



TEATR ŚLĄSKI
im. St. Wyspiańskiego

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

DON QUIXOTE

ADAPTATION AND DIRECTION JAKUB ROSZKOWSKI

PREMIERE 26 JANUARY 2024

CHAMBER STAGE



Województwo
Śląskie

Teatr Śląski im. St. Wyspiańskiego w Katowicach jest instytucją kultury Samorządu Województwa Śląskiego

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MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

DON QUIXOTE

1137th premiere of the Theatre in Katowice
premiere **26 JANUARY 2024** | Chamber Stage

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adaptation and direction

FRANCISZEK BORGIEL
sound production

MIREK KACZMAREK
scenography, costumes
and lighting design

WALDEMAR JANISZEK
light production

DOMINIK STRYCHARSKI
music

PIOTR TRZĘSOWSKI
projections production

ANNA MARIA KRYSIAK
choreography

**MAŁGORZATA
DŁUGOWSKA-BŁACH**
production management

MARCIN LEŚNIEWSKI
medical consultations

MACIEJ ROKITA
production technical
manager

ALICJA JUSZKIEWICZ
assistant director

DOROTA DAMEC
production assistant

BARBARA DUDEK
stage manager, prompter

CAST

GRZEGORZ PRZYBYŁ

Don Quixote / Father

MARCIN GAWEŁ

Sancho Pansa / Patient / Monkey / Angel

ALEKSANDRA PRZYBYŁ

Daughter / Mirror Squire / Sancho Pansa 2

ANNA KADULSKA

Dulcinea / Nurse / Madamme / Death

WIESŁAW SŁAWIK

Doctor / Monk / Mirror Knight / Devil / Sun Knight

Monday

A few minutes after six in the morning. Temperature needs to be taken. They check if I have urinated. Since six o'clock, you don't actually sleep anymore. Then breakfast, but is breakfast at the same time in every hospital? I do not know. Unfortunately, our ward is often visited by students who are brought in by the doctor.

I'd like them to leave me alone. I'd like to take those pills, have my temperature taken, which is checked at various points of the body, but most of all I'd like them all to go to hell. Of course I understand, because I'm not an idiot, that students need these visits to study, but from my point of view it's just very uncomfortable. It stirs up bad emotions in me, which I then have to vent somehow, for example, by yelling at the nurse.

Later, lunch... Meals are regular.

Thursday

Life in the hospital room is quite predictable. Sometimes I watch television. There are different programmes, different channels. All in all, we don't have much other entertainment here. It all depends on who you are in the room with.

Friday

The other guy lying with me is the king of the room. I'm taking it badly. I'm getting aggressive. If I could, I might not kill him, but I'd knock a few teeth out of him for the way he behaves.

I am a choleric person. I can burst out for any reason, I can suddenly punch someone or throw something at the TV when I don't like what someone says. I have the right to do that. Fuck...



WANDERING ZONE

I am 40 years old. I am a similar age to our Sancho Pansa. My parents are about 70 years old. They are a similar age to our Don Quixote. I love them. Sometimes I admire them. Sometimes I think I know better. Sometimes I respect their decisions. Sometimes they annoy me and I can't accept them. My parents lead the normal lives of Polish pensioners. Neither overly bleak nor overly blissful. They don't put on armour, saddle up a horse and set off as knights errant on a journey through La Mancha to seek great love and fight monsters. People don't look at them as madmen who chase the unreachable and fight windmills. And yet their stories come up to me in the course of this work quite often. Quite often we also talk about other parents or about other children. We try to get closer to the characters of Don Quixote, Sancho Panza and the other inhabitants of Mancha. To hear them and understand them. Which is not at all easy, because these are not at all crystal-clear, beautiful and exemplary characters. We try to see and find these characters today, here and now – because theatre always happens here and now. To understand what their zones of wandering are and why they get caught up in them. But also to find their spaces of dream and freedom, and to ask how much they are able to sacrifice to follow those dreams and to obtain that freedom.

