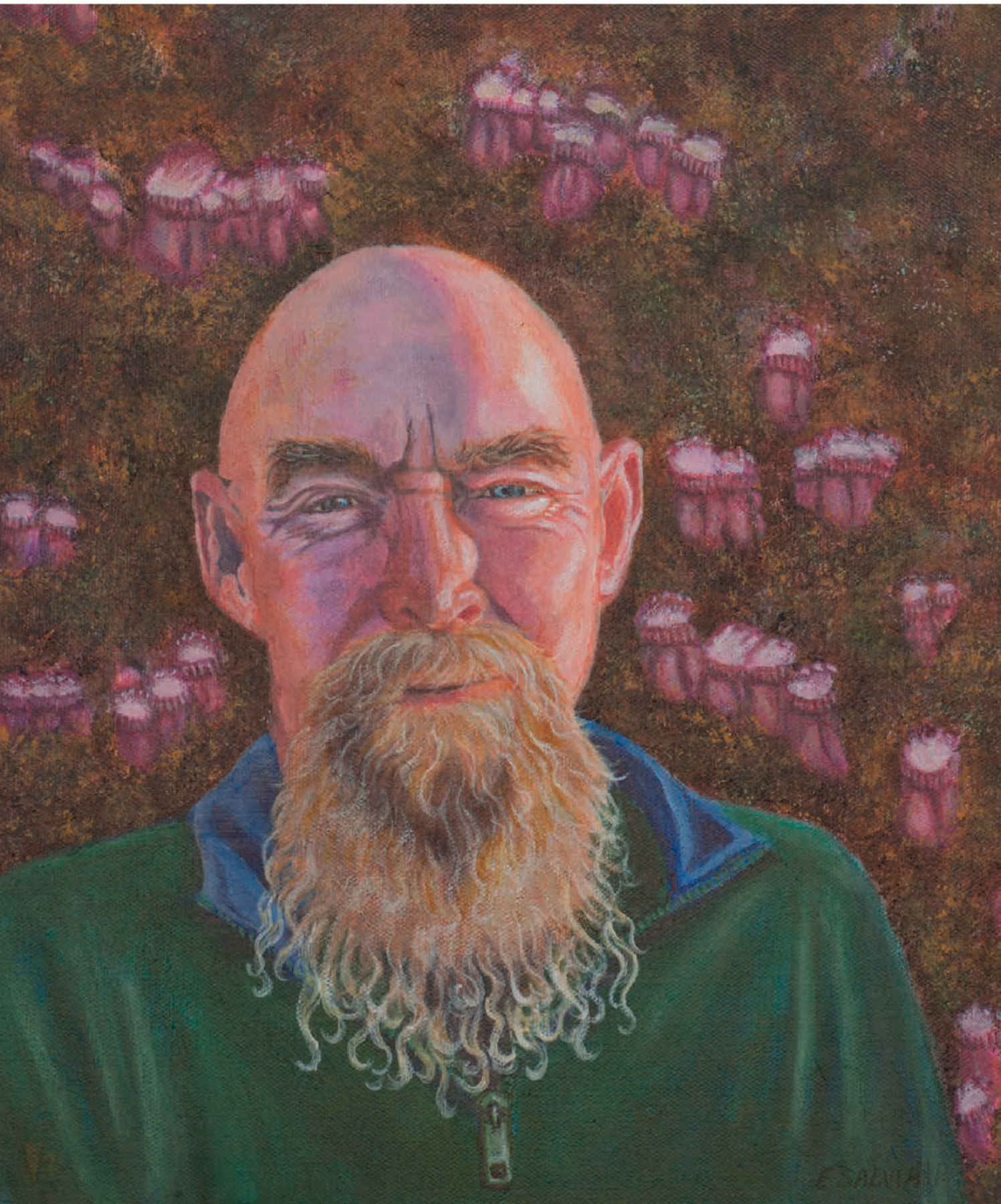


# CARNIVOROUS PLANT NEWSLETTER

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## IN MEMORY OF PHILLIP JAMES MANN (1951-2014)

