

CHINESE PRISONS – SHANGHAI AND OTHER

Penal system in the People's Republic of China

Punishable offenses

The Criminal Law that took effect on January 1, 1980, removed criminal punishment from the discretion of officials, whose arbitrary decisions were based on perceptions of the current party line, and established it on a legal basis. The specific provisions of that law listed eight categories of offenses.

The Statute on Punishment for Counterrevolutionary Activity approved under the Common Program in 1951 listed a wide range of [counter-revolutionary](#) offenses, punishable in most cases by the [death penalty](#) or [life imprisonment](#). In subsequent years, especially during the [Cultural Revolution](#), any activity that the party or government at any level considered a challenge to its authority could be termed counterrevolutionary. The 1980 law narrowed the scope of counter-revolutionary activity considerably and defined it as "any act jeopardizing the People's Republic of China, aimed at overthrowing the political power of the [dictatorship of the proletariat](#) and the socialist state." Under this category it included such specific offenses as [espionage](#), [insurrection](#), [conspiracy](#) to overthrow the government, instigating a member of the [armed forces](#) to turn [traitor](#), or carrying out [sabotage](#) directed against the government.

Other offenses, in the order listed in the 1980 law, were transgressions of [public security](#), defined as any acts which endanger people or public property; illegal possession of arms and ammunition; offenses against the [socialist](#) economic order, including [smuggling](#) and [speculation](#); offenses against both the personal rights and the democratic rights of citizens, which range from [homicide](#), [rape](#), and [kidnapping](#) to [libel](#); and offenses of encroachment on [property](#), including [robbery](#), [theft](#), [embezzlement](#), and [fraud](#). There were also offenses against the [public order](#), including obstruction of official business; [mob](#) disturbances; manufacture, sale, or transport of [illegal drugs](#) or [pornography](#); [vandalizing](#) or illegally exporting cultural [relics](#); offenses against marriage and the family, which include interference with the freedom of [marriage](#) and abandoning or mistreating children or aged or infirm relatives; and [malfeasance](#), which specifically relates to state functionaries and includes such offenses as accepting [bribes](#), divulging [state secrets](#), dereliction of duty, and mistreatment of persons under detention or surveillance.

Under the 1980 law, these offenses were punishable when [criminal liability](#) could be ascribed. Criminal liability was attributed to intentional offenses and those acts of [negligence](#) specifically provided for by the law. There were principal and supplementary penalties. Principal penalties were public surveillance, detention, fixed-term imprisonment, life imprisonment, and death. Supplementary penalties were fines, deprivation of political rights, and confiscation of property. Supplementary penalties could be imposed exclusive of principal penalties. Foreigners could be deported with or without other penalties.

Death penalty

China retained the [death penalty](#) in the 1980s for certain serious crimes. The 1980 law required that death sentences be approved by the [Supreme People's Court](#). This requirement was temporarily modified in 1981 to allow the [higher people's courts](#) of provinces, autonomous regions, and special municipalities to approve death sentences for [murder](#), [robbery](#), [rape](#), [bomb-throwing](#), [arson](#), and [sabotage](#). In 1983 this modification was made permanent. The death sentence was not imposed on anyone under eighteen years of age at the time of the crime nor "on a woman found to be pregnant during the trial." Criminals sentenced to death could be granted a stay of [execution](#) for two years, during which they might demonstrate their [repentance](#) and [reform](#). In this case the sentence could be reduced. [Mao Zedong](#) was credited with having originated this idea, which some observers found cruel although it obviated many executions.

In 2004, Zhang Shiqiang, who was convicted of double murder and rape, became one of the first convicts to be killed in China's new collection of mobile execution chambers, commonly referred to as "death vans."^[1] This was part of the Chinese government's new plan to phase out firing squads for lethal injections.

China executed more than four times as many convicts as the rest of the world combined in 2005,^[1] Amnesty International estimated there were at least 1,770 executions in China that year, and most of them were still by firing squad.

In 2006, the Chinese government reversed the previous modified death penalty requirement that was made permanent in 1983.^[2] The law was enacted on January 1, 2007, and required all death sentences be approved by the Supreme People's Court (SPC), effectively depriving the provincial people's courts of exercising the final say on the death sentence, allowing death penalties handed out by provincial courts to be reviewed and ratified by the SPC.^[2]

Penal labor

The overwhelming majority of prisoners were sentenced to [penal labor](#). There were two categories of penal labor: the criminal penalty—"reform through labor"—imposed by the court and the administrative penalty—"re-education through labor"—imposed outside the [court system](#). The former could be any fixed number of years, while the latter lasted three or four years. In fact, those with either kind of sentence ended up at the same camps, which were usually state farms or mines but occasionally were factory prisons in the city.

The November 1979 supplementary regulations on "re-education through labor" created labor training administration committees consisting of members of the local government, public security bureau, and labor department. The police, government, or a work unit could recommend that an individual be assigned to such reeducation, and, if the labor training administration committee agreed, hard labor was imposed without further [due process](#). The police reportedly made heavy use of the procedure, especially with urban youths, and probably used it to move unemployed, youthful, potential troublemakers out of the cities.

Monitoring

In the early 1980s, the people's [procuratorates](#) supervised the prisons, ensuring compliance with the law. Prisoners worked eight hours a day, six days a week, and had their food and clothing provided by the prison. They studied politics, law, state policies, and current events two hours daily, half of that in group discussion. They were forbidden to read anything not provided by the prison, to speak dialects not understood by the guards, or to keep cash, gold, jewelry, or other goods useful in an escape. Mail was censored, and generally only one visitor was allowed each month.

Prisoners were told that their sentences could be reduced if they showed signs of repentance and rendered meritorious service. Any number of reductions could be earned totaling up to one-half the original sentence, but at least ten years of a life sentence had to be served. [Probation](#) or [parole](#) involved [surveillance](#) by the public security bureau or a grass-roots organization to which the convict periodically reported.

Inside High Walls Prisons in Shanghai and Suzhou

EDITOR'S NOTE: The article is based on a visit to the Tilanqiao, Qingpu and Women's prisons and a juvenile delinquent rehabilitation center in Shanghai and the Suzhou Prison of Jiangsu Province in February 2001 by the author, a graduate student of human rights. She made the trip with a group of experts from China Society of Human Rights Studies.

Century's Vicissitudes and Historical Witness



Entrance to Tilanqiao Prison

For a person who never gets inside its high walls, the prison may always be associated with darkness, murkiness, cruelty and terror.

