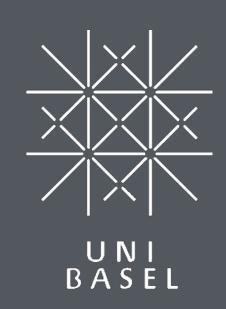
Feature extraction and embedding models

Dirk Wulff & Zak Hussain











"HOU! ANOW a word by the company thatIt Keeps!

John Rupert Firth Linguist 1890-1960

Latent semantic analysis

Contexts

this region of 1 galaxy 1 galaxy

"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the _Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

Latent semantic analysis

Contexts

"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass hear the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

Latent semantic analysis

Contexts

"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

Latent semantic analysis

Contexts

"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the _Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

Latent semantic analysis

Contexts

"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

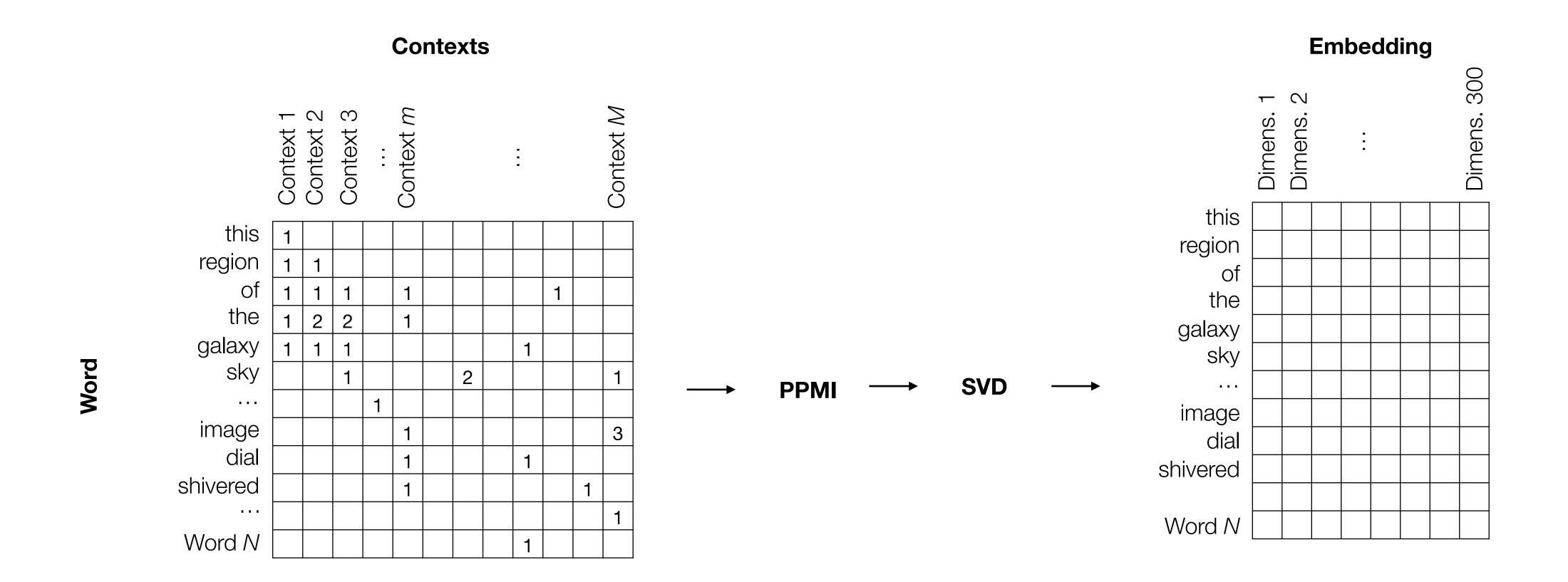
Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