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Phill Mann (Fig. 1 and Front Cover) was one of the pioneers of the world-wide increase in interest in carnivorous plants in the 1970s and leaves a huge legacy for enthusiasts the world over. In his teens, Phill worked as a Student of Horticulture at Kings Park and Botanic Gardens, where he gained an outstanding knowledge of the native plants of Western Australia. This started his life-time interest in discovering, photographing, and cultivating the native plants of Western Australia, with a particular passion for the carnivorous plants of his home state. He was responsible for establishing *Cephalotus follicularis* widely in cultivation, distributing many new *Nepenthes* species through his part time nursery Southern Carnivores, describing *Drosera gibsonii* (Fig. 2), the original description for *Nepenthes sibuyanensis*, and has a taxon named after him, *Drosera mannii* (Back Cover). Phill, through extensive field work, discovered many of the Australian *Drosera* new to science over the past 30 years that have subsequently been described. He had an extensive international network of friends who he conversed with, visited, and proudly showed the carnivorous plants of south west Western Australia.



Figure 1: Phill Mann with a plant of *Nepenthes rowaniae* at Jackey Jackey, Queensland. Photo by Richard Nunn.



It was only March this year that Phill, Allen Lowrie, and I had a great field trip to Phill's beloved south west corner of Western Australia. The two elder statesmen of Australian carnivorous plants were in fine form, regaling stories of years gone by, enjoying the obligatory field trip junk food, and giving me a hard time for just about anything and everything. That's the last time I saw Phill and he was full of energy, vigorous, and his dry wit in fine touch, and that's the image of Phill that will stay with me. We always spoke every couple of weeks by phone and most years would do between 6 and 10 field trips. We were great mates and I am sad to see him leave us all too soon.

I got into carnivorous plants in about 1980 as a school kid and first heard of Phill through Adrian Slack and Allen Lowrie's books, and also through the ICPS. Starting University, work, moving cities, getting married, took me away from carnivorous plants for about a decade, but in 1997, having never lost the interest, I got back into them and one of the first people I made contact with was Phill. The first purchase I made from Southern Carnivores was a tiny seedling of *Nepenthes villosa*. I remember at the time Phill telling me to save my money, they were expensive as only a few made it out of TC and Phill was embarrassed to put the \$75 price tag on them. I mention this story because it sums up the type of person Phill was. He didn't run his nursery to make money, it was more about the plants, the hobby, and getting them out to people at a price that he thought was fair. That *N. villosa* is still alive today. He was always generous with his advice and we spoke a lot on the phone and quickly developed a good rapport.

When Phill found out I used to travel to Perth for work, he asked me to come and visit him and offered to show me a few sites. I remember walking into his greenhouse for the first time, he had a fantastic *Nepenthes* collection, and I was speechless at some of the mature plants of species just unavailable in Australia at the time. That afternoon he took me to a few, what he called tourist sites, and we saw some stunning *D. stolonifera* and *D. gigantea*. Phill and I quickly found a common interest in getting out in the field and photographing Australia's carnivorous plants. I have lost count of how many trips we made in Western Australia, we even went to Cape York, Singapore, and made a trip to the US in 2012. Standout trips included finding *D. browniana* after 6 failed attempts, climbing up Bluff Knoll to see *D. monticola*, and discovering *D. gibsonii* on the same day, and visiting a huge stand of *Darlingtonia* with Barry Rice and Beth Salvia. I didn't get to go on the early trips to the Philippines, Peninsula Malaysia, and Borneo with Phill, but he used to speak fondly of those trips and his passion for *Nepenthes*. A highlight for Phill was the *Nepenthes* Summit in Kuching in 2007,



Figure 2: *Drosera gibsonii*, discovered and named by Phill Mann. Photo by Richard Nunn in Stirling Ranges National Park, Western Australia.





Figure 3: Phill showing the crowd a lizard during the post ICPS conference field trip in Western Australia in 2008. Photo by Allen Lowrie.

which would be his last visit to Borneo. It would not be uncommon for us to drive 1500 km on a three-day trip around Western Australia, and over the years spending that much time with Phill, we became very close friends and I count myself fortunate to really get to know Phill well. We would spend hours talking about all sorts of things, mainly plants, but lots of other topics as well.

