



MATT STONE

In the summer, you can always find some action on the Deck Bar at Phoenix Hill. Christy Hyburger and Alex Poll shared a laugh one recent evening.

The Hill Story

As other nightclubs come and go, the Phoenix Hill Tavern parties on

By Mat Herron ■ Photos by Matt Stone

Take one look inside The Phoenix Hill Tavern, and you'll find the club that behaves less like a mature 30-year-old and more like a 21-year-old partier.

Yes, it has expanded well beyond the small tap room that owner Ben Rogers opened in 1976, "back when," he said, "I was young, slender and my hair wasn't gray." But don't confuse size with maturity.

Couples meet here, fall in love here, break up here and come back to start all over again. Chances are, you or someone you know had a little too much

"phun," got piss-drunk and thrown out of this bar. Maybe you saw a live band or scorching hot model that altered your state of mind (more than it was already).

Put simply, The Phoenix Hill Tavern is a Disneyland for adults.

Growing up is hard to do

The Tavern always has been a project, tweaked and revamped here or there to make the environment just so.

Rogers turned the game room into a karaoke bar, and now his karaoke DJ has to walk around and collect the binders of songs so patrons will stop singing around closing time.

Ever the neighborly sort, he installed an insulated retractable roof over the Roof Garden so his Irish Hill neighbors could sleep.

Even the sign has changed. When the bar started making enough dough, Rogers spiced up the place, replacing the wooden "Ye Olde Phoenix Hill Tavern" sign with a huge marquee that hovers over Baxter Avenue like a neon gorilla.

"It's been a slow developing

