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Jackson Rhoads Custom Shop Polka Dot V

Summary

Manufacturer URL	www.jacksonguitars.com
Features	10 (4 responses)
Sound	10 (4 responses)
Action, Fit, & Finish	9.3 (4 responses)
Reliability/Durability	10 (4 responses)
Customer Support	10 (4 responses)
Overall Rating	10 (4 responses)

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Price Paid: US \$2000

Purchased from: N/A
Jam Masterz Axes n' Amps

Features: 10

All right, shit is just getting out of hand here. People keep e-mailing me wanting to know all about my SIGNATURE Randy Rhoads Jackson V. Like I don't have anything better to do than sit here and write reviews? Fuck that. When I'm not pulling double shifts at Walgreens, I'm spending my time the way any true rocker knows how -- banging HEADS and banging SLUTS, with some quality brew time with my good buddy Dino on the side. Whether it's shredding out with my new band SLUTBANGER, or my side project LETHALICON, I always keep the intense metal mayhem BURNING like the crotch of a Vietnamese whore. You know what I'm talking about.

Anyways, I'm not going to tell you all that technical bullshit that you don't want to hear. All that shit about double-locking tremoloes, humbuckers, strings, and all the stuff that dudes who liked Slayer's "Diabolus In Musica" better than "South of Heaven" probably care about. If you don't own "South of Heaven," then give me call so I can come over and beat you senseless with my SIGNATURE Randy Rhoads Jackson V, because you're about as metal as that kid whose ass I stomped at the last Insataniy show because he asked me if i liked the latest GORETICIAN disc. On the other hand, if you didn't know that "South of Heaven" is a Slayer album, then you should probably call your mom or whoever it is that kept your crib too close to the microwave and thanks them for fucking up your BRAIN so much that you're totally ignorant of the most savagely INTENSE metal album since Blizzard of Ozz.

As for my Signature - you bet your ass - SIGNATURE Randy Rhoads Jackson V, it used to be all polka dot and shit, but Dino hooked me up with this wicked artist named Arturo who works down in Romeoville. He did a sweet-ass painting of a wolf pack hunting at night. Even though I had to stop playing with Rabid Wolf after that fuckhead Jimmy actually asked me to turn it DOWN one day at practice, probably because he's what we true metal maniacs like to call "a pussy assed bitch," it's still a killer wicked paint job that I'm gonna match on my Camaro hood once I finish up my neighbor's lawn.

Sound: 10

You want to know what the SIGNATURE Randy Rhoads Jackson V sounds like? Let me introduce you to a little something called UNCAGED METAL DESTRUCTION. When I first got my V, I went down into my basement, plugged it into my EVH 5150 custom half-stack with a 300-foot cord, and then I climbed up into my attic and stood in the window, looking over my neighborhood and wondering if they had any idea that there was about to be a full-frontal metal assault rolling straight through their homes. As I hit that first power G chord, I felt my house rumble as the sonic metal

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INVASION trampled its way through its walls and loosed itself upon my unsuspecting neighbor, who was stupid enough to come out from his backyard and ask me what was going on. I mean, by now the neighbors know that when I'm standing in that attic window, they should watch where they step because their BALLS are about to be rocked off.

So ANYWAY, there I am, giving my neighbor a good look at what it means to be a true rocker, and just for fun I start practicing some killer Maiden licks when he tries to tell me to turn it down or he'd call the police. Do I look like I have time for his rules?? I'm fucking rocking out, man! I unzipped my pants and told him what he could do with his police.

Anyway, the point is, the SIGNATURE Randy Rhoads Jackson V, if you're lucky enough to own one, will grab you by the throat and spit nothing but pure, UNADULTERATED METAL TONE in your face. Why am I telling you this? If you haven't heard this guitar by now, then you obviously have no concept of what true METAL is all about. You've heard what I've said about Mexican Stratocasters? I bet you play one, don't you, you little bitch? That's what I thought. The Randy Rhoads V gives you maximum tonal definition while acting as a massive slut magnet at every show you bring it to. Just keep a rag handy, because chicks get so wet around this baby, they might end up dripping all over the EQ knobs, and that can seriously fuck up your electronics

Action, Fit, & Finish: 10

Does this guitar have any flaws? Maybe the fact that you'll have to waste more time kicking the asses of punks that come over and hang around in your basement trying to get a look at it. Like when I came home one day from Dino's, and I heard some totally un-metal, pussy-ass, limp-wristed NON-POWER-CHORDS coming from my basement. I kicked open the door with my boot and found my fucking little brother Randy actually trying to PLAY MY FUCKING GUITAR. Now as you know, this was just one of the many occasions that I found Randy fucking with my shit. Mom says that I should be nicer to him because he looks up to me. Fuck that! I was the one who named him Randy (after you-know-who), in the hopes that he might end up being a brutal demon of speed metal and we could rock out like true brothers of doom, but instead he's just a snotty little punk who likes to get his grubby little hands on my shit. So I had to teach him a lesson.