So how best to sum up Phill? Although growing up in Perth, Phill spent most of his adult life working in the Western Australian Police Force and living in regional Western Australia, Phill loved the country life, the people, and the close sense of community. He knew the bush well, had an immense knowledge of the local flora and fauna and a close connection with the unique habitats in south west Western Australia (Fig. 3). Phill was a very understated, humble person and many people would not be aware that through his travels he first discovered many of the Australian pygmy and tuberous *Drosera* that were subsequently described in the 1980s and after. Not one to suffer fools, Phill could be a grumpy old bugger at times, but always with a heart of gold, he would do anything for anyone. His sense of humour and dry wit were just about always on display, the more he teased you, generally the more he liked you. Years in the police force had given Phill a window into many facets of life, good and bad, and shaped his personality into someone with no pretense, hard but fair, practical, and a strong sense of right and wrong. He was brave with a fighting spirit, having survived previous battles with ill health that would have finished most people off. These bouts of ill health had slowed Phill down a bit and made him more susceptible to illnesses, and in the past few years I witnessed him fight bravely with diabetes. Most recently he needed bypass surgery and unfortunately post operative complications and infection finally presented him with a hurdle he couldn't get over. Phill is survived by his wife Min, and children Leah and Brayden.



In putting this memorial together I have collated reflections on Phill's life from some of his closest friends in the carnivorous plant world.

In Memory of Phillip James Mann by Allen James Lowrie

I have known Phill for around 40 years since we were very young men. We even shared the same middle name James. Phill lived in Bedford, a suburb of Perth across the road from another Australian carnivorous plant pioneer and friend Steve Rose.

Over many years Phill and myself have undertaken many botanical expeditions together throughout the south west of Western Australia (Fig. 4). Phill was a man of extraordinary detailed knowledge on all things associated with the wilds of Australia. His knowledge of the geology of the landscape and the associated flora with which carnivorous plants grow, including the animals and insects that are found living amongst them, was just outstanding. He was a living encyclopedia on all these things.

Phill's interests were not just of all the land living life forms but also those of our oceans too. His knowledge of the sea and all its creatures and his love of rock and beach fishing was exceptional. This same knowledge also extended to the aquatic life forms found in the freshwater swamps, lakes, and streams of our south west Australian land-based water ways as well.

Phill's sense of humour too was just outstanding and he has had me in stitches of laughter on numerous occasions. From his humorous wise cracks in the bush and his fantastic hilarious yarns at the end of the day over 1 or 5 beers were just good fun and joy. Phill was also a great practical joker



Figure 4: Richard Nunn, Allen Lowrie, John Yates, and Phill Mann (left to right) in the Stirling Ranges National Park, Western Australia. Photo by Maggie Lin.



and you were never sure when the next practical joke was going to arise at someone's expense. I will never forget one particular occasion many years ago where Phill excelled in this practice and I was the "bunny in the head lights" for his fun loaded dastardly deed.

It was a Saturday and Phill was to finish his shift as one of the local Mount Barker policemen at noon where he would join up with me to go off on another botanical trip together over the next 3 days, towards the Esperance region and beyond from Phill's Mount Barker home.

While I was waiting for Phill, I headed for the summit of Mount Barker, to which it is possible to drive up to its top because it is home to a radio relay station and aerial. The summit has a number of carnivorous plants on it as well as some very nice Triggerplants. I decided to photograph whatever I saw that was interesting while I waited for Phill to finish his shift.

It was about noon...I was laying prostrate on the gravelly ground near the summit of Mt. Barker photographing a pygmy *Drosera*... focusing my subject through the eye-piece of my pre digital era "steam powered SLR tripoded slide camera" ...I was in a state of extreme concentration trying to get focus and the shot...when all hell broke loose!

From a period of extreme peacefulness with the birds singing and a gentle breeze whispering through the trees and bushes to a frightening and deafening We-Hoo...We-Hoo... police pursuit sirens at full blast and blaring their ear piecing noise at about 120 decibels straight into my brain and frightened the living day light out of me ...as I sprang to my feet from my prostrate position on the ground like I had been hit with a sudden lightning bolt of electricity. I almost died of fright!