TWO WORLDS

The two volumes of Cervantes' Don Quixote run to well over a thousand pages. In them there are countless longer and shorter adventures, side plots, stories within stories. Suffice it to say that the famous battle against the windmills is described on less than one page of the novel. The story can be adapted in a million ways (which it has been), and different stories can be told with it, in different styles, steeped in drama or humour. For me, the most important thing this time was to try to understand how this novel can, as we say in the play, "holding up a mirror to this dismal reality of ours". Where we might be, at different stages of our lives,

and how we might be reflected on the other side of the mirror – in a skewed, exaggerated La Mancha. The interpenetration, the juxtaposition of these two perspectives – the real, acutely painful, and the Mancha-picaresque-fantastic – is the foundation of this adaptation and this performance. The juxtaposition of the bleak with the blissful, the real with the fictional, the historical with the present, the theatrical with the documentary and, finally, the tragic with the comic.

I AM FREE, SANCHO

Don Quixote does not give up. In spite of his age, his illness, his difficulties, he suddenly changes his life and sets off on a great adventure. He is not afraid of ridicule and rejection, of being judged by others. He doesn't care if someone calls him crazy. Because he has his goal, which he will pursue at all costs. It gives him strength and courage that he didn't have before, that he wouldn't even have suspected. Is it permissible to take this goal away from him? Even in the name of a higher necessity? Even if it's good for him? Is there anything more important than freedom?

Jakub Roszkowski

Sunday

All in all I like hospital food, it's not a problem for me. I'm glad the food is there at all. I know that it is, after all, what people have prepared for other people and not for pigs. You have to appreciate this food and that we have it. I am not complaining. I like those slices of bread cut in half, margarine and jam, or mortadella, or some kind of pate... And the compote, really great.

Tuesday

It is difficult with the family. My wife doesn't visit me because we separated a long time ago. Only my daughter comes to see me. I am happy, but I can see that she does it out of obligation, although she certainly wants the best for me. A few days ago, as I was lying on my bed, looking at her and listening to her talk, I was thinking that I need to appreciate these visits from her more. It costs her a lot, and I know it's that she cares about me... but I would like her to be more of a real person in this visiting, more of a daughter, and not just a person who is doing a task, like fulfilling a duty to come. On the other hand - I don't do anything. I don't talk to her. I don't make a gesture, I just watch. I close myself off to the outside world. I don't talk to anyone, not even the doctors.



Simone de Beauvoir

OLD AGE

I have so far used the term 'old age' as if it described a well-defined reality. In truth, as far as our species is concerned, it is not easy to draw its boundaries. It is a biological phenomenon – the body of an old person has certain characteristics. Old age has psychological consequences – a certain type of behaviour is rightly considered typical of the later years of life. Like all human states, it also has an existential dimension – it changes the individual's relationship to time, and therefore to the world and to his or her own past. On the other hand, a person never lives in a natural state – in old age, as in every stage of life, the society to which he or she belongs imposes a certain status on him or her. The close inter-relationship between these different points of view make the issue even more complicated. [...]

Society determines the old man's place and role in view of the individual's distinctiveness, i.e. his powerlessness and life experience. Also the other way around: the individual is conditioned by the practical and ideological attitude of society. Thus, it is not enough to carry out analyses of the various aspects of old age, since each aspect conditions and is conditioned by the others. It is precisely this indeterminate, circular movement that needs to be grasped. [...] Every life situation can be analysed from the outside – as seen by others – and from the inside, as experienced by the subject experiencing it. For someone from the outside, the old man is the object of cognition. He himself, on the other hand, has his own experience of the state in which he finds himself.

It would be necessary to know towards what goal human life is moving in order to be able to decide which transformations are moving one away from that goal and which are moving them closer to it. In one's twenties, and especially in one's thirties, involution begins, a backward development of the organs. Should one speak of ageing from this point onwards? No. In man, the body is not governed

by pure nature. Losses, deficiencies and insufficiencies can be made up for by associative ability, habits, practical knowledge and intelligence. There is no question of ageing as long as the losses are sporadic and can be easily masked. When, on the other hand, they become significant and cannot be hidden, the body becomes fragile and more or less powerless. This is when it can be said to be in decline.