But when I saw a group of people in neat lines filing past by us inside the Tilanqiao Prison in downtown Hongkou District of Shanghai, I was impressed. Neatly dressed, they looked natural, normal in complexion and calm in the way they carried themselves. Some even smiled at us with curiosity. If not for their uniforms, I could not imagine they were inmates.

A professor in our company told me that to know about a prisoner's life, "The most direct and the most effective way is to see his or her mental state, paying particular attention to the eyes. If the eyes reveal traces of hatred, fear or timidity, it shows that the inmate is likely to have received or be receiving unjust and inhumane treatment. Such eyes can be seen very often when visiting foreign prisons."

When coming to the cells and washing rooms for women prisoners, I found that they were as clean and tidy as barracks. As a senior member of the study group talked with two women prisoners on duty, I noticed that their faces were pink in color and they looked at ease in their manners, sometimes revealing shyness, sometimes regret and sometimes smiles. When departing, I said "good-bye" to them just as to normal people, perhaps out of consideration of respect for their dignity and equality. The two women inmates habitually reciprocated, with-out any surprise or sense of inferiority. I said to myself: perhaps this is a revelation that they have been used to the respect for their dignity during their terms of service.

The Tilanqiao Prison was built by British colonialists in 1901, mainly to incarcerate Chinese offenders in the British concession of Shanghai. It was 100 years to a day. It happened that a film crew was shooting a film there. Arranged by the host, we were first shown around a museum inside the prison. The photos, writings and articles displayed told the history of the development of Chinese prisons during different periods of time from the slavery society and feudal society to the semi-colonial and semi-feudal rules. The bloodcurdling instruments of torture and the terrible scenes of executions formed a scroll of paintings on the bloody human tragedy. It is not too exaggerated to describe the prisons at the time as "hells on earth." During the dark ages, human rights could not be ensured even for the common people out-side the walls, let alone prison inmates. I can understand that prisons in the slavery and feudal societies were places to reveal in the most concentrated, the strongest and the least covered way the fact that the inmates "were not treated as human beings." That is there sult of the economic and social system and the limitations of social development and human civilization. At that time, most oppressed and enslaved people did not know what were human rights. They were merely subjects of willful oppression and outrages by the ruling class. What the ruling class needed were subjects that were enslaved serviles instead of people that were humanized and humane. That should be what is common in the development of human history. Prisons were equally dark in both old China and the medieval times of Europe.

In the 17th and 18th centuries, the Western bourgeoisie unfurled the "natural rights" banner

to sweep the dirt in the long-distorted human nature and restored the dignity of man, giving birth to the concept of "human rights." But how the bourgeoisie, the same representative of advanced civilization at that time, treated the Chinese people when they crashed China's gates into the country by the sheer strength of gunboats? What they brandished at the Chinese people were swords and bloody bayonets instead of the banner of "human rights, liberty and equality." The Tilanqiao Prison is a witness to the crimes and evil-doings of the then British colonialists who treated the Chinese not as human beings, and who willfully trampled down upon their human rights. The joint case hearing system provided that cases involving foreigners could only be heard by to reign consulates. If the plaintiff was a Chinese and the defendant was a foreigner, the consulate from the foreigner's country must be the main judge while Chinese judges should act only as observers. For other cases, joint hearing was in name only. The final ruling had to be decided by foreign consulates. Chinese law was simply cast aside. In reality, foreign consulates manipulated the power of case hearing. Was there any justice or equality if a Chinese was brought to court in such circumstances? Were there human rights to speak about? Now let us look at the photos showing how Chinese "prisoners" were cruelly treated by Japanese invaders. Their beastly brutal acts quite outdid that in the prisons in the barbarous and ignorant slavery and feudal societies. In the society when Chinese were put on a par with dogs, the Chinese people were totally deprived of their due dignity and of their rights as humans. Let alone prisoners.



An inmate with his wife and child during a visit.

Standing in front of the century-old prison cells to look at the magic and solidly-built lock - it is said that it cannot be imitated till today - and examine the iron bars that are two or three times thicker- than what they are today and the cells each measuring 3.3 square meters, I seemed to smell blood and hear the groans of wronged souls. I could not help but ask: Why the Western powers that hold aloft the banner of human rights and advocate for liberty, equality and fraternity did not think of "human rights" when they saw Chinese prisoners but resorted to bullying and treated them as if they were not worth a straw at the time when they were running wild in China? Does the term "human rights" in the mouths of Western powers are really like what they sang about as "having no boundaries," "being higher than anything else" and "transcending time and space"? A century's humiliation, a century's changes and a century-old prison - these are iron-clad facts that tell the truth of history.

But the scenes I saw inside the high walls of Tilanqiao today tell a different story:

The equipment of this century-old prison is outdated and the space is narrow. Yet, there is still a green belt of about 1,500 square meters, where flowers and ornamental plants are grown to help the inmates get relaxed.

The prisoners have said farewell to night stools that were used for 95 years and begun to use sanitary milers.

The prison was the first in China to introduce "scientific catering service" to ensure balanced nutrition intake.

The inmates do not only work but also study. Inmates who serve a prison term of over three years are required to attain a certain standards in technical training so that they can support themselves once they are released.

There are many more moving stories on how the prison has safeguarded the legitimate rights and interests of the inmates. What impressed me the most should be the calligraphy and painting exhibition and the performance given by the New Bank Performing Art Troupe. They represent a new way of educating prisoners, that is, using arts to cleanse the soul and beauty to cultivate feelings or using the force of beauty of arts to correct the distorted soul and inspiring the desire to cherish their precious life in the inmates. The powerful strokes of calligraphy, the oil paintings and Chinese brush and ink drawings, the Chinese chess shaped out of the hands of prison inmates and the song and dance performance of professional standards – all these won our admiration. What is more incredible is that all the authors and performers learned to paint or write after they began their service inside the high walls. Art works are media to convey the mental out-look and inner feelings of the authors. The art works reflect their spirit, personality and soul. This shows, at least from one angle, the consciousness of human rights

Model of Innovation

--Glimpse of Qingpu Prison

Having visited Tilanqiao Prison, I began to feel much better, with all the uneasiness and fears with "inmates" and "prisons" gone. On the way to Qmgpu Prison I had learned that it is of a new model, quite civilized. The prison is a complex of white buildings surrounded by a wide stretch of garden. If not for the four Chinese characters "Qing Pu Jian Yu" on the gates, no one could guess that it is a prison. It is more like a university. From the production area to then living area, from the teaching building to the medical service building, the library, the canteen and the cell building, and then the standard sports field - every part shocked me and provoked my thought. These people had been convicted and should receive due punishments and that is bad for them. But these criminals happen to live at a time of rapid economic development and social progress and, under the management of prisons of the new era, they do not only receive decent clothing, food, and lodging and medical service, but have also received concern in education and in preparing for future living. This

is a stroke of good luck in a stretch of bad for them.