As I jumped up...my heart was racing and all sorts of emotions were rushing over me and out the corner of my eye I could see Phill doubled up with belly laughter at what he had pulled off at my expense... Phill had quietly rolled his police pursuit vehicle (with the motor off) to within a few meters of me without me hearing him when he put on his police sirens at full blast!...when I had composed myself I called him every (not very pretty) expletive I could muster at the time while Phill continued doubling up and laughing...I eventually calmed down and I admitted to Phill that he had just pulled off an epic practical joke that should go into the Guinness Book of Records as a classic.

Along with all the great fun we had, Phill and I had a great friendship and botanical and natural history relationship. It was an absolute pleasure to have Phill in my life. I will never forget him and I will miss him greatly.

#### Memories of Phill Mann by Richard Sivertsen

Steve Rose first introduced me to Phill Mann back in the early 1970s when CPN had just first got started, and the new members had their mailing addresses posted. I wrote to Steve and exchanged a wealth of information, and he suggested that I contact Phill. This was before email, PMs, and Facebook, and the only communication we had was by writing letters, sometimes aerogramme and post cards. Steve mentioned that he and Phill were only interested in the native carnivorous plants, ferns, and orchids, and didn't have too much interest in the other exotic CPs. I gathered up some photos of *N. rajah*, *N. lowii*, *N. villosa*, *N. veitchii*, *N. maxima*, *N. dyeriana*, and a few others and sent it to Steve, and asked him to bring it to Phill, who lived nearby. They were both intoxicated by them, and went on several missions to Borneo, Malaysia, Philippines, and Papua/New Guinea where Steve managed to find the elusive *N. paniculata*; he had an uncanny ability to find rare and hard to find plants. Steve went off on some prospecting and became difficult to contact, and I never heard from him since.

One day in the mid-1980s, while I was living in Cuddebackville, NY, I had just come home from work, and the phone rang. I heard someone with a thick Aussie accent, saying that he was Phill,



and his wife Min, asking me to pick him up from the Newark International Airport! He said it was just a spur of the moment decision. I hopped in the car and drove as fast as I could and met them and brought them to my house. It was some time in the middle of January and we had some four inches of snow on the ground. Phill insisted I take him up to Big Pond to see the carnivorous plants there. I told him that all he would be able to see is lots of snow and ice, the plants are all dormant and buried under the snow. He didn't care! He still wanted to see the site! So I drove him up a steep trail, and he had a walk around. My car got stuck in the snow on our way out, and he had to get out and push my car out of the snow, and got a face full of it from the rear tires. Later, I took him and my son skiing in one of our local resorts. He seemed to enjoy that, being that neither he nor Min had ever seen or experienced snow before! He even made a few snowballs and we built a snowman out on my driveway. He showed me several photo albums of Australian CPs, tuberous *Drosera*, pygmy *Drosera*, some new species, still unnamed. I asked him if he was going to publish these things, and he said, he would give it to someone else for their PhD; an amazingly generous man. He also got to see my own greenhouse packed with mostly *Nepenthes*, plus a bunch of seedlings I had in the basement from the Turnbull-Middleton expeditions, most of them new to cultivation.

A few years later, I went through a divorce and custody struggles, and dropped out of the CP circles and got rid of all my plants for about a decade. But when I knew things were going to finally work out in my favor, I decided to get back into it all again, and got back in touch with Phill. We exchanged emails, which made communication a lot easier. He told me he has a small *Nepenthes* nursery and TC business going, and that things were quite well for him. A few weeks later, I got a nice parcel from Phill, with an instant collection of *Nepenthes* to jump start my collections again.

He told me he dropped out of the circles too for a while with a bout of lung cancer, which took about a year to recover fully, but was now back full swing raising a couple kids with Min, and growing some great plants.

I met up with Phill and Richard Nunn at the 2012 ICPS convention in New England, and I took them to the New Jersey Pine Barrens afterward. We all had a decent time, and we had a few beers afterwards at the Marriot by the Newark International Airport. Thanks for all the happy memories, Phill!