The matter becomes much more complicated if we are talking about the human being as a whole. The decline begins when the apogee is reached. Where to place it? The development of the physical and intellectual sides, despite the relationship between them, does not proceed identically. An individual's psyche may suffer significant losses before physical degradation begins. Conversely, it may be the case that during a period of physical decline, an individual may achieve considerable intellectual success. Which side will we give more value to? Everyone will know a different answer depending on whether they place more value on physical fitness, on mental ability or on a happy balance between the two. It is according to such criteria that both individual people and societies establish age hierarchies. None of these is generally accepted.

In order to define what progress or regression is for human beings, one would have to define a reference point, namely the goal of human life. However, no absolute goal has been defined. Each society creates its own values and therefore only in a social context can the word 'decline' be given a tighter meaning.

By protecting against a significant number of infirmities and illnesses, the body remains resistant to the effects of old age for longer. If the mind remains balanced and efficient, physical well-being usually manages to be maintained as well. Health declines with mental breakdown. Conversely: if there is a rapid impairment of

physiological functions, mental fitness also deteriorates. In any case, it suffers from the changes taking place in the body. Information is transmitted more slowly and distorted by the poor state of the nerve receptors. The brain functions in a more sluggish manner as a result of reduced oxygen consumption. Less oxygen in the blood leads to a deterioration of short-term and long-term memory, to slower association, to impaired performance of simple mental activities, to extreme emotional reactions: euphoria or depression.

For everyone, old age means inevitable degradation. It nullifies the masculine and feminine ideal professed by young and adult people. The natural reaction is to reject one's own old age as the embodiment of impotence, ugliness, illness. The old age of others also arouses spontaneous disgust. The fact that this reflex reaction occurs even in defiance of custom lies at the heart of a contradiction of which we will see numerous examples.

Everyone knows that nowadays the situation of old people is outrageous. One should try to understand why society accepts it so easily. It generally closes its eyes to abuses, scandals, dramas that do not upset its equilibrium. The fate of children from orphanages, juvenile delinquents, the disabled is of no more concern than that of the elderly. In the latter case, however, public indifference is most surprising. After all, every member of the community should know that his or her own future is at stake. Moreover, almost everyone maintains a personal and strong relationship with some old people.

In practice, the attitude of an active adult towards the elderly is characterised by duplicity. Such a person conforms to a certain extent to the official customs which have developed in recent centuries and which must be observed. But he



has a vested interest in treating old people as inferior beings and making them feel that they are handicapped. Consequently, he will make sure that the father is aware of his own imperfections, his own awkwardness. He will do this so that the parent will hand over the reins to him, spare him advice and be content with passivity. If the pressure of opinion forces him to take care of his parents, he will direct them according to his own will. [...] He will get rid of all scruples as soon as he succeeds in instilling in his old parents that they cannot manage themselves.

An adult dealing with an old parent tyrannises him in a disguised way. He dare not openly give him orders because he has no right to demand obedience from him. He avoids a frontal attack, but makes approaches. He justifies his rationale so extensively that the whole family begins to cooperate. Those close to him soften the senior citizen's resistance, overwhelm him with a servility that paralyzes him, treat him with ironic favour, speak to him as if he were a child and even wink at each other communicatively behind his back, throwing hurtful words. If persuasion and deceit fail and the old man does not relent, the family will not back down from lying or using force. For example, they will convince the grandfather to live in an old people's home for a while, and leave him there. A wife or teenager, who is financially dependent on a working man, is in a better position to defend herself than an old man. [...] The old man will only continue to slip into infirmity and death. He serves no purpose. He is only a useless burden and is expected to cause as little trouble as possible.

Gribouillisme is the name used by psychologists to describe the behaviour of diving into old age as a result of the infirmity it causes. In other words, the sick person begins to 'exaggerate': when he drags his feet slightly, he pretends to be a paralytic; when he is slightly hard of hearing, he stops listening. Unused skills fade away and instead of pretending to be a cripple, the patient actually becomes one. This reaction is quite common, as many old people are – not without reason – bitter, despairing and resentful of the world. They take revenge on others by exaggerating their frailty.

