

*Your burnout cousin who graduated from New York University's Tisch School of the Arts in 2012 would've thought he had an acid flashback if you dropped him across from Harvard Square on Sept. 7 around 7 p.m.*

In 2016, an interviewer asked The Hellp's Chandler Ransom Lucy and Noah Dillon if they thought they would be as popular in 2017. Dillon responded for them both, suggesting that he would likely be extremely depressed and Chandler would be a sorrowful alcoholic. His alternative – The Hellp achieving stardom. Did they get super famous by 2017? No, but almost 10 years later, they're close. The Hellp's scene for tonight is The Sinclair in Cambridge, a smoke-filled venue packed with young fans. The duo, on their North American tour, has this worshiping room anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Their characters and quirks emerge as they take the stage. Lucy quickly walks to his DJ deck/synths amalgamation. Passing little acknowledgment to the fans, he hunches over his station in a way that feels like an eyeroll. Dillon arrives moments later, immediately turning his back, as if to purposely evoke mystique. From the two-minute excerpt, it's understandable why reluctant fans and chronically online new-aged hipsters satirize and scoff at their personas.

They open with "Hot Fun." Thanks to Lucy's haphazardly precise beats, the vocal cacophony is somehow enjoyable. Dillon looks tortured as he regularly switches from Mick Jagger's bravado to Alice Glass' collapsed posture.

It's difficult to decipher what's authentic in a performance tinged with theatrical irony, but Dillon leaves no time to analyze the drama. He screams, "Come on. Turn it up!" and

introduces “Rllynice” from their new album “LL.” Punchy, disorienting beats score the unstructured vocals, but the co-conspirators make it work.

Looking and sounding practiced, they transition into “Colorado,” echoing it into a wave that introduces a tongue-in-cheek remix of Yeah Yeah Yeah’s “Heads Will Roll.” The Hellp and their referential gusto, kindly shows Gen-Z the old bloghouse texts.

The duo of electronic darlings has recently been pioneering the indie sleaze revival. Originally called bloghouse, the recession-born genre offered a vice to happily hedonistic millennials. Now, another recession looming, culture unveils new escapist tracks for Gen Z.

Audibly bridging the gap between generations, the 2010 classic is a well-used transition to their song, “Vertigo.” Its wall of sound meanders for longer than it should as Dillon hides behind the microphone. He begins the first few lines of “Lord Jesus”, bemusingly sung as either a heartfelt Sunday school reflection or a mockery of religion.

“Are you ready?” Dillon asks before breaking into the final track, “Tu Tu Neurotic.” Mentions of masochism, tramadol, low BMIs, and burnout friends fill the venue, backed by pixilated instrumentals that could only exist in the internet age. It’s almost laughable how stereotypical the themes are. However, Dillon begins to deliver the lyrics with certainty, lamenting that it was a lived experience. It’s a stark sincerity that’s unexpected from him.

Coming away from their show, it’s hard to diagnose whether they suffer from performative hedonism or arrested development. But one thing is certain: The Hellp pours their lifeblood into their music, even if they won’t admit it.