By P.E. Schindler, Jr. Someone at Technique seems to be listening.

In recent years, the major critiques of the MIT yearbook have been a) not enough MIT pictures, b) a selection with limited relevance to most students, c) a publication date that stimulates graduation pictures and d) no text.

With the clear exception of "S", Technique '75 meets most of these objections head-on, and conquers them.

In the 272 page book, there are a total of 14 pages that have nothing in particular to do with MIT, and several of those are advertisements.

And in fact, 10 of those pages are on Boston and Cambridge. Frankly, the city that surrounded us is a part of the MIT experience for most undergraduates. People who have never left the campus in four years won't need the yearbook anyway, because they'll probably be staying here the rest of their lives.

The relevance of the photographs in Technique '75 to the life of many students has been enhanced by the wider-than-usual selection. In addition to sections on sports, living groups, activities, and the usual senior pictures, there is a section on academics.

It shows people doing what I assume most people do here when they are not in class. I can't be sure, considering how much time I spent in the Student Center as an undergraduate. This section contains a photograph of the lab of your choice, perfectly capable, one assumes, of evoking whatever pleasant memories you may have along that line.

For the first time in recent memory, Technique abandoned its spring delivery date. Thus sections, while being unable to pick up their books in person before graduation, get pictures of commencement and of spring-time events. And Technique loses out on the dubious honor of its collective face every year waiting for the printer to make tight deadlines. The book still suffers, in the opinion of this wordsmith, from a lack of text. Not a lack really - a near total dearth.

Yet, even here, some progress is being made. There are, as there were last year, sections of sports records, activity rosters, and senior capsule descriptions. It is good to see them again, and hopefully they are here to stay.

In addition, the picture selection is less cryptic than usual, so that even without captions, a large percentage are easy to understand and enjoy. The few words of text by Chip Platti, at the beginning and in the essay "Working at Fun," are lyrical, low in content and non-explanatory. The effect is pleasant and again, a step in the right direction.

Which is not to say that there should be captions, or the silly text one finds in so many yearbooks, or even the massive and sober texts used until 1972. Just compromise; a little text, here and there.

So kudos to editor Mary Ann Schmidt and her band of exotics for a good book, if not a great one. It can provide, for most, a convenient and compact walk down memory lane, 1975 style.