The auditorium of Qingpu Prison

Just like the Tilanqiao Prison, proverbs and epigrams are seen on the walls of prison cells and class-rooms and the way they are written is superb. "Do you still have the slogan: 'Leniency for those who confess their crimes and severity to those who refuse to?'" I asked. "No, that is a thing of the past," prison officer Zhang told me. "No prison puts up such slogan in Shanghai any more." Then two lines of words in the management of prison. I can never forget the last item of the performance. A tenor sang "Hold up your cups, friends" to the accompaniment of eight pairs of international standard ball dance performers. The scene was indeed touching. The emotional performances; the round after round of enthusiastic applause.

We seemed to have forgotten that they were the convicted. Perhaps it was just because that they were prisoners that the performance was so touching. Beauty has no boundaries, national or racial or among different groups of people. Crimes are of necessity associated with what is false, evil and ugly while arts have cleansed their soul and excited their pursuit and longing for what is true, kind and beautiful. If we say that the century-old prison has witnessed history and the present-prisoners' changing mental outlook and recalled human nature and conscience, this century-old prison is sure to witness the future.

It is doubtless that it will continue to display its due and irreplaceable role in educating, rescuing and reforming criminals. Engraved on the gates of the production area caught my attention. "Based on human nature, persist in ruling the prison according to law; Sourced in materials, raise the scientific management level." "Based on human nature, it means to treat the prisoners as human beings," prison warden Zhang explained. Prisoners are punished for the crimes they commit, but they are still humans and their rights as humans should be ensured. Prisoners are still Chinese citizens and we should ensure that they enjoy the part of the rights provided by the Constitution and not deprived of by law. That is the starting point for our prisons to ensure human rights. A person should be punished duly for violating the law. But the way of punishment should be lawful, humane and civilized. The purpose is to

enable prisoners to feel the dignity of the law, preciousness of freedom and meaning of abiding by law. Sourced in materials means to realize effective management of all kinds of materials, facilities and tools out of the consideration of safety and eliminate the possibility of material-sourced crimes."

What the warden said struck a profound feeling of respect in me. To study human rights problems of prisoners, it is necessary not only to look at their clothing, food, lodging, medical service and education and labor but also, and the most important at that, at the subjects and objects that ensure human rights. Subjects are the enforcement personnel and objects are the prisoners. The quality and level of law enforcement of the subjects are key to how the human rights are ensured. With such complete set of legal texts and supervision mechanism for strict enforcement of the law, with such a contingent of law-enforcement personnel who have law in the mind, love in their hearts, human in their eyes and ways in their mouth and instruments for enforcing the law in hand, no wonder the inmates here call the place for "serving authentic jail terms;" no wonder there have been no runaways for four successive years and no major incidences for eight years running and occurrence of any kinds of accidents has dropped to historical lows in all the 10 prisons and one juvenile correction center under the jurisdiction of Shanghai.

I remember that the 18th century Italian criminologist Cesare Beccaria risked his life to correct the theories of criminal punishment. He appealed that the environment of prisons must be humane, it is not only necessary to protect the health of prisoners but also necessary to provide a place best suited to their self-reform. He also stressed that ethical education was the motive force for prisoners to change themselves. It is here in Shanghai that I have seen with my own eyes that the flash of humanitarianism advocated by the enlightenment thinker, which is hard to realize in the West, has become a reality in China, thus lighting the prisons, which used to be the darkest place on earth.



Nourishment is guaranteed for prisoner.

To end our visit to Qingpn Prison, we came to see a "Love Life Supermarket" of the prison. There prisoners were choosing articles they need. The cashiers and packers were all prison inmates. Looking into a shop-ping basket, I found letter writing pads, notebooks, toothpaste, toilet soap, milk powder, instant noodles, cookies, fruit jelly and candies, worth about 100 yuan. A prison officer told me that the prices of the commodities are cheaper than in other places and the quality is guaranteed. The prisoners buy goods according to the grades of treatment they are granted. They are graded according to the merits/hey win in labor, study and living. The A-graders can do shopping worth about 150yuan twice a month. All things in this prison have been quantified and awards and punishments are strict. It is a great novelty to open a supermarket in a prison. As a measure for inspiring the inmates to do correction by themselves, it has not only made the life of the inmates convenient but also enabled them to keep pace with the developments outside the walls so that they would better adapt to their future life when they are released. If not for the human-based idea, it would have been impossible to do so.

It is a gratifying attempt for Shanghai prisons to carefully implement the provisions of the

Prison Law and honor all rights due to them. They have also racked their brains to make innovations in exploring for ways to more effectively reform prison inmates so as to enable them to embark on a road of doing good and becoming independent new people. Just as the veteran prison warden said: "So long as it is good to reform prisoners, we can open everything but the prison gate. "Looking at the brown face of this veteran warden who has experienced the hardest of life, I feel that his wrinkles and grey hair tell about his hard work and what he has devoted to the cause of educating prisoners.

Call of True Passion and Conscience
——A visit to a women's prison

The Shanghai Women's Prison was built in October 1996. Walking into the confinement, we felt that it is a special kingdom of women. The prison warden is a middle-aged woman, looking very agile and capable. Guards coming with her were all young girls, elegant and beautiful. If not for their police uniforms, they should have been taken as college students.

As soon as we sat down, we were shown a film strip that recorded the moving scenes of women inmates and guards spending the 2001 Spring Festival together. One scene presented representatives of women's federation of the Putuo District of Shanghai, who visited the inmates, taking with them festival delicacies. When a representative shouted: "People from your home have come to see you.... Happy New Year," the inmates were all moved to tears.

Recalling the changes in the status of women after the founding of New China, it is not exaggerated to describe it as "earth-shaking." Women's rights are protected by law and in their daily life. All Chinese women have come to realize: if anything happens, go to the women's federation and people there would give them a firm backing. Now, in this prison, the women who have violated the law are receiving their due punishments. But their due rights are also protected by the well-trained warden and guards and the women's federation also sends representatives to see them. More warmth, more assistance and more loving care have boosted their confidence in reforming themselves and helped them turn a new leaf of life.