Old people's sadness is not triggered by an event or specific circumstances. It mixes with boredom and together they consume them. It is accompanied by a bitter, humiliating feeling of uselessness, of loneliness in the midst of a world that shows them only indifference.

The old man lives in a constant sense of insecurity, even when all guarantees of security are provided for him. This is because he does not trust active adults. Dependence on them is embodied in the form of distrust. He knows that the children, friends, nieces or nephews who help him – either financially or by caring for him or giving him hospitality – can withhold this help or reduce it. They can abandon him or dispose of him against his will, such as ordering a change of accommodation, and this becomes his bane. The old man knows human duplicity. He fears that favours are being returned to him purely in the name of conventional morality, which, in his view, involves neither respect nor attachment. The way he is treated depends, at least in his mind, on his concern for the opinion of others. This, in turn, can easily be fooled or may count for less than some amenities. The misfortunes that the old man fears – illness, infirmity, increased cost of living – are all the more dangerous because they may entail a tragic change in the behaviour of others. Instead of being guided by the hope that his inevitable physical deterioration will be slowed down or partially offset by the actions of those close to him, he suspects that they will want to accelerate its course. And if he becomes incapacitated, for example, they will place him in a hospice.

Old people know that they are unable to objectively assess their own frailties. Without realising it, they may fall into dementia or at least partially lose their judgement. They misinterpret stares, smiles and words spoken around them. It is on this ground that certain reactions are unleashed - humours, whims, deliberate awkwardness, complaints and scenes - which often seem unjustified. The old man shouts like a man possessed, gets angry about nothing. And indeed, under the circumstances he may not have had any reason to sulk, but he is permanently angry, he is being skinned alive. Everything hurts him, including his efforts to come to terms with it.

Excerpts after: Simone de Beauvoir, "Old Age", Penguin Books, New York 1977

Saturday

The hospital allows for a kind of relaxation - it may sound strange, but you can read a book, think about certain things that you didn't have time to think about in normal life. Here, time flows differently. Someone will visit you or they won't, and sometimes someone even comes and you'd rather they'd go because you're disturbed by their presence.

Generally it's nice in the hospital, but it depends how long you stay. I think I've been here about a month now. That's a long time in my opinion. The doctor says that geriatric patients are usually discharged after a week, a week and a half - they don't all have to stay as long as I did.

Sunday

There is no one kind of whiteness. Whiteness may vary. I remember the whiteness in the hospital where my mother lay. I knew I couldn't touch anything there. That was a grey, dirty whiteness that surrounded me. Those walls, those stains so typical, horrible... Such whiteness for a really sensitive person can be downright dangerous.

Whiteness can be both soothing and disturbing, but then we have snow, for example... There is also a whiteness that leads to infinity. In such whiteness one is out of place and out of time.

Wednesday

I am 63 years old. I'm not a patient that you can say 'it's cool that he's still alive', which is what I've heard. I could still live an active life, but that's not possible. I withdrew. I failed to find a replacement for what was important in my life that is no longer there. It is normal that when a person has problems, illnesses appear. Doctors take a very schematic approach to me, and I would need love, not an automatic administration of pills. Fortunately, I have Dulcinea. She is the only one I can count on now.



Magdalena Barbaruk

DON QUIXOTE'S MISTAKE

“The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha” was not the book of my childhood, I did not know it by heart like Gustave Flaubert or Claude Lévi-Strauss, I did not cry reading it like in the case of Miguel Unamuno, Cyprian K. Norwid or Heinrich Heine, I was not outraged at the picaresque humour like that of Abraham B. Yehoshua. Perhaps this is why a late adult reading of Miguel de Cervantes’ novels was a profound shock. Some might say – not unreasonably – that this is not about a life-changing change of perspective, but rather ordinary surprise of moving from the realm of myth to the book. For in the established image of the knight errant, the sharp contours, the inconvenient details have blurred, and quixotism has simply become a battle against windmills. The devil is indeed in the details, for the ineffectiveness of an action is not the same as its harmfulness. It is possible that the better-informed knew of Don Quixote’s devilishness, of the consequences of the adventures he pursued knowing the code of knight errantry. I did not know and was closer to the idea that “the mad knight errant is the most ethical being in the world”, as Ivan Turgenev wrote in 1860 in “Hamlet and Don Quixote”.

