as they come out with other people: I tell them to friends or lovers privately, or to an interviewer, then the stories are recast in the third person. Or, people who were there, like LeAnn Snodgrass above, tell the story to an interviewer and it makes it into print that way. That's how you become aware of biographical material for actors, athletes, writers, scientists, and so on. That way the story doesn't sound like a brag or a boast. But since the mainstream has so successfully buried me, as artist, writer, scientist, poet, or whatever, I have benefitted from zero promotion. I can now see that is never going to turn around, since the projects against me continue to accelerate. So if you are ever going to learn anything about me, it looks like it will have to happen in this way, straight from my own lips. I will then be accused of self-promotion and ego, and so will be anti-promoted once again in that way. Lose-lose, which is how they want it.

But just remind yourself of this: if I were really self-obsessed, I would have written my memoirs in my 20s, like Churchill and many famous Phoenicians did. Famous people do almost nothing but write memoirs and autobiographies and confessionals and give interviews. They are constantly on TV telling stories about themselves

and each other and giving one another awards. Conversely, until recently I almost never talked about myself because I want my writings to be about their content, not about me. But of course I do have my stories to tell and am gratified that I finally have some listeners. For almost forty years no one has been interested, and I am not one to force myself on others. So I have mostly been silent. Also, if I were really self-obsessed, would I have hidden all this in a footnote? And finally, if this were all about me, would I have chosen the lonely fields I have or the lonely paths I have? Would I choose papers as my method of communication? Wouldn't I rather see myself on film, saying charming and witty things? No, because that isn't what is going on. I write papers because I know that is my long suit. I write a lot, so I am pretty good at it. I am well practiced. I am not a good speaker since I am not well practiced. In real life I hardly ever say anything. Living decades as a monk doesn't tend to make one loquacious. I have more to say to my cats than I have to say to most people. But fortunately I remain self-aware: I know my strengths and my weaknesses, and I avoid playing to my weaknesses.