Since it was put into function, the prison has done everything to protect all the legitimate rights and interests of the inmates, said Prison Warden Fan Tianmin. There have been no escapes, no suicides and no major cases committed by inmates. She said that the prison has released 880 inmates and only seven of them committed crimes again, accounting for only 0.8%.



Women inmates doing exercises.

Upon departure, we passed by the reception hall, where was crowded with prisoners' relatives. Each inmate had 2-3 visitors to see her, including many children. I caught the sight of an inmate clasping the hands of a teenage girl. The woman inmate looked happy and excited, but the excitement could not conceal her regretful tears. I noticed that the lower part of the board separating the inmates and their relatives were open. This is to facilitate smooth communication and exchange, said the Prison Warden. "Motherly love is tremendous and when mother inmates hug their children, they could get unparalleled strength for accelerating the pace of reforming themselves. In fact, many women were passive or were forced to commit crimes. When they found themselves in confinement, they began to realize the preciousness of freedom. The high walls cannot prevent them from missing their families and relatives, even less their love for their children. What we do is not only to awake the inmates as mothers to their duty but also to protect their rights as mothers. We have also paid close attention to the family stability of inmates and education of their children," said Warden Fan.

Fan told us that many relatives of inmates said that it was their relatives who were really serving jail terms rather than the inmates inside the high walls. Why, because after they are sent to the prison, the government would undertake to provide everything for them while their families are facing the danger of collapse. A family can go on if the husband is gone; but it would not be like a family if without woman. "It is exactly such demand of the society and family that we realize the urgency of educating and correcting these inmates," she said. Starting from September 27, 2000, the prison introduced the practice of serving prison terms part-time, that is, three well-performing inmates, namely, Cai Huifang, Sha Yufang and Guo Peifang, were allowed to stay at home for five days of the week and return to serve their terms during weekends. This practice has won extensive approval in the society. This is really a model of the most humane enforcement of the law. No wonder the UN Committee on the Elimination of Discrimination Against Women praised the prison as "unique model prison in the world."

Wouldn't it be better to remain inside the high walls since they are so well treated? I asked Warden Fan. Fan told the truth when she said the inmates inside the high walls are like caged tigers that have to be fed while people outside the walls are like birds that are flying

freely in the sky and looking for their own food. Her words silenced us all. We feel how precious freedom is.

To Touch Soul of Rakes
——Reform school of juvenile offenders

Separated from the women's prison by only a wall is a big courtyard. It is a world of green. We were told that growing in the three hectare courtyard are more than 3,000 of tall trees and bushes in more than 100 species, 3,000 pots of plants, 4,000 square meters of vegetative cover and nearly 10,000 square meters of lower beds, and lawns. There is also a rockery and a fall and more than 700 square meters of roof garden. No one could associate the place with the word "prison." But it is a prison - a prison or reform school for educating and correcting juvenile delinquents.



Juvenile delinquents make a vow to Madame Soong Ching-ling, the late honorary president of China.

The warden, Zhang Gulei, took us direct to the teaching building, saying that some of the inmates are at class. The Prison law promulgated in 1994 clearly defined the legal status of prison guards and stressed the protection of the rights of the inmates, giving particular stress on the idea that juvenile offenders should mainly receive education when serving jail terms.

So the inmates here spend most of their time learning how to read and write, including production skills. Then we came near a classroom, where more than 20 inmates are writing or thinking. I learned from the teacher that these inmates were new and they were receiving psychological testing. The teacher was a professor of psychology from Shanghai University.

When I came to an inmate with a question: "Can you answer all the questions?" The boy stood up straight, saying: "Yes, I can." Then we visited the arts and painting class, computer class and other classes. Out of the teaching building and in the sports ground, we saw a group of inmates at a physical culture class. I recalled some reports in the past, which said that the Shanghai Juvenile Delinquent Rehabilitation Center was like a garden and a school rather than a prison and I felt that the reports were really true.



Juvenile delinquents are taken to an exhibition of achievements of the reform and opening.

At the end of the visit we came to the skill training workshop. A group of boys were learning cookery. We happened to see cakes just hot out of the bakery. We had a taste of the cakes and they were good. The teachers turned out to be famous chefs invited from a famous restaurant. A prison guard told us that "these boys could really learn something here. With cultural knowledge and skills, there would be no problem for them to earn a living in the future." Isn't it humanitarian that the boys and girls who have gone astray are provided with a place to learn, to reform and to feel the love given to them by the society?

Party Secretary Xia of the Shanghai Prison Management Bureau told us that a few years ago, a high school graduate received a university admission notice and an order of arrest all on the same day. It was really an irony and a heavy blow dealt on a teenager. After he came to the reform school, he realized his criminal liability and was determined to correct and make up for the losses. The reform school provided him with the opportunity of studying at evening university. A few years later, dramatically, he received a university diploma and the order of release all on the same day. The prison guards often recite what is called "three like's", namely, like teacher treating students, like doctor treating patients and like parents treating their children. There were many such instances, Mr. Xia said. There reform school is, he said, more accurately speaking, a special school, special because it uses passion, reason and love to touch the distorted souls and encourage them to lace the future. I was told that a woman from the Songjiang District Women's Federation was very moved after visiting the reform school and said that she would like to send her son to the school because he was a headache for both his teacher and parents. Perhaps what she said was a bit naive, but it shows how the law is enforced and how the rights of the inmates are so well protected in this reform school.

It is gratifying to learn that there are now fewer juvenile cases in Shanghai. As we walked out of this garden, Mr. Xia said meaningfully: "If someday when there are no more juvenile offenders, we shall turn this school into a sanatorium." "How could it be?" someone retorted. "Why not?" Mr. Xia threw the question back. "Where there is a will, there is a way." While turning the dialogue in my mind, I looked up at Mr.

Model Prison Then and Now
——A Visit to Suzhou Prison

Following the visit to a few prisons in Shanghai, we got the initial knowledge about how the

prisons are managed by law and how the rights and interests of inmates are safeguarded and all the gratifying achievements the prisons have made in educating and correcting the inmates. In Shanghai, China's economic powerhouse, all the prisons, old and new, should be most advanced in the country, in terms of both software and hardware. Doubtlessly, the material base has demonstrated its decisive role. But what about the Suzhou Prison in Jiangsu Province?