#### Memories of Phill Mann by Robert Gibson

I had the great privilege to have got to know Phill and his family since 1994. This gave me a great opportunity to travel with Phill to various parts of the south west of Western Australia to see a large number of carnivorous plants in the wild, or in his "back yard" as he used to call it. Phill knew this part of the region well and has been responsible for the recognition of many taxa, particularly sundews as being new to science (including plants later described as *D. × carbarup*, *D. menziesii* subsp. *basifolia*, and *D. prostratoscaposa*). His work and hobby in hunting pigs had contributed to Phill getting to many out-of-the-way places; for example he explained to me that during his time as a police officer he was involved in a number of stake-outs in different parts of the state. And during such events – which often took prolonged periods of time – he would use the opportunity to explore the botany of that particular area. Phill also had a job that involved reading the meters for an electricity provider of remote rural properties, which also gave him a chance to explore for plants.

Phill was very generous with his time and in sharing his knowledge and plants. During visits I recall having many discussions with him that went into the wee small hours, as we talked about a large range of topics. It was wonderful to visit Phill when travelling near Harvey and also in spending time with him in the field, where he never tired of sharing the places and plants that he loved.



Farewell Phill, your fascination with, and passion for, and knowledge of these amazing plants has been passed on to many people. Your legacy and memory will live on.

Memories of Phill Mann by Greg Bourke

I don't recall when I began corresponding with Phill, but it was sometime in the early 1990s. I met him for the first time in 1999 while I was on a month-long tour of the south west (of Australia). Phill showed me a few of his local carnivorous plant sites and gave me some vague directions to sites throughout the region. The following year I made another trip to Western Australia, this time Phill took a few days off work and travelled with me. We headed south, in search of *Cephalotus* (Fig. 5). This is something we would do a dozen times or more in the coming decade. These trips followed a recurring theme no matter which direction we travelled, I'd drop in to Phill's, check out his *Nepenthes* collection and talk the usual plant nerd talk. I'd then stay a night before we'd head off either in my hire car or one of his four wheel drive vehicles, although as the years passed he was more inclined to take his car as he couldn't tolerate my driving. We'd stop at the first services station out of town; I'd have a toasted bacon and egg sandwich and Phill, an iced coffee and a cheese sausage. We'd check out some sites before finding a pub to settle in for the night. We frequented the Ravensthorpe, Wongan Hills, and Mount Barker pubs for a period and the rotation of European and English bar staff provided much entertainment. The plants really took back seat on these trips after a few years.

2007 was a particularly memorable year. The *Nepenthes* Summit in Kuching. Phill and I stayed at the Singgahsana hotel, which at that point was like my second home. I don't remember much about the conference as I'm sure Phill didn't either. Again, the bar was the place to be from before sun down



Figure 5: Phill Mann at Coalmine Beach, with *Cephalotus follicularis*. This site is now virtually all gone as a result of poaching and erosion of the cliff face. Photo by Richard Nunn.



until sun up. It wasn't all hard work though; we did get out to see some *Nepenthes*. We made a drive to Bau in search of *N. northiana* on one of the days. I think it was the toughest trek we'd done. It must have been 300 m from the car to the plants up a slope of no more than 1 in 10. I'm sure we both regurgitated the Lok Lok consumed on the early hours of that day. I then proceeded to get the car bogged at the side of the road after seeing a roadside cutting covered in *N. rafflesiana*. "Don't stop here" Phill said, followed by "I'll steer and you push". Given it was my fault, I agreed and got out to push. As soon as I got behind the car, Phill dropped the clutch covering me from head to toe in mud, payback!

Phill's knowledge of *Nepenthes* and his skill at cultivating them was something I was always in awe of. Fortunately I learnt a few things from him and still cultivate some of the fantastic plants he introduced to cultivation. His knowledge of the flora of the south west was as good as anyone I have met. He introduced me to some of the best carnivorous plant sites on the planet recalling them all from memory. Most of all though, I'll remember Phill for his consumption of cheese sausages, iced coffee, and his disapproval of my reckless driving. The world of carnivorous plants and western Australia will not be the same without the Mann.