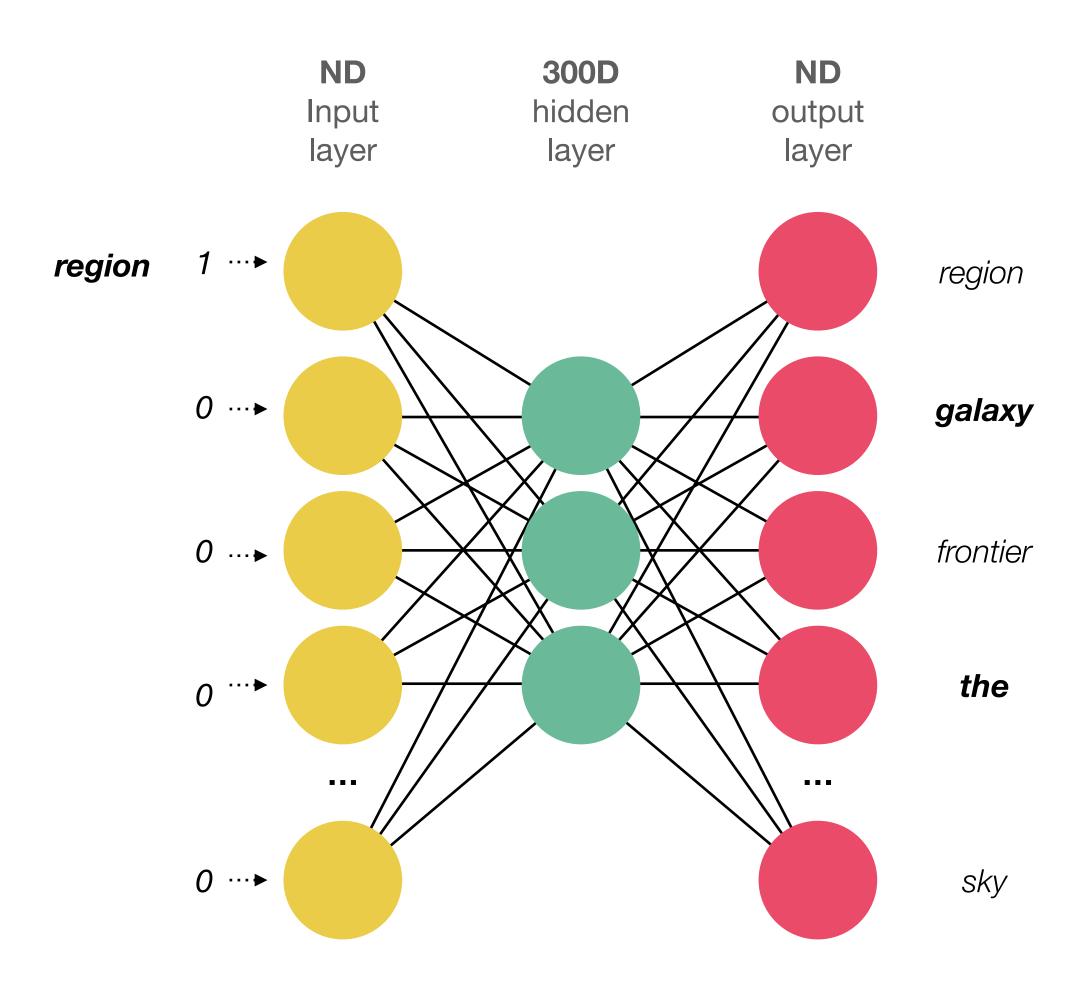
I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

Latent semantic analysis



word2vec



"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

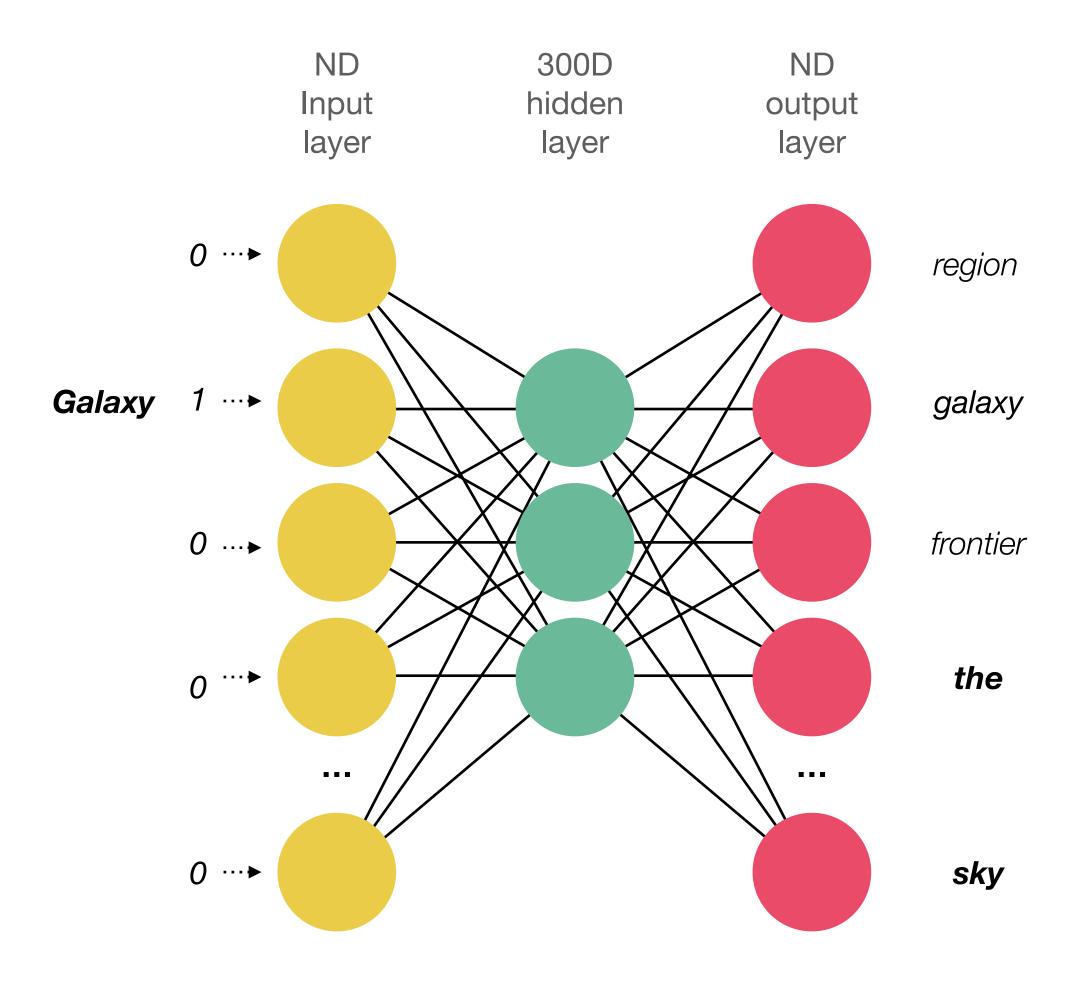
Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the _Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