Zhou Jue(3rd from left), president of CSHRS, heads the study group from the society to Suzhou Prison.



Zhou Jue in talk with the prison warden.

At the mention of Suzhou, people would think of beautiful gardens, for which the city is most famous in the world. Perhaps no one would associate prisons with the beautiful landscape in southern China until we arrived at the complex of garden-like structures and were greeted by the warden and elegant guards. That is Suzhou Prison. The walls surrounding the building complex are pink in color with dark green tiles and flying eaves. Inside the walls are exquisitely designed buildings, simple but elegant. Passing through the administrative zone, we came to the activity zone. There is a large stretch of green lawn, with flowers on the rims. What is interesting is that at one end of the lawn, there is a beautiful platform, with red columns, green verandas and engraved floral patterns. What is it for? I wondered. Is it for seeing films? But it turned out that I was only half right. The platform and the lawn are for announcing the performances of inmates, particularly for citing, criticism, prison term reduction and on parole. Looking beyond the lawn at the sentry towers, I found that they are designed like a pagoda, with flying eaves and cocking-up corners. The electric wire mesh common for prisons are not like the ordinary ones. They are fixed inside the wall instead on top of the walls. No wonder we could not find any traces of

a prison outside.

The dignified but kind prison warden told us that the prison was 90 years old and there have no escapes for 20 successive years and no major cases occurring inside the walls for 12 years running. In 1999, the prison was named by the Ministry of Justice a modern and civilized prison. With the economic development, the Suzhou Prison has over the past few years increased investment to improve the environment. It requisitioned 12,500 square meters of land to build three buildings. Behind the near-sight glasses, he was gazing at the gates of the reform school, his eyes filled with hope and confidence, but also a trace of heaviness and imposition. and a teaching building, a hospital, a reception hall, a kitchen and a bath room. What was most attractive was the big entrance of the teaching building. There was hung a big plate on which it was written the motto of the "Xinhua Cultural and Technical School of Suzhou Prison." The warden told us that the school was built as part of the efforts by the prison to implement "Project Hope" inside the walls and the implementation of the purpose of "turning prison terms into school terms and turning prison cells into classrooms. "

There was billboard on the wall of the entrance. There were the related laws, regulations and disciplines and the daily performance of the inmates in study, observing discipline and labor. They were like the roll of merits and performance billboards of general schools in the country. It reminded me of my teaching experience at a middle school ten years ago. At that time, I often resorted to the incentive measures as scoring to excite the enthusiasm for students to learn. Looking at the billboards marked with red, yellow, blue and black, I seemed to have seen the scenes of how the inmates were vying with one another to reform and catch up, striving to learn cultural knowledge and work skills so that they will become useful to society instead of doing harm to others and society. Such self-contrasting, self-assessment and self-restriction used in prison management have been widely accepted in society as they conform to the good side of human nature.

At the meeting hall, I discovered something unusual, that is, a touch-screen consulting system to use by people who come to the prison for a visit or see the inmates. Touching the screen, quite a number of things, including legal information and information about the enforcement of the law would pop up. Seeing this, a curious idea came into my mind: If the daily life of the inmates, such as eating, living, studying, laboring and resting can be seen through a video consulting system online, wouldn't it be much better for the supervisor and relatives to know how the inmates fare in the prison? Everybody laughed, but said that it would not be impossible if the economy develops to a certain stage.

Another thing that I found special was a special meeting room for relaxed gathering with families. But only those who enjoy the special grade for their performance could have the chance to meet their relatives in such a room. The room is very much like McDonalds or Kentucky Fried Chicken fast food restaurant. An inmate may enjoy the happiness of family with his relatives and chat over delicious food served.

During the rules of the Kuomintang, it used to be a "model prison." Incarcerated here were such famous figures as Chen Gongbo and Chen Bijun as well as many revolutionaries.

Now, under the People's Government, the mucky, barbarous and cruel image of the prison has gone. It is full of civilization and humanism. The poetic natural environment is certainly a good external condition for reforming prisoners, but the unique internal humanistic environment has given this old prison renewed vigor, becoming the best place for prisoners to re-forge soul to become new persons. "We Suzhou people are soft by nature," said the Warden, adding that "perhaps, we are also too soft toward the prisoners," "No," a colleague from our group chimed in. "It is not too soft. It is really true and civilized way of enforcing the law and that is the human based Suzhou of new socialist China and the human-based Suzhou Prison."

My Experience as an Inmate in a Chinese Jail

Even though jailhouse stories have become the stuff of cliché in Hollywood films, I figured somebody somewhere would want to know about my time in a Chinese prison.

Like many foreigners in China, I arrived in Shanghai in search of the “jade dream.”

Unfortunately, finding work that did NOT involve teaching English was not as easy as I had hoped.

I had met many people in Shanghai – locals and foreigners – with startup businesses, and so I, too, thought it would be great to jump on board a venture to capitalize on China’s growing economy.

The first company I signed up with, a small real estate startup, seemed like a good opportunity because Chinese real estate prices were soaring.

Unfortunately, they never actually paid me a steady wage. They also led me on with false promises of the coveted “Z” Work Visa. These two withholdings were a double-edged sword because it prevented me from earning enough money to renew my visa let alone stay in or get out of the country.

Eventually my 3-month tourist visa expired. I thought I would be okay as long as I laid low—but I was wrong. There are eyes everywhere in China, especially on foreigners.

It was in Huaqiaozhen, a suburb of Shanghai, that everything began to unravel. I had just signed a lease for a cheap, shared apartment, but, strangely, the landlord never came to collect the rent or sign the contract.

One Saturday morning I awoke to a knock at my door. I answered, thinking it would be the landlord, only to come face to face with a PSB (Public Security Bureau) officer checking identifications for registration.

Luckily, he didn't speak English, so I phoned up a trusted friend to tell the officer I would register the next morning. I spent the rest of the day packing my stuff and moving out.

I fled to Baoshan district in northern Shanghai, and with the last of my savings acquired a cheap apartment, where I lived quite frugally (no TV, internet, bed, etc).

I washed my clothes by hand and used a single naked light bulb for illumination. Anyone who thought that westerners in China have it made should have seen me sleeping on the bare floor.

Inevitably, the police once again came knocking at my door to do the registration thing. This time I didn't answer, but, as I learned later, one of the officers waiting outside spotted me hiding on my balcony.

They tried both the landlord and real estate agent to contact me, and I replied with a text message that I had lost my passport at a friend's party.