#### Memories of Phill Mann by Cindy Chiang

I would think everyone who knows Phill will remember him by his unique wicked or evil laugh. After my husband and I visited one of the *Cephalotus* sites with him, we found one fat blood-filled kangaroo tick back in our hotel room. When we (lifelong city dwellers) told him about it the next morning, Phill went "Oh, I forgot to mention that you need to check your privates when you shower after being in the outback ... it (spelled tick) very likely dropped off one of you ... muahahahaha ... muahahahaha..." Otherwise, you will remember him for his practical pranks. Soon after we arrived home in Singapore, I received an envelope of nicely packed desiccated kangaroo poo. On the note, Phill wrote "As we have discussed, these would be sufficient for you to try to get your *Cephalotus* growing well." But jokes and pranks aside, he is a great mentor and had taught me many things about carnivorous plants. Although plants die, they remain somewhat invincible. We gasped in horror when he was about to trash the *Cephalotus* plants he had for sale as the species did not take well to shipping. He just gave us an incredulous look and proceeded to pull all the pitchers and yellowing leaves away (our screams in the background). In the end, he gave us a bagful of rhizomes and said, "Take them home, they are for free ... they'll grow anyway." And they did. Every time we met, he always had new knowledge to share. I will certainly miss that. Although Phill has passed on, he remains invincible too as he is irreplaceable in our hearts.

#### In Memory of Phill Mann by Rob Cantley

The Phill Mann I remember: Grumpy? – Maybe. Funny? – Yes! Generous and kind? – To a fault! Intrepid and adventurous? – Definitely! Quirky? – Heck yes, he collected bullets for heaven's sakes! Brave and strong? – More than we will ever know. Obsessive? – Well, you subscribe to this journal, so you don't need me to answer that.

Like others, I cannot recall exactly when I first started corresponding with Phill. It was back in the mid-1980s when I ran my first carnivorous plant nursery in Brunei, North Borneo called, enigmatically, ISRA Exotics. In those days, because of where I was located, I had a stream of visitors, amongst them a young Charles Clarke, seeing *Nepenthes* in the wild for the first time, Peter Anderson, Geoff Roberts, Wilf Cockin, Anthea Phillips, and very many others. All characters, but they truly broke the mold when they made Phill.





Figure 6: Phill Mann, Georg Eberhard Rumphius (1627-1702), and Rob Cantley at the Singapore Garden Festival 2008. Photo by Diana Williams.

A man of boundless enthusiasm, Phill was never happier than when grubbing around in some swamp looking for his favorite plants, so long as there was a cold beer somewhere at the end of the day. Many have made much of Phill's grumpiness but I never really noticed that. To me he was always good natured and kind. Perhaps I didn't notice the famous grumpy side, because I have spent so much time with Charles Clarke over the decades or maybe I am just as grumpy too – at times...

I dropped out of carnivorous plants for about 7 years in 1990 and lived in Hong Kong but Phill still kept in regular contact and through him and his old friend Thomas Alt, I could follow his amazing discoveries and exploits. Such as the time the Philippine Army used him for target practice in the ravines of Legaspi – how did they manage to miss him? Then I moved to Sri Lanka in 1997 to start a new company specializing in *Nepenthes* and along came e-mail and with it, a steady stream of news from Phill with dreams and aspirations galore. He dreamed many times of coming to Sri Lanka, which he would have adored but sadly, it was never to be – he would have loved it. Later on, as broadband became the norm, Phill would send endless jokes, some of which would have me roaring with laughter and others I couldn't hit the delete button fast enough, in case someone was looking over my shoulder. Then came SKYPE and right up until a few weeks before his passing, Phill would frequently call for a chinwag. If there's one thing Phill hated, it was losing touch with his friends. He would go to endless lengths to either visit them or have them visit him. In 2007, Diana and I spent a wonderful few days with him in Perth, our first visit to the quaint little island called Oz, which is populated by strange and wonderful people. Thanks to Phill and Min's generosity, we had an unforgettable experience. Phill picked us up from the airport and took us just everywhere



we wanted to go as well as some places we never dreamed existed. We declined the roo-shooting experience. Nothing was too much trouble for Phill. His boundless generosity extended to that most precious of all resources – time.

It was also on our 2007 trip to Perth that Phill’s exceptionally generous nature really came to the fore. We were looking through his tissue culture collection, making some exchanges when I noticed he had *Nepenthes villosa*, which at that time we also had but ours was a weak clone, which we had never really got going. When he learned that, Phill said “Go on Mate, take the lot, I can never establish it anyway”. Phill’s clone turned out to be exceptionally vigorous for such a slow species and if you have *Nepenthes villosa* from Borneo Exotics in your collection, take a fond look at it and thank Phill, for it was he who originally introduced your plant to cultivation.

