Geoff Dyer wrote the “*The Missing of the Somme”* in the early ’90s. This book, tells about the memory and the first World War, but in it Dyer has little in the way of training as a historian, so his approach to the war of 1914-1918 is self-consciously the approach of an amateur. Despite he tries to not sound like an historical or a specialist, but he tries to underscores the importance of history’s grand narratives. It is not a work of historical or political insight, nor even of great literary insight. It is, instead, a beautifully sustained experiment in *thought*.

The book opens by describing an old family album and moves on to more general reflections on the photography, memorials, and literary testaments of the war. In the first part of the book he underlines that the first world war was the first war to be comprehensively memorialized. As Dyer shrewdly remarks, “The war, it begins to seem, had been fought in order that it might be remembered, that it might live up to its memory.” Through this collation of art and history, *The Missing of the Somme* articulates its true subject: the remembrance and representation of war. Dyer’s access to the Great War through art, reportage, and myth is mirrored in the book’s fragmented, discursive form, he penetrates through countless layers of memory. Dyer knows he is not simply mediating the war, but mediating previous attempts to mediate it.  in dead as he said "I wanted to write a book that was not about ‘the War itself but the effect of the idea of [the War] on my generation.’

Looking at WWI in this fashion, Dyer is always searching for “*what is not there*,” and what is not there, of course, is meaning. In one of its many threads, Dyer’s book attempts to retrieve, by mingling imagination and facts, the 73,077 soldiers who perished along the banks of the river Somme in 1916.

Dyer’s accomplishment here is not to convey facts but to comprehend the ways in which wartime memory is used and abused, corrupted and constructed, fought against and submitted to.