word2vec



"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

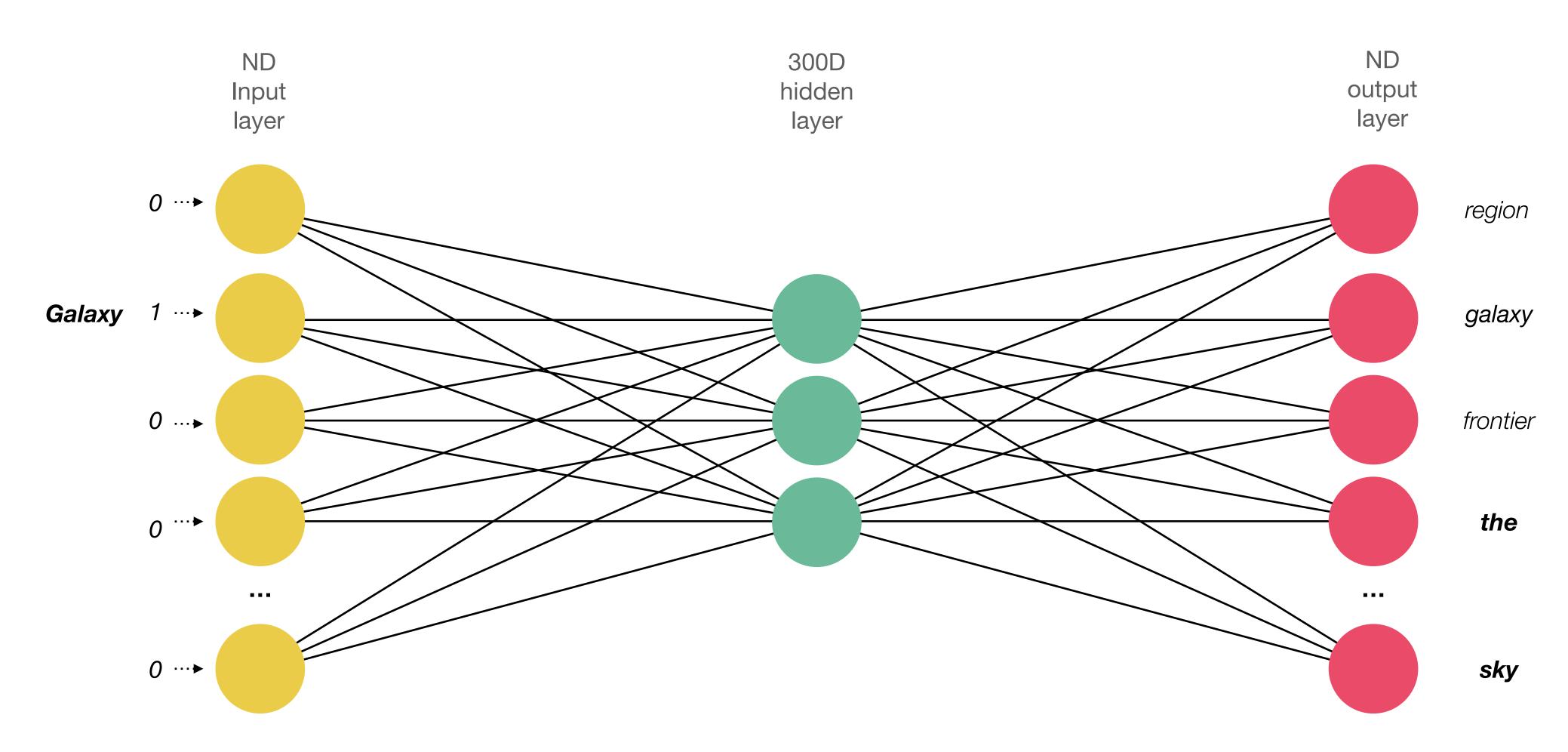
Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the _Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