In more recent years, Phill and I met in Singapore several times, starting in 2008 when he volunteered his time to help us set up our large exhibit at the Singapore Garden Festival (Fig. 6). Later we met just for fun and spent many, many, hours whiling away the night, dreaming of the future, until either they kicked us out of the bar or I gave up the unequal struggle to keep up with him. To tell the truth, I never knew until recently that his earlier illness had compromised his immune system to such an extent. He was occasionally ill and was hospitalized in Singapore during the Singapore Garden Festival build-up but we never worried too much. This was Phill, he would get better wouldn’t he? Phill just refused to acknowledge his mortality and lived life at 100 miles per hour. Had he stayed at home and done little, perhaps he would still be there today, but then he wouldn’t have been the Phill we knew and came to love.

Although I couldn’t make it to the funeral, Richard Nunn called me in the evening and Richard, I, Greg Bourke, and Allen Lowrie, separated by thousands of miles, simultaneously raised our glasses in a toast to Phill’s memory. It’s just what Phill would have wanted. It was a beautiful evening here in the highlands of Sri Lanka and sitting on my roof gazing at the sunset, I shed a few tears for the very special man with the kind heart and endless sense of fun. I’ll always miss him and without any doubt it was truly a privilege to have known that most complex of all complex Ozzies and the indomitable spirit of Phill Mann. May he rest in peace.

#### In Memory of Phill Mann by Diana Williams

My first encounter with Phill was in Kuching in 2007 at The *Nepenthes* Summit organized by Chi’en Lee, when Phill crept up behind me catching me off guard, as I was totally involved in placing a display specimen plant of *Nepenthes sibuyanensis* onto our exhibit (Fig. 7). I heard Rob’s voice in the background “Diana, meet Phill Mann who discovered that species” – “Wow, hello Phill!” I was astonished, as it was indeed an honour to meet the actual person who had come across this plant in its natural habitat. Something which I was struggling to present. Also the irony of the situation, that Phill should rock-up at that very moment. Phill immediately offered his assistance and we both got stuck into completing the display.

We were to go on to reach greater heights in the creation of *Nepenthes* displays, when at the Singapore Garden Festival in 2008 we got ‘stuck-in’ literally gluing on pebbles to



Figure 7: *Nepenthes sibuyanensis*, discovered by Phill Mann. Photo by Diana Williams.



create a natural pond surround. Sounds easy sticking a few pebbles on, this was an epic job, and without Phill's help I would have been up the gum tree! He provided the team with wonderful lunch time snacks and kept us all in good spirits. I will always remember him with great fondness, he is a great loss to our carnivorous plant world and Rob and I have lost a true friend.

In Memory of a Grumpy Old Bugger by Barry A. Rice

Instead of telling you all how much I miss Phill, and how I lament that I won't be able to get back out into the field with him, let me share a couple of fond memories.

A few years back, my wife (Beth) and I stayed with Phill for about a week as he showed off the botanical and cultural wealth of Western Australia (Fig. 8). I recall being in the field, setting up a technically demanding macro-photograph of *Drosera menziesii*, while Phill wandered ever further off in the bush, narrating what he was seeing, all to my anguish: "Oh look Barry, a nice *Drosera zonaria*. You don't want to miss this one. Oh look, here's a good enamel orchid. Have you seen ones with this color? You really shouldn't bother with that plant you've got." Sending my blood pressure through the roof never tired him. He and his damned sense of humor!

One day Phill took us to a wet rocky outcrop with a mossy apron supporting diminutive *Drosera modesta*, *D. glanduligera*, and *Utricularia multifida*. While Beth was sprawled on the rock, photographing in a light rain, Phill pulled an umbrella out of his car—an umbrella easily 2 meters in diameter. (This is the kind of thing you might find on the patio of a café, where it would shade a table.) Even though it took several minutes to get the photograph, Phill quietly and without complaint made the event possible with that crazy umbrella.

Then there was the time he drove us to a site in the bush, and before he let me get out of the car; he made me guess the species he had brought us to see! HE WOULDN'T LET ME GET OUT OF



Figure 8: Phill with Barry Rice and Beth Salvia in field of *Drosera gigantea* and *Drosera stricticaulis* at Cranbrook, Western Australia. Photo by Beth Salvia.



