

Text 23: Materialization

Text 23: Materialization	1
23.1. The hitchhiker from Abba-la-Romaine. (Ardeche).	1
23.2. Explanations.	3

23.1. The hitchhiker from Abba-la-Romaine. 1(Ardeche).

Our source is *D. Audinet , Les lieux de l' au-dela (Guide des fantômes, dames blanches et auto - stoppeuses évanescantes en France, Belgique et Suisse , Agnières, 1999, 59/63.*

The well-documented work speaks of phantoms, white women, and vanishing hitchhikers. We pause to consider a curious case of a fading, or rather, vanishing, hitchhiker. In the spring, at the time of the red moon, in early May, motorists leaving the A6 motorway in Montélimar to cross the Ardèche via National Road 102 can sometimes have a very strange experience.

In particular: the encounter with a shadowy hitchhiker who belongs to the toughest of her kind: she does not appear as a “white woman” but laced into a leather motorcycle rider's costume. The apparition is not nocturnal but always occurs in the late afternoon before sunset. This hitchhiker allows herself to be transported a good thirty kilometers. The phenomenon has been observed several dozen times, with the course showing an extremely strict and systematic pattern.

Audinet reproduces the report of Mr. Regis F., residing in Lyon, who published it in *Science et magie*. He claims that his story can be verified with the gendarmerie of Aubenas , which is well informed regarding the recurring phenomenon. Here it is.

“As a mathematics teacher at a lycée in Lyon, I’m not exactly that superstitious.” But it happened to them in the spring of 1996. Every weekend, he drives with his wife along the A6 motorway from Lyon to Montelimar .

On a Saturday evening, we had just left the motorway and crossed the Rhône when, around a bend, a hitchhiker in a leather suit, with a motorcyclist's helmet under her arm, shyly gestured to us with her hand. I stopped. She asked me where we were going. I told her. That seemed to please her, whereupon I let her take a seat in the back.

By the looks of it, a very beautiful young woman, with a pale, almost white face. Not very talkative. That is how I see her fleetingly in my rearview mirror. Evening is falling. He switches on the lights. Driving quite fast. At a certain moment, the passenger asks me: "Could he slow down a little, sir? I am not feeling very well." He slows down, annoyed, for he does not like driving at night along those winding roads with indistinct edges.

Ten minutes later, just past Alba-la- Romaine , she is there again with a complaining voice, almost white in color: "Sir, I beg you, drive slower!" I slow down even more, while my wife, sensing that I am boiling inside, places her hand on my knee to calm me down. We drive through Villeneuve at thirty kilometers per hour, accelerating slightly upon leaving the town. But—I swear to you—I did not drive faster than fifty or sixty kilometers per hour, as the road does not lend itself to speeding.

Yet after fifteen minutes, my hitchhiker is back, quietly complaining: "For the love of God, sir, please slow down! I feel truly nauseous! Otherwise, I will be forced to get off!" "What a whiner," I say to myself as I drop back to forty miles an hour.

Suddenly I hear something like a sigh; I look back in my rearview mirror and no longer see the hitchhiker. I stop abruptly at the edge of the road and look around: the seat is empty! I look at my wife in dismay, who is just as surprised as I am.

"That butt didn't jump through the door, did it? Someone would have heard something like that!" Surprised and a bit frightened all in all, I turn back and drive slowly to the beginning of Villeneuve-de-Berg. We encounter few cars. I carefully scan the faces of the people in the cars, but apparently our unknown lady is not among them. She is not on the side of the road either! I turn around and drive with my lights on full blast and without making any noise to Aubenas . I stop at the gendarmerie.

Two men listen without much surprise to my strange, rambling story. When I have finished describing the girl, they shake their heads—smiling:

“Ah,” says one of them in all seriousness, “you are the third this year to see ‘la larve’. Since her fatal motorcycle accident three years ago on that same road, that girl shows herself every spring under the red moon.”

23.2. Explanations.

This story, which bears a perfect resemblance to countless others—many of which were recorded at the gendarmerie of Aubenas —allows for several interesting observations.

1. The “shadow hitchhiker” type, stemming from violent deaths along the road over the past thirty years, corresponds perfectly to what was formerly called ghost apparitions. Briefly outlined: People who have died suddenly and who regularly appear around the place where they died, while perfectly materializing (*note*: becoming material) so that they are capable of vanishing without leaving a trace, and this through doors and walls.

2. The shadowy elevator girl is completely and physically touchable. and manifests itself as a complete materialization, in flesh and bone (...).

3. The shadowy hitchhiker does not seem to realize that she is dead . Often, upon approaching the scene of her fatal accident—as is the case with Alba-la- Romaine —she expresses a unease that she cannot further explain. She is therefore—at least temporarily—'alive'. She can open car doors.

4. The shadowy hitchhiker appears either for an extended period or briefly . The latter sometimes for a few minutes and over a few hundred meters. The case of Alba-la- Romaine fully materialized in a car over nearly thirty kilometers for nearly twenty minutes. That duration—together with the frequency of her appearances on the same road—is very rare.

5. The shady hitchhiker misled two people. - Therefore, there is no question of, for example, epileptic vision, because such a thing occurs in only one person. Thus, there is more than an individual objective experience.

Note - In an introductory section as well as throughout the book with its few hundred cases, Audinot places very strong emphasis on the dynamic aspect.

Zo oc,29 ss. One ghostly apparition progresses no further than a fleeting shadowy appearance, while the others materialize tangibly. The author also believes that with the years and centuries, the energy that makes the apparitions possible diminishes.

The author is so sure of his case that he, oc, 63, invites every reader who wishes to verify the case of Alba-la Romaine to visit the road section indicated above “the first days of May on a Saturday, that is, National 102 from Montélomar to Alba as far as Villeneuve-de-Berg.