I grabbed that Jackson V out of his hands and twisted the guitar strap around his neck while it was still on the guitar, and then I put the guitar on his shoulders, strapped his hands to either end with a couple spare cables I had lying around, and I pulled off my belt. Man, could he scream! After five or six whips across the back with my studded Motorhead belt buckle, Mom came down and started yelling at me. She started unstrapping him from the guitar, and I only got a couple more licks in across his shoulders before I had to stop my axe from hitting the ground. That paint job was fucking expensive, you know? Mom kept screaming and Randy's blowing snot everywhere because he was crying like a fucking little mama's boy. I mean, if he's not ready to face the lion, then why'd he walk in the cage? That's what I say. I tried to explain to my mom that, quite obviously, Randy had not grown up to be as metal as we both had hoped, but she totally didn't understand. But I'll tell you one thing - it was a lon time before Randy fucked with any of my shit anymore.

Reliability/Durability: 10

Have you ever grabbed your axe by the neck and clocked some punk in the teeth with it because he said that "Powerslave" is a better album than "Seventh Son"? I have, and let me tell you, my SIGNATURE Jackson V split his face without picking up a scratch. This baby has taken more beatings than Cannibal Corpse's drum kit on "The Bleeding." As for reliability, do I sound like the kind of poser who would play anything but the BEST guitar for hours upon hours of thrashing metal annihilation? Not ONCE has my V let me down, not even when I got so overwhelmed by its killer tone that I had to climb up on my 5150 half stack and jump onto my lead singer's back, guitar and all. I mean, sometimes there's just so much metal pounding through my brain that I just have to let it out, you know? Anyway, after I started chewing on his ear, he threw me and my Jackson V on the ground, but the V never once stopped ejaculating its hot metal love juice all over me.

Customer Support: N/A

Dude, haven't I told you that I NEVER, EVER TALK TO CORPORATE NON-ROCKERS about my gear? You might as well just buy yourself a pretty little keyboard and start up some pussy dance pop band, because those are the only people who would actually call somebody in an OFFICE and ask them how to rock.

Overall Rating: 10

This guitar cost about five times more than my car, but it's worth every penny. Do you want to get swallowed up by a WHIRLWIND OF BRUTALITY, not to mention by all those metal sluts who will be dropping to their knees for you when they see you walking backstage with that alligator-skinned guitar case and a pair of electric blue spandex pants? If not, then stay on your couch and strum your Simon and Garfunkel songs on whatever lame acoustic guitar you just found in your closet. But if you're ready to get sweaty with the hottest metal sluts this side of Gary, Indiana, then grab your wallet and stop acting like such a bitch. Once, when I hit a particularly animalistic harmonic on this baby, I heard this ear-shattering screech. It wasn't coming out of my amp, but from the alley behind my dad's garage. When I walked out back, I found that my precisely honed chops, when matched up with the SIGNATURE Jackson V, were enough to induce seizures into the family of raccoons that live in our dumpster. So don't buy this guitar if you're someone who only goes halfway, because the SIGNATURE Randy Rhoads Jackson V will know. So if you try to plug this thing into a Fender Blues Combo or some other pussy piece of shit amp that isn't ready to unleash an unrelenting METAL STORM on the world, it will probably just stop working, or maybe even attempt to choke you to death with the guitar strap. Don't ask me how. This thing is fucking brutal.

Submitted by Rip Glitter at 07/25/2001 14:21

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Price Paid: N/A

Features: 10

Let get one this straight: the Peavey 5150 is made only for rockers who can handle balls-swallowing METAL ACTION (or AXE-shun). So if you wearing some fucking backwards red baseball cap and thinking you're gonna be the next Korn Against the Bizkit or whatever the fuck you listen to, then you might as well just take that \$5,000 Les Paul your uncle gave you and throw it under the tires of whatever pussy-ass sport coupe you're driving, because the 5150 doesn't have TIME for your PUSSY-ASS SHIT!

See, the people at Peavey were smart, because they put like twenty knobs on the 5150. Anyone who knows how to truly rock knows there's only one knobs that matters -- GAIN. That way, when the salesman sees you plugging in the Mexico-made Fender strat or whatever other pussy-ass guitar you pick off the rack, and he sees you start messing with every knob on the board while you insult the 5150 with your blatantly non-metal licks, he can kick your sorry ass OFF the chair and beat you like the REO Speedwagon fan you probably are, because no one who truly understood the 5150 would waste time with knobs when they could be pumping out some killer Sacrificium tunes on a Signature Randy Rhoads Jackson V at top volume.

