

Condition Report

Artist:	Ice WONG Kei Suet
Title:	The Tears of Tearing Her Heart Out
Year:	2025
Medium:	Four basque cheesecake recipes, cream cheese, sugar, egg, whipping cream, corn starch, vanilla bean, oven, baking tools, used baking paper with cake residue, instant camera, instant film, artist-printed tablecloth, full roll of inscribed baking paper, human voice (artist's and, or 𠵼 𠵼 Jeehee's body), audience's body
Dimensions:	Dimensions variable
Duration:	Approximately 1 to 1.5 hours

Description of Work:
<p>The Tears of Tearing Her Heart Out (2025) is a performance that combines baking with intimacy with the ongoing process of healing from childhood trauma. It uses cake-making, cake-tasting, monologues, and writing to create a shared sensory experience. The performance reveals unresolved emotional struggles in mother-daughter relationships and sisterhood. The inspiration came from countless times the artist made Basque cheesecake with her friend, 𠵼 𠵼 Jeehee, who is like family and has had similar experiences. The artist turns the heartening moments spent baking, personal memories, and conversations with 𠵼 𠵼 Jeehee into a narrative about toxic family relationships and childhood trauma. The revised recipes, interwoven with the artist's writings and monologues, metaphorically represent the process of rewriting childhood memories and the power of solidarity in the pursuit of personal psychological autonomy. In the end, the work acts as a letter full of love and kindness to her dear friend 𠵼 𠵼 Jeehee, her younger self, and anyone who has carried family pain for a long time—"You have been loved. You are loved. You are not alone."</p>

Records of Activation:	
Date of activation:	27 December 2025
Starting time:	1:10 pm
Duration:	Approx. 1 hour 30 minutes
Venue:	WITHIN, Room B3, 6/F, Landmark South, Wong Chuk Hang, Hong Kong
Weather condition:	16-18°C; Sunny and clear sky
Room temperature:	20-22°C (Body feels like)

Records of Activation:	
Object components:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Four Basque cheesecake recipes with respective stories inscribed on a 5-metre baking paper - Artist-printed tablecloth with the image of baking paper with cake residue - Oven - Baking tools - Baking ingredients (cream cheese 470g, sugar 108g, whole egg 3pcs, egg yolk 1pc, whipping cream 250g, corn starch 15g, vanilla bean 2pcs) - Instant camera - Instant film
Performer:	Ice WONG Kei Suet
Age:	30
Height:	158 cm
Weight:	53 kg
Pulse rate (BEFORE activation)	75 bpm
Pulse rate (AFTER activation)	108 bpm
Dress code:	Comfortable dressing despite a square neck long sleeve top that showing the tattoo on the artist's neck
Constant elements of the performance:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Make Basque cheesecake - Read the prepared script along with the cake-making process - Share the cake with live audiences - Stay close to the oven and embrace the silent moment of waiting for the baking

Unpredictable circumstances during the activation:
<p>- The Not Yet Ready Cream Cheese</p> <p>The cream cheese I prepared was too hard to spread when the performance began, even after 30 minutes at room temperature. The weather may have been a bit colder than usual (16-18°C), which caused the cream cheese to stick to the whisk as I tried to mix it with sugar.</p> <p>According to my planned schedule, I intended to blend all the ingredients—cream cheese, sugar, whole eggs, egg yolk, whipping cream, vanilla beans, and cornstarch—sequentially within 10 minutes, while the oven preheated to 225°C. To soften the cream cheese, I decided to place it on top of the oven during the performance for an additional 5 to 10 minutes. The process of combining ingredients ultimately took about 10 minutes longer than expected.</p> <p>While the cream cheese softened, I decided to prepare the other ingredients first. Crack an egg to get a perfect egg yolk, then weigh out 15 grams of cornstarch for later. Cut the two vanilla beans in half and scrape out the seeds. The cream cheese's unexpected condition was nerve-racking. My hands were uncontrollably shaking, so I couldn't even cut the vanilla beans straight. I had to admit I was in a panic about the time. I tried to steady my breathing. Whispering to myself, "It's fine. It's gonna be fine."</p>

- **Timekeeping And The Improvisation Of Silence**

I used the oven's preheating and baking times as a makeshift timer to read my script aloud during the performance, since there was no on-site clock. The delay was due to the cream cheese not being ready from the beginning. I had to improvise to maintain the interweaving connection between my written script and the baking process. I was trying my best not to let the ongoing anxiety and insecurity take me down. My voice was getting guttural and speaking fast, though. The muscles in my lips, jaw, cheeks, neck, shoulders, chest, and arms were rather stiff while reading my script, **Recipe No. 2: The Tears In Sisterhood**.

The 23-minute baking duration for the prepared batter was critical to the performance. I utilised the first 10 minutes of the baking time to continue reading my script, **Recipe No. 3: The Tears In Mother-daughter relationship**— about the shared complexity of the mother-daughter bond through the act of baking. For the rest of the 13 minutes, I sat in front of the oven, quietly staring at the cake inside. Spontaneously adding silence to the waiting time, or accurately allowing for ambient noise and intangible elements. The machinery sound and the heat coming from the operating oven. The sweet and vanilla-infused aroma of baking. The breathing rhythm between the performer and the audience. Certainly, the processing of emotions after sharing and listening to the complex emotional entanglement with my mother, and the mothers.

- **Shedding Tears And Sniffing**

I mostly retained my rationality in reading my prepared scripts during the performance, except for the moment I stared at the oven. Probably 10 to 15 minutes after reading aloud **Recipe No. 3: The Tears In Mother-daughter relationship**, I shed my tears in my eyes without notice. Tears filled up my vision. But still, I suspected the dry eye syndrome was due to the oven's heat and the spotlight, until I started sniffing. I walked away to get a tissue. Relaxed my body away from the oven. My mind went blank. Then, the oven was done. I continued the performance.

- **The Script On Baking Paper**

My body felt relatively relaxed while reading the last script, **Recipe No. 4: The Tears From The Little Girls In Our Hearts**. I retrieved my steady, silken voice in reading. The script was written on a 5-metre-long sheet of baking paper, and the scroll was nearly reaching the end. I kept pulling out the roll of script I from a box and pushing the paper towards the audience in front while reading. The paper eventually became a bridge, visually and physically connecting the audience with me by the end of the performance.

- **Sharing The Cake**

Towards the end of the performance, I cut the cake and shared it among the audience. The pieces weren't enough to give everyone their own slice. Several of them were willing to share a single plate. One of the audience members shared her feelings with me after the performance— “I'm truly honoured to be here sharing a piece of your love, pain, and vulnerable moments of your life.” I was surprised by her use of the word “honoured.”

- Consequently, the entire performance ran 25 minutes over.

- Unlike the other performance experiences I had, the memories of **The Tears of Tearing Her Out** were rather vague right away after the performance. Nonetheless, the feelings of healing after expression persist.

Audience

- Live Audience