He was astonished to discover that Don Quixote was “a book of blood and cruelty”, Vladimir Nabokov meticulously describing Cervantes’ laboratory of evil in his “Lectures on Don Quixote”. He noted cases of broken teeth, broken shoulders, crushed fingers, etc. Nabokov could not understand how quixotism was supposed to mean ‘touching idealism’ rather than a ‘hallucinatory state’ or ‘samodur’. He decided to strip the novel of sentimentalising, romantic interpretations, but stepped into the role of an accountant who is less interested in the phenomenon and causes of the evil unleashed by Don Quixote, and more interested in detailed descriptions and the number of blows inflicted.

Why does closely following the realisation of the noble idea of knight errantry cause the reader ethical consternation? What is Don Quixote's mistake? Why does it harm instead of help, why does it spoil everything instead of repair, why does it arouse fear and even horror instead of laughter?

Let us describe the course and consequences of just two of Don Quixote's many adventures, including the paramount adventure with the farmhand, which is often commented on. The knight, seeing a peasant flogging a farmhand tied to a tree, orders him to release the beaten man and pay the outstanding dues. The peasant has no choice but to give in to the demand. After some time, the knight errant meets the farmhand again, and instead of thanks he is challenged. Because of Don Quixote, the farmer flogged lashed so badly that he was "skinned like St Bartholomew", "still in hospital for the wounds he had inflicted" and "will be useless for life". The end of the case "was quite the opposite of what you imagine, my lord": not only was the money not paid, but the peasant, enraged by the intervention of the pathetic knight, doubled the punishment. The farmhand curses Don Quixote in the words: "For God's sake, dear knight errant, if you ever meet me again, even if you see me quartered in pieces, do not help or defend me, but leave me to my misery – it will be no worse than that which your help, my lord, would bring. And may God curse you, along with all the knights errant that existed in the world". Expecting another punishment, the farmhand flees, so we do not know the knight's answer. Don Quixote as the saviour of the unfortunate, widows and orphans begins to terrify. Was this the kind of cruel adventure Pascal Quignard had in mind when he wrote in *The Roving Shadows*: "Beware of knights errant! They seek adventure; they are drawn to misfortune"?

The knight's reaction to being blamed for someone else's misfortune can be seen in his night-time adventure with the mourners, who carried the body of the deceased to Segovia in great haste. Don Quixote "felt greatly affected" that his question of the destination of the journey was not answered. He attacked the mourners, and since they thought it was the devil himself who had come for the dead man's soul, he was able to "fight them freely". After the scramble, the self-satisfied knight introduces himself to the strangers so that they know his

name and his profession – righting wrongs and wrong-doing in the world. The reaction is identical: “I don’t know what kind of righting of wrongs this can be”, said the bachelor, “as you left me with a broken leg, which will not be straight all the days of my life; and you have so wronged me that I will be wronged all my life; it was a great misfortune for me that I met you who wander in search of adventure”.

What happens to Don Quixote when he is confronted with the consequences of his own actions? Virtually nothing. He does not feel responsible, he justifies his actions by acting according to the religion of chivalry and, what is worse, he does not doubt his mission to help (“I have acted towards them as my religion commands me, and besides, come what may (...) and to those who do not like it I will say that they know little about chivalry and that they lie like a son of a bitch and a boor, and I will prove it to them with the sword”). How, then, is it possible that a knight errant evokes the sympathy that is more due to his victims? Why is Don Quixote generally regarded as a harmless, reflective, good-hearted fellow?

