**Estee Beck Narrative Transcript**

Several years ago, I began playing the Warcraft series when Blizzard Entertainment issued Warcraft III. I immersed myself in the fantasy game because of the strategy needed to play both casually and hardcore. When Blizzard released World of Warcraft, I downloaded the game, and I found myself nearly glued to the desktop. After a few days of hardcore gaming, I realized I needed to unplug, and I left the game for several years.

I returned to the game in the winter of 2008, after the expansion release of the Wrath of the Lynch King, and I was able to grind my way up to level 70 in no time. I then joined a guild to go on raids—and at first, I communicated through the game via typing, and realized that I needed to connect through an audio chat, and I downloaded some add-on extension. Happy that I could now talk with my clan mates, I happily logged into the game, opened my chat, and began talking. Responses ranged from, “You’re a girl!” to “Females can’t play this game!” to “Show us your tits” –so I left that guild in search of a more inclusive clan, and while I hopped around from guild to guild, I could never find one that really fit.

In every way I felt my disembodied voice marked my body in the minds of other players. I was either perceived as weak, dumb, or a sexual object—never as a gamer who participated quite well during raids.

I recall this experience because at many times during my life, my relationship with technology has been gendered through the lens of other people, and at times through the very technology I’ve used. In high school, I argued my way out of taking a typing class—because that’s where all the young women went to learn how to type for careers as office assistants. When I purchased my first computer in my early 20s, and had to clean off a computer virus, a tech support person I was on the phone with painstakingly explained every step I needed to take, and what each part of the computer did—and when I said I knew all that—his responses was, oh, most women don’t know anything about computers.

And, while I am amused today by this response, I like so many other women have and still continue experienced micro-aggressions or outright rage over women forging relationships with computer technology. As a feminist researcher and teacher who infuses digital technology into my daily life, I find these social concerns just . . . exhausting. I am tired of the constant gendered battle that silently wages wars against women for their use or creation of computer technologies-or the more aggressive battles waged now on social media by people expressing rather abusive and violent comments about women. And, these moments, while emotionally taxing—in ways that women have the burden to bear because so many comments are directed towards them—are moments that illustrate how much work not only women, but men and trans-identified people have to do to overcome such ideological biases that end up limiting the full potential and empowerment of women and their relationships with technology.

Thus, in reviewing these three books for this review, collaborating with Kris and Mare on this project, and thinking through and sharing some of my personal history, I find inspiration to surmount the exhaustion of the technological gender wars—to keep on a path of sharing stories and educating others about the roles people play with technology, and how to exist in a more equitable and respectful atmosphere both online and offline.