Sound Quality: 10

You know what I use. SIGNATURE Randy Rhoads Jackson V, downtuned to B, with only my DOD FX-59 THRASHMASTER pedal between it and the 5150 (look up the THRASHMASTER for my other reviews). Yesterday, I took my 5150 over to my friend Dino's house, and he opened it up and disconnected every knob except the GAIN one, and then we busted that knob off so it's permanently stuck at 10, because that's the only number I need to know when it comes to pumping out my hot n' tasty licks with my new side project, LETHALICON, when we hit the stage at the Greenbriar Community Center every Thursday. After Dino and I modded my amp, every time i hit a low B, it sounds like the members of Hierarchical Punish are in my basement, beating the members of Civilization Hatred to death with amplified, unbridled metal brutality. This amp is for PURE, SLUTBANGING METAL, so don't even touch it unless you're ready to proclaim your dedication to annihilation!

Reliability: 10

I always say a good amp is like a good woman -- if it lasts through the first couple beatings, it's yours for life. This baby can take all the kicks and still pump out the hottest licks. Once, when I caught my little brother looking at my Signature Randy Rhoads Jackson V, I strapped his head to the 5150 and hung him out the window by his ankles. He kept squirming and hollering until finally I dropped him, but it was okay, because the 5150 was hooked back up in minutes, and none of the blood or snot stopped it from giving me the hot metal injection I demand. Let me put it this way: the 5150 will treat you better than any girlfriend, because it screams louder, it's easier to pick up, and it shuts up when you take your plug out.

Customer Support: 10

You think I have time to talk to corporate non-rockers about this shit? No fucking way! Any time I got a problem with anything, my amigo Dino sets me up just fine. Sometimes, I'll call the customer service number, and when they pick up the phone, I'll put the receiver down by my amp and crank out "Fool for the City" by Foghat just to show my appreciation. They're never on the phone when I finish, but I'm sure they like to hear how at least SOME of us know how to use their amps for the prep-smacking ROCK they wanna hear.

Overall Rating: 10

I've been playing long enough to know that this amp kicks more ass and gets more chicks than my band's last bass player. Look, if you're still reading this review, then you obviously have some sort of cranial damage. If you do, that means you probably already own a 5150 and a Signature Randy Rhoads Jackson V, in which case, KEEP ROCKIN'! Because if you didn't already own one of these, by now you should be at Guitar Center, buying your 5150 head and telling them how they need to hold a Guitar Center 5150-a-thon, because it's the only amp that matters anyway.

Submitted by [Rip Glitter](#) at 02/16/2001 10:30

Price Paid: US \$59

Ease of Use: 10

This pedal doesn't fuck around with lots of fancy-schmancy knobs. You get Level, Gain, and Presence. What the fuck else do you need? Personally, I don't like having to do math when I'm trying to get good tone out of my axe. That's why the helpful folks at DOD have removed numbers from their knob dials, and just use black dots. Why the fuck should i have to remember "Presence 3, Gain 10, Level 10" when my little brother's jagoff friends come over and fuck with my shit? When I plug in my Signature Randy Rhoads Jackson V, I only want to think about one thing: rocking my ass off. The THRASH MASTER gives me that hardcore metal edge I want without all the pussy crap. Turn the knobs and turn it up!

Sound Quality: 10

I wish I could explain it. It's like Kerry King and Scott Ian went cannibal, killed and ate the members of Diabolic Intent, jacked off their Diabolic Intent-infested spooge all over the second Type O album, and played it through my Eddie Van Halen 5150 half-stack at top volume. This pedal is METAL through and through. Sometimes I have to stop and slam my head into the wall because I can't believe how fucking amazing my axe sounds with the Thrash Master. After I regain consciousness, I can hear this heavy grinding noise through my amp, and i realize that even when I was knocked out, the Thrash Master KEPT ON ROCKING WITHOUT ME. That's how good this pedal is.

Reliability: 10

You can beat this thing like a cheap back-alley whore and it'll keep coming back for more. No matter how EXTREME you think you might be, the THRASH MASTER can take all you dish out and more. It never stops pumping out the fist-pounding metal, even if you kick it like some pussy BUSH fan who showed up at the last Dark Legion show because he thought it was a D&D tournament.

Customer Support: N/A

Overall Rating: 10

If you don't get the point by now, maybe you never will. The THRASH MASTER is ready to give massive strokes to all your neighbors and those people who are unlucky enough to be walking by your home when you're playing through it. If you want, I will come over and thrash on my amp on your lawn, and you can install some new windows after you pound some craters into the walls with your head, because it's just that intense. And it's only like \$59, so it only takes like 5 lawn mowing jobs before you can buy it.

Submitted by [Rip Glitter](#) at 05/12/2000 08:28

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