



Renee Cornue

Grandma. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Sisters. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Mom's. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



Renee Cornue

The Church. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Her. Archival Pigment Print, 33" x 44", 2026.



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Jido and Some Men. Archival Pigment Print, 24" x 36", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Father. Archival Pigment Print, 33" x 44", 2026.



Renee Cornue

My Bug Girl. Archival Pigment Print, 44" x 33", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Grandma's Piano. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Family Dinner. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Divorced for Twenty Years. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



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Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



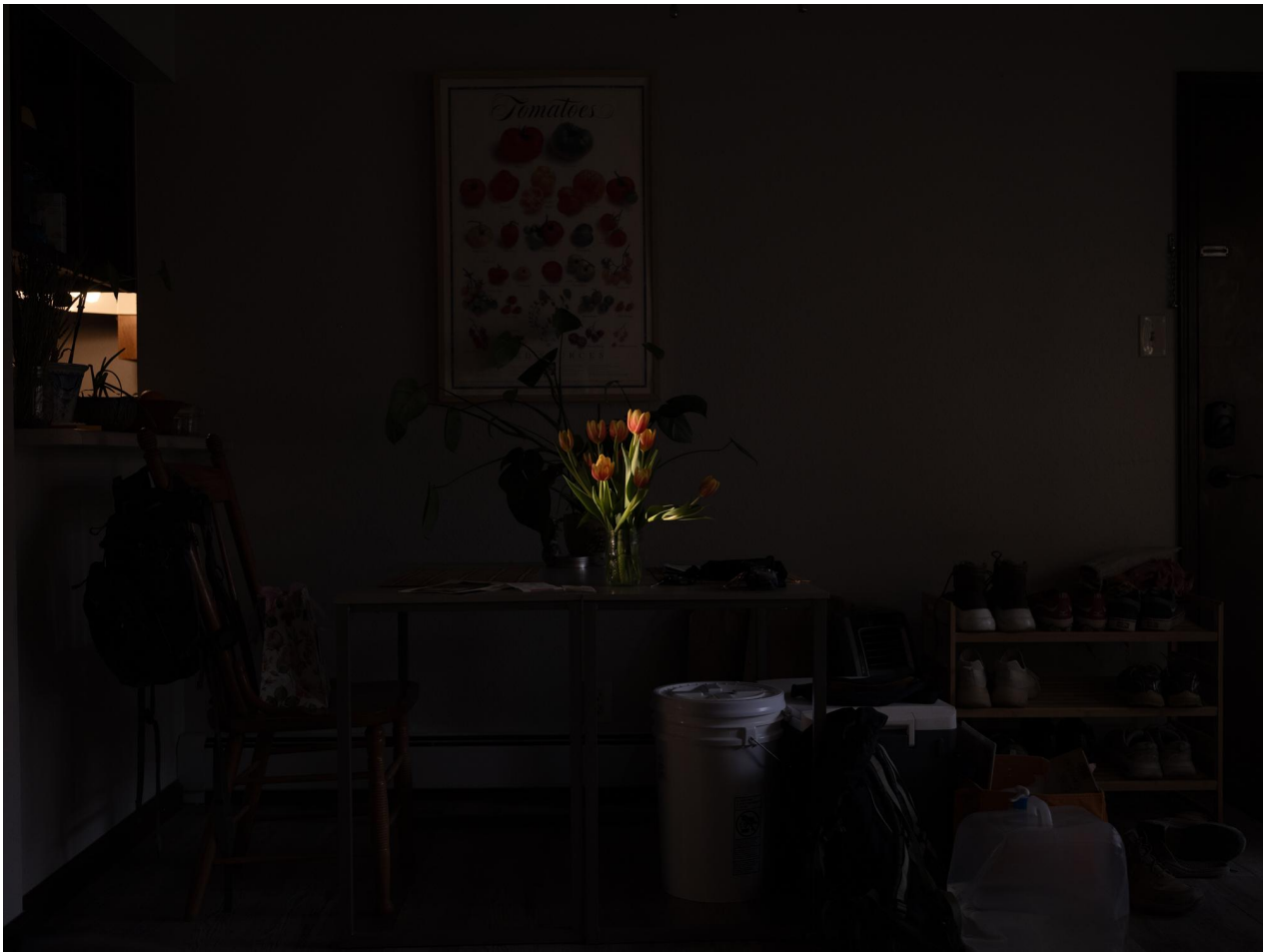
Renee Cornue

Grandma. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Her. Archival Pigment Print, 44" x 33", 2026.