This bought me some extra time.

A western acquaintance I met in Shanghai advised me to get another foreigner to stay in my apartment and flash their passport when the police came calling again. I asked if he would be willing, but he was smart enough to avoid his own advice.

When the cops showed up again, I was in the shower and didn't hear them at my door. I prepared to go to Krispy Kreme, my daily indulgence (I'm not the fittest foreigner in China), which also allowed me to use their free wifi, another penny saver I learned from being broke abroad (a donut is cheaper than the internet).

When I exited my apartment building, I noticed two fellows wearing police uniforms.

I thought I could evade them if they didn't speak English, but that strategy failed when they began chatting with me in my own mother tongue.

"Let's go for ride," the officer said, with what I interpreted as an ominous smile.

"Um, to where?" I asked.

"Police station, of course."

I swallowed and thought up the first excuse I could. “My passport is still at my friend’s house, so I can’t register yet.”

“That’s okay, you still come.”

A half hour later, I’m sitting in an interrogation room of the local PSB office with an English-speaking immigration officer telling me I am “illegal”, because it’s against Chinese law to not carry your passport at all times.

On top of that, according to their computer, my visa had expired.

It took most of the day to get all the paperwork done—the Chinese are not known for their expediency.

Since I didn’t have money to pay the exorbitant “fine”, I agreed to eight days in detention.

When I signed that fateful agreement, I also checked a box so that the American embassy would be notified and so they could begin processing my new passport—even though it was never really lost.

Off I went in a white Santana police car to begin my eight days of incarceration.

After being processed at the detention center, I was corralled into a cell with five bunk beds.

There was a TV set above the door, a small radio, and a closed circuit camera that watched everything, which were the only things modern about the cell.

A Chinese squat-style toilet offering no privacy sat in one corner along with a sink. Inmates are given a package of recycled paper to use as toilet paper, which is not very comfy on the rear.

Opposite the toilet are shelves where inmates put their washbasins, which also house our eating bowl, spoon, toothbrush and toothpaste, a bar of bath soap, laundry soap, and a hand towel.

Each inmate is issued a button-down t-shirt with the Chinese name of the jail written on the back, along with a pair of black-gym shorts with white stripes on the sides. Shoes are placed on a shelf outside the cell and inmates are given rubber sandals to wear in the cell.

I also received a laundered pillowcase and a bed sheet. The beds are cushioned and have bamboo-reed mats on top.

The inmates were all Chinese, and I was the only foreigner there. I noticed that most of the prisoners had tattoos or horrible scars from their lives outside jail. Some looked like beggars and others like gang members. The most any of them could say in English was “Hello.” Better a Hello, I thought, than the “Your sh*it on my d*ck or blood on my knife” greeting I would have received in an American prison.

Apparently, however, homosexual encounters do happen in a Chinese prison.

One night I crawled up into my top bunk preparing for bed. I tried to fall asleep but the other inmates were still shuffling around and talking; one young man lit up a rolled piece of newspaper and began smoking it in lieu of actual tobacco.

Eventually everyone turned in for the night in spite of the fact that the lights stay on all night—I have learned that the Chinese can sleep through anything.

I thought I was the only person still awake when I heard one guy whispering to another.

Five minutes later, my metal-frame bunk bed began rocking back and forth. At first, I thought my bunkmate below was just getting up to take a leak, but the rocking never stopped.

Moaning and slapping noises ensued.

Daring to peek over the edge of my bunk, I saw one guy atop another. When the top man had finished, he slid off and another inmate came over and climbed on top of the same bottom man.

I didn't know if I was witnessing a rape or if this threesome was consensual, and I was glad I wasn't going to be in Chinese prison much longer to find out.

Overall, life in a Chinese prison is very boring. We never left our cells, and going outside was not allowed.

There are no sports.

We did exercise but to a short training video on the cell's TV where we start off marching, swing our arms around, then touch our toes, and then perform jumping jacks.

There was no library, so books were very hard to come by; I was lucky to find an English book, one of those woman's romance novels with a longhaired beefcake on the cover, which isn't the kind of reading you want in a men's prison.

During the first three days in jail, all inmates are required to skip naptime after lunch.

This may not seem like much of a punishment until you realize that every day starts at 6 am and ends after 9 pm. Most of the time, I felt exhausted, not from any physical exertion but from extreme boredom.

In prison, sleeping or dreaming is an inmate's only salvation, and I dreamed about many things that week

For example, I dreamed about a cute Chinese girl I'd once met in Nanjing. I even began having delusional fantasies that I was in the video game Final Fantasy having sword fights.

Each day begins with an officer on the intercom yelling something in Chinese (I'm guessing it means, "Get up!").

The first thing we did was make our beds. Inmates need to fold their bed sheet every day, like in a military boot camp, and it must be folded correctly. The supervisor comes in each morning after roll call to inspect the rooms.

Then somebody empties the trash by throwing it through the bars of the door. Two inmates out in the halls do the task of collecting garbage. In fact, those same two guys did all the tasks for the jailhouse (garbage, deliver food, water, etc), which is kind of gross when you think about it.

Next, came the hot water (in a giant metal barrel with a tap). Soon after that, the helpers bring the breakfast cart.

Prison meals always consisted of rice and vegetable soup with the exception of breakfast, which was some kind of orange-colored root. No meat! But since I was a foreign guest, I was allowed to also request a Chinese steamed bun.

Although the food was tolerable, it produced torrents of gas. Imagine being trapped in a cell with ten Chinese men ripping farts all day. That is the true definition of torture.

During roll call, inmates are required to line up their stools in the hall and sit on them in orderly fashion. When your number is called, you stand and then sit back down.

One day, an inmate argued with a guard, and I have no idea what it was about.

However, the next day during roll call, the officer called that prisoner's number, made him stand up, then sit down, then up again, and did this repeatedly for some time.

After roll call, we either had morning exercise or just stared into space. This time in the morning was also used by the warden to question new inmates about their cases.

Lunch arrives noon and sometimes we were escorted out into a big sitting room to eat while listening to jazz music or watching a movie.

Once, they put on a pirated DVD of "Apocalypto" just for me, but I was subsequently charged 5 RMB for that viewing pleasure.

After dinner is bath time and those that want to clean their clothes washed and hung their stuff to dry on their bunks.

The rest of the night was spent watching Chinese television or socializing until bedtime.

Air conditioning did not exist.

