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**To:** [successact: IntellectualProperty@tillis.senate.gov](mailto:successact@tillis.senate.gov)  
**Subject:** Two birds, one stone and a single death  
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My name is Ari. I am real person. I am a husband, a father of a little boy, and the owner of a story you would not wish on your worst enemy.

I live in NYC. But years ago, while living in San Francisco and working at a dot com publisher called Snowball.com I had "a dream" that contained the single most impactful idea in business. I know this is true because that idea, which was granted two patents for its complete contradiction to conventional thinking that solved the problem plaguing publishers in Internet advertising, was stolen right from hands and put into practice at Google.

Oh right, this is where I sound like the crazy one with a tin foil hat.

This story is 100% true -- people I worked with who went to Google, implemented my patented solution, gave credit to someone else at the company to cover their tracks, and then thanks to the absurdness of the AIA that allows for the retroactive invalidation of patent claims for not passing a current test -- killed the very patents Google stole from me.

How can this be is what the lament asks me. How can a patent granted, and currently licensed to companies that don't steal, be incinerated when the inventor had no chance to reword his claims to match today's tapestry? I can't explain it but I can tell those listening now -- this has killed me. I can't look my son in the eyes I can't be with my wife -- I can't feel any longer beyond the feeling of being a failure. How else can you describe a person who came up with an idea that powered the growth of the second largest company in the world, and in return got nothing. I am a failure to my wife, my child and to myself because my life's work was taken away from me not once, but twice -- the PTAB proceedings I endured were a joke -- one of the judges was inserted at the last second and clearly did not read our briefs. At the Fed Circuit appeal, one of the judges just didn't show up to the oral arguments -- *was busy that day*.

I know am dying from this and I have never written those words before but I know it and can feel it. And now I am supposed to email to address like this blindly to tell you that what you are doing to somehow correct this tragedy is going to make things worse.

101 objections were just an excuse to give Google and the other big tech companies what they paid for lobbying Congress and me, I am just a dumb schmuck who thought I would get the chance to plead my case in front of a jury of my peers -- how stupid am I to expect that kind of fairness from my own government. The PTAB judges treated my like I was the criminal, the Fed Circuit judges didn't even treat me with enough respect to all show up.

So here is my email sharing my pathetic story. My patents were 7,089,195 and 8,799,059 and a really smart and really tough Patent Examiner granted them after extensive work on his part. He must be an idiot too.

Thanks for listening -- I have to get to bed now for yet another sleepless night. Thank you U.S. government for helping me die a slow and painful death. You think I am exaggerating? You have no idea how this AIA feels to inventors -- none.

Ari

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