Renee Cornue

This time, I brought Her flowers. Archival Pigment Print, 44" x 33", 2026.



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Father. Archival Pigment Print, 44" x 33", 2026.



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Grandma and Me. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



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Mom and Shatha's Jungle. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



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Grandma's Bedroom. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



Renee Cornue

Driving with Her. Archival Pigment Print, 33" x 44", 2026.



Renee Cornue

The Church. Archival Pigment Print, 36" x 24", 2026.



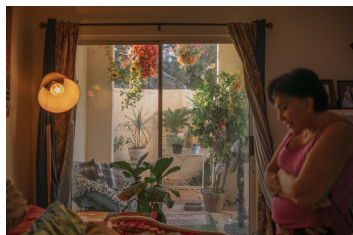
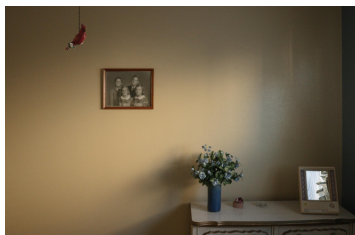
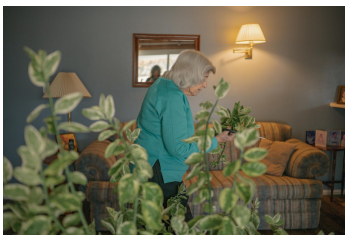
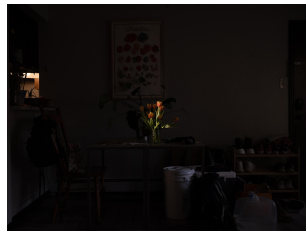
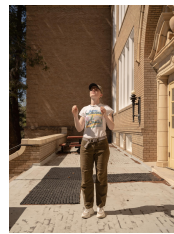
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Mom and Me. Archival Pigment Print, 33" x 44", 2026.



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Nana's Passport Photo. Archival Pigment Print, 33" x 44", 2026.



Renee Cornue
Under the Same Sun

I am a Syrian-American photographer, raised by Syrian socialites and Southern Baptists in the suburbs of South Texas. Simultaneously, I am all and none of these things. Lineage plays a foundational role in my process, excavating and examining these contrasting heritages. Primarily, my work is a curious and critical inquiry of the secrets that families keep and their motivations for doing so.

My current work, *Under The Same Sun*, is a project of constant return: a diasporic return, as well as a return to places and unresolved conversations that burn to address. This work is both finding and making— combining archival material, family heirlooms, and my own contemporary imagery.

Amin Al-Hafez, my maternal grandfather, served as President of Syria from 1963 to 1966 before the Assad regime led a violent coup and took control. My mother was nine at the time of the attack. Two of her younger siblings were shot and her father was taken as a political prisoner. The lingering effects of these complex traumas continue to seep into and resurface in our lives and across generations.

Growing up, we didn't speak much of this history. My mother and I both felt pressure to assimilate in post-9/11 Southern Baptist culture, and we did not have the skills to understand implications of suppressed trauma. I didn't know I could ask about my grandfather and our Syrian heritage. Over the last several years, my lack of understanding reached a breaking point. With the assistance of some diasporic family residing across Texas, including my mother, a few aunts, and cousins, I've relentlessly collected disjointed facts, figures, and condensed histories written and retold by people my grandfather and I have never met. As this archive accumulates, so do further questions. Hard questions.

Under the Same Sun is as compassionate as it is critical. As a half-Syrian-unknowingly-queer child growing up under the influence of my paternal family and the Southern Baptist Church in South Texas, I navigated cultural erasure, islamophobia, religious indoctrination, latent homophobia, and parentification. By blending elements of myself and my ancestors, I am consistently treading between the public and the private. This work lives at the intersection of political, historical, and personal research. It is a slow burn. I am approaching topics that have long been too delicate to discuss.

As an artist at a precipice in my career, I am most interested in massaging out the knots these aches and agonies have created cross-generationally. I am looking underneath and behind, evidencing that history is not only felt in the past. I'm honoring underrepresented women that shouldered pivotal roles in familial preservation and perseverance. Returning is an act of trust-building, formed through care and nuanced exchange— of getting to “a” truth, not “the truth.” I do know I am not the only person ready to unpack our family's past and I know we are not the only family navigating such complexities. By exposing hidden intergenerational traumas to light, I'm begging for validation, understanding, and small steps forward.