Instead, there were two ceiling fans, and during the day if it was too hot and stuffy, the two helpers brought giant blocks of ice, which we put in wash basins in the middle of the room to help cool the air.

On the 7th day of my incarceration, an assistant from the American consulate appeared with a translator. I signed some papers and he provided me with two English-language magazines to pass the remainder of my time.

He explained that after I was released, I was to hurry to the consulate before 5 pm to acquire my new passport and then get on a flight home that same night, because I was being deported.

The next morning came, and the police said they would take me to my apartment to pack my belongings.

I wished the police had not been with me so I could have called some people I'd met in Shanghai and explain my situation.

Since I didn't want to go home for fear of unemployment—and mom's wrath, I wanted to negotiate with the consulate to go to Japan or Korea or somewhere, anywhere, in Asia instead of back to America.

As a child, I had fought and beat cancer (I'm in my early twenties now), which is why I decided to see the world instead of spend the rest of my precious life delivering Dominos or standing at a Wal-Mart register.

My mom had been so proud of me for venturing off to China to find my fortune in spite of my physical limitations, but I had failed to find steady employment abroad and had gotten myself arrested and deported instead.

God bless moms!

The consulate informed me that, while I was locked up, my mother had sent money to Western Union to cover the costs of my flight ticket home.

But when we went to pick up the money, the police wanted some for a "fine" and to pay for my exit visa.

The U.S. consular assistant explained to my police escort that the money was only for my trip home, because I had spent eight days in jail in lieu of a fine, and I was not legally required to pay.

It must have been a ploy by the escorting officers to earn a little on the side. Nice Try!

I spent the rest of the afternoon sitting in the immigration office at Pudong Airport waiting for my exit visa to be processed.

The upside to my deportation was that the immigration official informed me that because of my good attitude, he would allow me to come back to China whenever I wanted instead of blacklisting me for five years as was the usual policy.

After acquiring my exit visa, I was booked on a flight. I had no idea where I was going to land in the United States, but the ticket cost 13,800 RMB (USD \$2,160!!!), which seemed outrageously expensive.

I suspect the police and immigration officers had worked out a way to get extra money for themselves. The two police officers escorted me to the gate to make sure I actually left China.

As I type this true to life story, I'm back in my room at grandma's house in Middle America. I still haven't found a job. When I touched down in the U.S., I felt as if I were walking on the ashes of a once-great country that had been nuked by economic collapse.

The jobs are few and far between and the wages even lower than when I had left for China.

Even if I found work, I don't believe I could handle an office job, because I don't feel comfortable being caged in a cubicle, which, when you think about it is like a cage surrounding the mind and isn't much different from the Chinese jail cell where I spent eight days.

An American's experience as an inmate in a Shanghai jail



One Saturday morning I awoke to a knock at my door. I answered, thinking it would be the landlord, only to come face to face with a PSB (Public Security Bureau) officer checking identifications for registration.

The early-20s foreigner was in trouble for overstaying his Tourist Visa after failing to procure a job after arriving in Shanghai. Following a failed bid in the real estate industry, he sought out work while simultaneously playing a cat and mouse chase with the strangely motivated PSB as they pursued him from Huaqioazhen to Baoshan.

Eventually, he was caught, processed, and sent to the clinker to begin his grueling eight day stint.

The inmates were all Chinese, and I was the only foreigner there. I noticed that most of the prisoners had tattoos or horrible scars from their lives outside jail. Some looked like beggars and others like gang members. The most any of them could say in English was “Hello.” Better a Hello, I thought, than the “Your sh*t on my d*ck or blood on my knife” greeting I would have received in an American prison.

Despite the ominous beginnings, the Ameri-con seemed to face little trouble in the slammer, defying our initial expectations that some race violence or intimidation would occur due to his skin color and the shaky state of Sino-US relations. Perhaps some protection was in place to prevent said scenario from evolving, as it does seem he received some aspects of favoritism while in the hole.

Prison meals always consisted of rice and vegetable soup with the exception of breakfast, which was some kind of orange-colored root. No meat! But since I was a foreign guest, I was allowed to also request a Chinese steamed bun.

Once, they put on a pirated DVD of “Apocalypto” just for me, but I was subsequently charged 5 RMB for that viewing pleasure.

Though without prison drama, the account still provides interesting insight and serves as a counterpoint to some of the other, more brutal stories other foreigners have reported in Chinese jails. [Past accounts](#) have accused Chinese jails of sleep deprivation and other non-lethal "persuasion methods," but those circumstances involved more egregious offenses than a simple expired visa.

While we're on the subject of Chinese jail experiences, one account we would really like to read about would be the young American English teacher that was [locked away in Zhuhai for 3 years](#) for extorting 100,000RMB out of his Chinese ex-girlfriend back in 2009.

According to Xinhua, in 2008 there were more than [3,000 foreigners](#) residing in Chinese prisons.

[A foreigner's life in a Beijing jail](#)

A foreign man who spent the last seven months in jail sent Danwei this description of his daily life at the Beijing No. 1 Detention Center after his release last week.

If I were a Chinese person and not a foreigner, a crime like mine would have been dealt with on the “city district” level, as opposed to the “municipal” level which is much tougher.

The other people incarcerated at Beijing No. 1 Detention Center were all facing life sentences or death sentences, at least as a possibility, so it's not a place where detainees are given a lot of slack. It's the site of Beijing's newly constructed hi-tech lethal injection chamber.

It was boring as anything, and the rules were strict.

Thankfully, foreigners are housed in a section where we were mixed with big-time white collar Chinese criminals, who are a better sort than the murderers and cannibals and rapists housed in other parts of the facility. Many of the Chinese people I was in close contact with were college educated, and many had been in positions of high responsibility. The CFO of Gome was in my cell; Huang Guangyu the CEO – formerly the richest man in China – was down the hall. I often saw him walking in the hallway heading downstairs for investigation.

The room, or “cell” if you like, was about 25 feet x 15 feet in dimension, and housed between 12 and 14 detainees. About half the room was filled with what we called “the board”, a raised platform stretching from wall to wall on which we sat during the day and slept at night. The bathroom in the cell consisted of a squat toilet, a faucet (no sink), and another faucet up high for showers at night. The wall between the bathroom and the room was transparent, so everybody could see everybody else all the time doing their business. You get used to it. Boiled drinking water was available twice a day in the room through a special tap.

Daily life was a drag during the week. Here’s the schedule:

06:30 Wake up. Eat breakfast (watered-down milk powder, a piece of bread, an egg every two days).

