

May 10, 2019

Office of the Provost and Executive Vice President  
Indiana University Bloomington  
107 S. Indiana Avenue  
Bloomington, IN 47405

Dear Provost Robel,

Last fall, the university opened a Title IX investigation in which I was the responding party. Since then, I've kept quiet in public, and I've done everything I can to cooperate with the university's process. But the investigation is done now, and for the reasons I'll explain in this letter, I hereby resign my appointment as an associate professor, effective at the close of business today. I'm choosing to forgo procedural rights that might (though I doubt it) preserve my job if I fought to the Pyrrhic end, because the academic year is over and it's time for this process to be over, too.

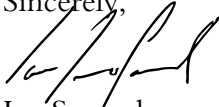
Why? Well, I don't think I'm breaching any confidences by saying that the allegations in this case describe me drinking to excess in a public place I shouldn't have been, in company I shouldn't have kept, and treating the people present in ways they didn't deserve. Those behaviors are totally inconsistent with what any university expects of its faculty, of course, but it's more than that. When the investigation began, a few people I trust suggested that maybe it was time to take a hard look at my life. They were right. Once I was ready to be honest with myself, I had to admit that the night in question was the clearest sign yet of a problem that had been growing for some time, and which was going to keep growing as long as I kept ignoring it. Although that admission didn't solve anything by itself, it did beat denial.

The truth is that the university's investigation, in addition to doing justice, probably had the side effect of saving my life. More importantly, it's given me a chance to live the life I've got differently. I was becoming an ugly man, and I needed nothing so much as a clean mirror and someone brave enough to make me look at it. Well, someone did, and they did it before my son got old enough to start feeling ashamed of his father. Not everyone is so lucky. So I'd be a real ingrate if I felt anything other than admiration and gratitude for the complainants' integrity in this case.

And that's all fine, but words are cheap, as lawyers know, and being sorry isn't enough. I hurt people, and it's pretty damned hard to imagine those people feeling the slightest bit better just because I wish it hadn't happened. No. Accepting responsibility means actually *doing* something, if you can, to spare the people you hurt from any more harm. My sense is that the people most affected by all of this would prefer it if I didn't remain at the university, and I understand why. If I were in their shoes, I think I'd want to live my life in Bloomington without worrying about crossing paths with a person I'd rather forget, no matter what sweet song of reform he's singing now. In fact, that makes so much sense to me that I can't see any honest basis for prolonging this process any further.

In addition to confession and contrition, in other words, sin requires punishment. Part of mine is that I'll no longer be on the faculty at Indiana University, and I cannot call that result unjust. Let me use my last words as a professor here to say that it's been a privilege to serve on this faculty and to teach my students. What comes next, I don't know. What I do know is that halfway through the journey of my life, I lost—through my own grievous fault—the straightforward path, my sense of right and wrong. It behooves me now to take another road.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Ian Samuel', written in a cursive style.

Ian Samuel