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The swooping highs and lows of this series–often within the same episode—would of course lead to the Anne Frank two-parter differing greatly in quality. Taking in stride the lackluster and ludicrous first half (aside from Lana's supremely tough aversion therapy), AMERICAN HORROR STORY aired one of its best episodes in "I Am Anne Frank, Part 2," a tale in which almost our entire main ensemble got out of Briarcliff and into much worse circumstance.

The most striking member of team ASYLUM was director Alfonso Gomez-Rejon, who managed to take all of the show's penchant for stylistic flair and homage and hone it into something visually exciting and engaging, but not without merit or relevance. Dutch angles notwithstanding, Rejon made some fantastic choices in left-of-center close-ups and disorienting spins to lend an atmosphere ASYLUM's been lacking, that of being discomfortingly off-balanced, and not *look how crazy this is*!

His more subtle, but striking approach played wonderfully between Kit and Grace, both in solitary, talking through a wall of stone. The space they create with genuine affection was beautifully realized by Rejon, sliding back and forth between human contact and reminder of isolation. The scene also saw one of the episode's most notable pieces of dialogue. When Grace tells Kit to blame Sister Jude, whispering "I think she's the devil," it's at first darkly comedic, knowing Sister Mary Eunice to be actually demonic. But more than that, it's a verbal indicator of just how far off course missing one beat can take you; over the line of insanity, into the clutches of serial killer, debilitating self doubt.

Once a week had gone by and we realized that Ryan Murphy & co. were, in fact, really going for this Anne Frank business, the character (whose identity was naturally disputed) was allowed to become gripping. A husband appears, claiming his wife has slipped into believing she's a holocaust survivor, is ignoring their infant and is frighteningly obsessed. His close-ups aren't sympathetic, though. They're unsettling and further flashbacks prove even more so. Charlotte's pre-Briarcliff life is presented as that of a '60s television drama, coated and corroded in sickly green, old wallpaper yellow.

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