07:00 Clean the room. I was assigned to the bathroom from Day 1, and even though I had many chances to “move up” to the floor or other assignments, I decided to stick with what had become familiar. Two of us were responsible for the bathroom, so I cleaned it every other day, thrice a day. I stayed on that duty for so long that I became known as the “boss of the bathroom”, or “Toilet Control Officer”. (Something for my resume... and yes, I scrubbed the squat toilet with a toothbrush, but not mine.)

07:30 Sit on “the board”. This is the main activity in any Chinese jail, familiar to fans of Chinese soap operas and movies. The board runs the length of the room, and we were required to sit on the edge of it for most of the day.

Leaning too far forward, leaning too far back, and even crossing your legs was forbidden (especially if the officer on duty was an asshole or having a bad day). One person at a time was allowed to get up and move around to use the bathroom, fetch water, get a book, etc. So, mostly I chatted with other people or read a book. Sitting so much hurt my back at first, but then I got used to it, or stronger.

10:30 Time for lunch! For the last three months of my incarceration it was boiled potatoes every day. A single boiled vegetable was the template for most all meals, with beef chunks included once a month. Every meal also included steamed bread, which I generally avoided, and rice came with lunch every two days. After lunch we had about an hour of free time to lie around.

12:00 Siesta time, a Chinese tradition.

13:30 Wake up from naptime. Sit on the board for another three hours. Also, during the afternoon sitting period we were let out into our “porch” area for about 15 minutes, where we

stored our extra food and clothing. This was known as “going out” for “exercise”, but in reality it was just another small room with a big hole up high for a window with no glass... that is, you could see the sky and sometimes the sun, but I wouldn't by any stretch of the imagination call it going outside. Also, the exercise was walking around in a circle with too many people in a small space, at probably about 2 or 3 mph.

16:30 Dinner time! Mmmmm.... oily boiled cabbage. Or oily boiled turnips.

Mondays and Fridays we got to have a kind of tomato soup with egg in it, a very popular meal, but we only got a small bowlful. I generally skipped dinner as part of my weight loss plan, and as soon as things were cleaned up I got down to my work out. After dinner we had 2 hours of free time for showering (which I also used to exercise). This generally involved about 75 pushups (not all at once), some crunches, 1000 jumping jacks, some bicep and shoulder lifting, and some squats to keep my legs from atrophying. I did this about 5 times per week. For weightlifting we used a pair of pants filled with water bottles. It was very prison-y.

19:00 Time to watch the official state news broadcast, *Xinwen Lianbo*, which was much worse even compared to the official state news agency that I used to work for. “Worse” meaning that the top 9 stories were usually about what the top 9 leaders in the central government did that day, followed by 2 minutes of international news. As for other sources of news, we got about 3 or 4 random sheets from the *China Daily* newspaper (in English) every week. I found out that Michael Jackson died from an article that began, “Since the death of pop icon Michael Jackson last Thursday...” I was like, are they talking about the real Michael Jackson?

After the news, we were forced to sit and watch 2 more hours of the most incredibly mindless Chinese TV you could ever imagine. Usually the station was set on CCTV-3, which is mostly family variety shows, cross-talk comedians that I can't follow at all, lip-synched Mando-pop concerts, and nationalist sing-alongs. Uggggh.

21:30 We can finally move around again! Time to brush your teeth, get ready for bed, stretch, etc.

22:00 Time for bed. I was going to say, “lights out”, but then I remembered that they never, ever, ever, never shut off the lights in the detention center. Ever. Super-bright exposed fluorescent curly bulbs 24 hours a day, so I ended up sleeping with a blindfold on. I made it from a t-shirt sleeve. One of the special things about life in the detention center was that two people in each room have to be “on duty” during any time when people are sleeping, including during the afternoon nap. The night was divided into four shifts of 2 hours each, while the last shift was an additional 30 minutes. We rotated through the last three duties and then had a night off after three nights of duty. So, on Monday I might sleep from 10pm to 4am followed by duty until 6:30am; the next night I'd sleep from 10 to 2, do duty until 4, and then sleep till 6:30; on Wednesday I'd sleep from 10 to midnight, do duty until 2am, and then sleep until 6:30; Thursday night I would not have to do duty, but I sometimes would have to do duty during the afternoon nap. It was a very tough system to get used to at first.

Finally, there was no torture, no rape in the shower. Just the good ol' psychological torture of close confinement and isolation from everyone and everything I ever had known one millisecond before I was taken into custody. But I was always glad that at least there were a bunch of us in one room. Being alone would have been much worse.

List of prisons in Shanghai

This is a list of prisons within [Shanghai](#) in the [People's Republic of China](#).

Name	Enterprise name	City/County/District	Village/Town	Established	Notes
Baimaoling Prison	Baimaoling Farm; Shanghai Baimaoling Industrial General Corp.	Xuancheng and Shanghai	Anhui		Area 45 km ² , held roughly 3,000 in 2000
Baoshan Prison		Baoshan District, Shanghai		1997	Held 2,000 prisoners in the end of 2000
Beixinjing Prison	Shanghai Laodong Steel Pipe Works	Changning District			Produces pipes of <i>Yinhe</i> brand, held over 2,000 prisoners by 2000
Jiangwan Prison	Shanghai Gas Valve General Factory (Orig. Shanghai Laodong Valve Factory)	Baoshan District, Shanghai		1958	
Qingpu Prison	Qingdong Farm			1991	Typically holds 2,500 males serving sentences of more than 7 years and less than life imprisonment. Also holds foreigners. Has capacity of 3,000 inmates
Shanghai		Songjiang District	Sijing		Manual labor takes

Juvenile Offender Detachment					place there
Shanghai Nanhui Prison			Zhoupu	2007	Can hold up to 2,100 inmates
Shanghai New Criminal's Prison				1996	In 2000 held 700 inmates
Shanghai Women's Prison		Songjiang District	Sijing	1996	Holds more than 1,000 inmates
Tilanjiao Prison (Shanghai Municipal Prison)	Printing Factory; Clothing factory	Hongkou District		1901	
Wujiaochang Prison	Shanghai Laodong Machine Works (Now Shanghai Minxing Laodong Tool Ltd.)	Yangpu District			Detains 2,000 inmates sentenced to 15 years or less
Zhoupu Prison	Laodong Plate Glass Works		Zhoupu		At the end of 2000, it held more than 2,000 inmates. It usually holds 1,800 inmates serving sentences of 15 years or less.