THE CAR! Finally, remembering that I had mentioned—several months earlier—my favorite of all Australian sundews, I guessed... “*Drosera platypoda*????” The relief of escaping the car was quickly followed by the joy of seeing that fabulous species.

Years later, Phill and Richard Nunn visited us in the USA, and honored us by staying in our house. While I had very few carnivorous plant species in California to show him (compared to Australia), the four of us did take a rather long trek in the high mountains of the Sierra Nevada to see a floating *Sphagnum* bog with *Drosera rotundifolia* and *Utricularia macrorhiza*. Part of the hike was along a jeep trail. (I later learned this “trail” is considered an extremely technical, difficult challenge for hard-core 4WD drivers.) We met a few 4WD vehicles that were not modified for extreme off-road adventures, and as such had no place on the path. We watched them try to negotiate a particularly treacherous part, sometimes rocking so hard on the inclined rock-wall slope that they would rise onto two wheels. They should have turned back, really. But how could they, when Phill—in his strong, Western Australian accent—was telling the drivers that “the slope wasn’t too bad, it shouldn’t be a problem, I’ve been on far worse in a much lower car...” Oh, the power of intimidation that the Australian accent (especially coming from a bearded guy like Phill) has over the psyche and testosterone levels of American males...

Phill was a complex guy. He wasn’t just a naturalist, or a family man, or a former police officer. He had experienced life, and in response, life had left its mark on him. He’d be as honest telling you about his joys in life, as he’d be straightforward about some of the rough things he’d been through or seen. You didn’t have to dig very far to see a real, quality human. He was the kind of guy you just wanted to spend time with. Dammit, Phill—there’s a lot more stuff we haven’t gotten around to doing...

#### My Brief, Wonderful Friendship with Phill Mann by Elizabeth Salvia

Some people you just connect with right away when you meet them. You feel comfortable with them, share a sense humor, you can talk or not talk without awkwardness. I felt that from my first meeting with Phill Mann. My husband Barry Rice and I were visiting Australia about ten years ago, and so excited about seeing carnivorous plants in their native habitats. Phill invited us to come stay with him in Perth. He took us into his home and then on a five-day road trip through the area in and around Perth, and Barry and I had a chance to learn to know him a bit. He was straight spoken, thoughtful, genuine, and very, very funny. He could sleep anywhere, and often did, lying down to take naps during our extended photography stops.

He was so incredibly generous with his time. For the five days we were on that trip we were very nearly delirious with excitement at the number of plant species we were seeing, and Phill was clearly enjoying showing us the plants. He took us to so many lovely sites; to white sand dunes where we saw tiny nearly invisible sundews, to rocky slopes where we found waist-high *Drosera gigantea* in thickets, and to a spectacular *Utricularia* site—a lake of very shallow warm water, no deeper than one’s ankles, carpeted in tiny pink flowers. One of most special, fragile, and lovely sites he took us to see required a little extra work on our part. We had to wade through ocean water to get to a tiny swath of beach, carrying all of our photography gear, over treacherous and painful rock. When we got to the beach, it was tiny, barely large enough for the three of us to move around on. But this tiny, muddy beach was at the foot of a small cliff, and the cliff was smothered in *Sphagnum* and *Cephalotus follicularis*. Our feet were cold, our clothes were filthy, our hair was full of salt spray, and we were having the time of our lives.

We didn’t have the chance to visit Phill again in Australia as we had hoped we would, but we were fortunate enough to have him come visit us in California a couple of years ago, along with



Richard Nunn. We took them out to see a *Darlingtonia* bog, and also to a floating *Sphagnum* mat to see *Drosera rotundifolia*.

I didn't have the opportunity to spend nearly as much time with Phill as I wish I'd been able to, but as I said earlier, some people you just really connect with right away. I wanted to celebrate the time I was able to spend in his company, so the painting I have done of Phill (Front Cover) is kind of a collage taken from different field photos. The image of him is from recent photos I took when he and Richard stayed with Barry and me in California. The background is from earlier photos I took of the wonderful *Cephalotus* site he took us to in Australia.



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Nunn, Richard et al. 2014. "In memory of Phillip James Mann (1951-2014)."  
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