The question is asked somewhat facetiously, for even in the sphere of the Don Quixote myth, immune to intellectual fads, observable changes and transformations are taking place. They are more pronounced, and certainly more easily perceptible than in the cultural sphere, in contemporary humanist reflection, essay writing and literature of the last half-century, in which a process of de-infantilisation of the image of the knight is taking place and in which once again, although for reasons other than those of the Enlightenment, critical judgements are being made about Don Quixote, revealing the entanglement of Don Quixote’s madness in evil. Evil is the result of Don Quixote’s eponymous mistake, and is related to tragedy, understood not in the Romantic manner as the impossibility of choosing between two values, but as the situation of an individual striving to realise a certain value, while the actions he takes lead to its undermining.



It seems that it was the Second World War that caused a rupture in the continuity of the development of the Don Quixote myth, which influences the change in the perception of the Knight of the Sorrowful Face. The transformation of the knight's image should be linked to the twentieth-century experience of two totalitarianisms: national socialism and communism. We have discovered the danger of idealism, which easily turns into ideology, the danger of the maniacal pursuit of a value by an individual, which – using Nicolai Hartmann's concept – can be called fanaticism or the 'tyranny of values'. Piotr Sawicki warns of Don Quixotes with madness and paranoia written all over their faces, who have become "a Polish speciality to the amazement of Europe", and who, convinced of their own goodness, are characterised by an unbridled desire to repair the world, the state and its organs, and who proclaim "the only truth".

What, then, is the fallacy of Don Quixote's behaviour, an extract of which I present here? Is it the error of an ethical system, the fact that values, when they reach their maximum, distort, turning into their opposite? Or does Don Quixote act like a pharmakon, whose ambiguous nature in Plato's dialogues was exposed by Jacques Derrida? In the "Phaedrus", Plato warned us "not to irritate a difficult-to-cure evil with medicine". Don Quixote, wanting to cure the world, applies a medicine to it – he fights against social injustice, the injustice of the weak, the enchanted, the condemned, the seduced – not realising that pharmakon is always both a cure and a poison. Poison, for it interferes with the natural course of disease: "If, however, one destroys them with medicines before the time appointed by Destiny has elapsed, then great diseases used to arise from small ones, and numerous ones from a few" ("Phaedrus"). The pharmakon can intensify evil rather than combat it. The metaphor of evil existing in the human world as a natural disease that is better not to be disturbed weakens Don Quixote's guilt.

The knight's mistake or fault is that he does not come from the world he wants to repair: he is a solitary individual, ignoring the moral norms that regulate community life. He acts destructively to the stability of the community by his very strange, unsettling presence. The vision of a world in which the cure is always also a poison, a world alone, condemned to itself, with no possibility of salvation from outside, deepens the tragic dimension of the character of Don Quixote. "There is no harmless cure" – to repeat after Derrida.

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Thursday

There are some things you want that you will never achieve, but at least you have a goal. So how about pursuing them in such a way that you don't reach that goal, that you don't lose it forever? I am still striving for my goal, which is Dulcinea.

Tuesday

All in all I like hospital food, it's not a problem for me. I'm glad the food is there at all. I know that it is, after all, what people have prepared for other people and not for pigs. You have to appreciate this food and that we have it. I am not complaining. I like those slices of bread cut in half, margarine and jam, or mortadella, or some kind of pate... And the compote, really great.

Friday

By being in hospital more often, you get used to certain things, but you also get to know the ways of what to do to make it a bit better for you. That monotony can make you depressed and make you worse, so you need to find something to help relieve all that emotional tension. This can happen in real space, but also in your imagination. I have found a way out, I have Dulcinea.

Saturday

Some people can control their dreams, they can dream the same dream over and over again in episodes. I had that kind of time too. The story always started where it ended before. Sometimes I flew in the dream. Once I also came out of my body and flew away for good.



Sunday

Loneliness.



PROGRAM

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**MIŁOSZ MARKIEWICZ
BARTOSZ CUDAK
JULIA KORUS
EDITORS**

**JULIA KORUS
PROOFREADING**

**FILIP STUDNIAREK
TYPESETTING OF THE PROGRAMME**

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