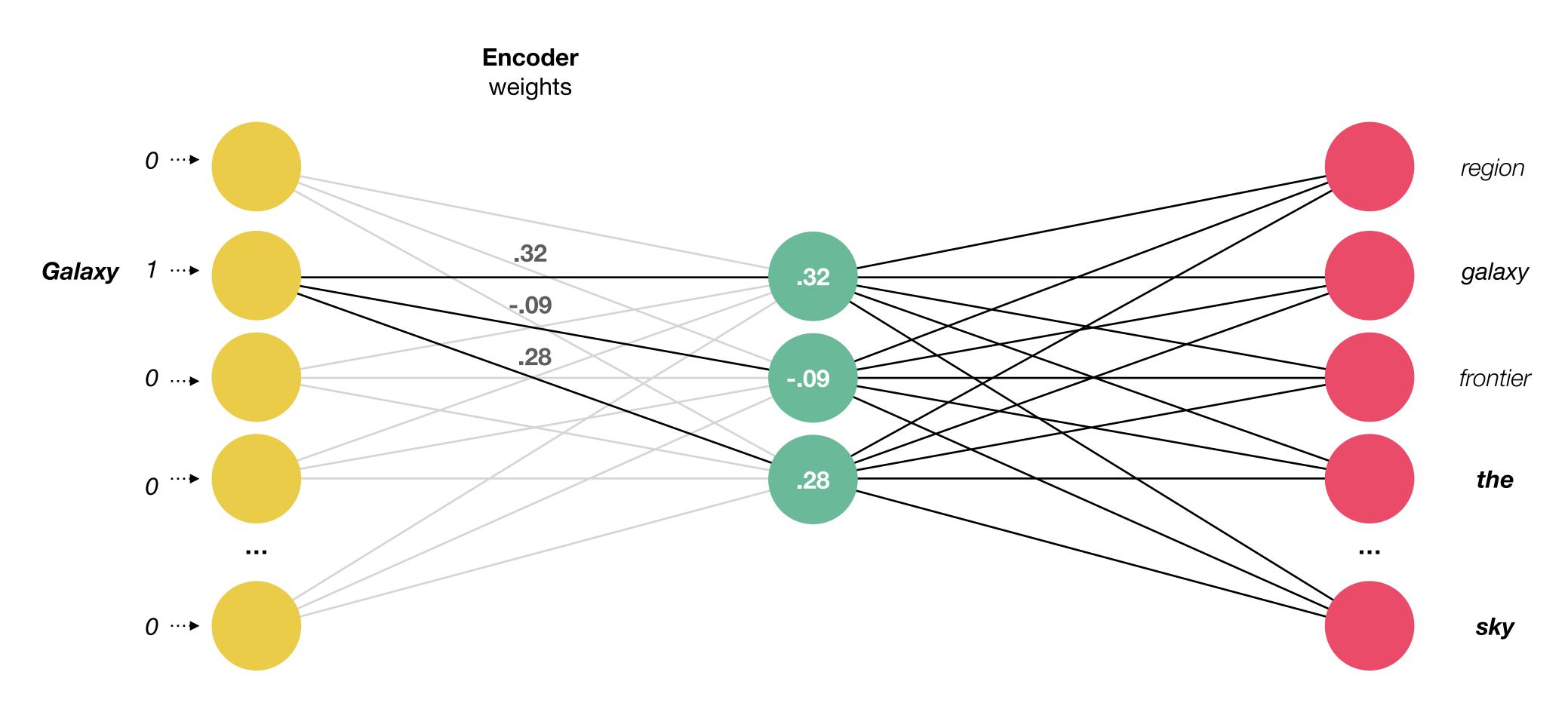
I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

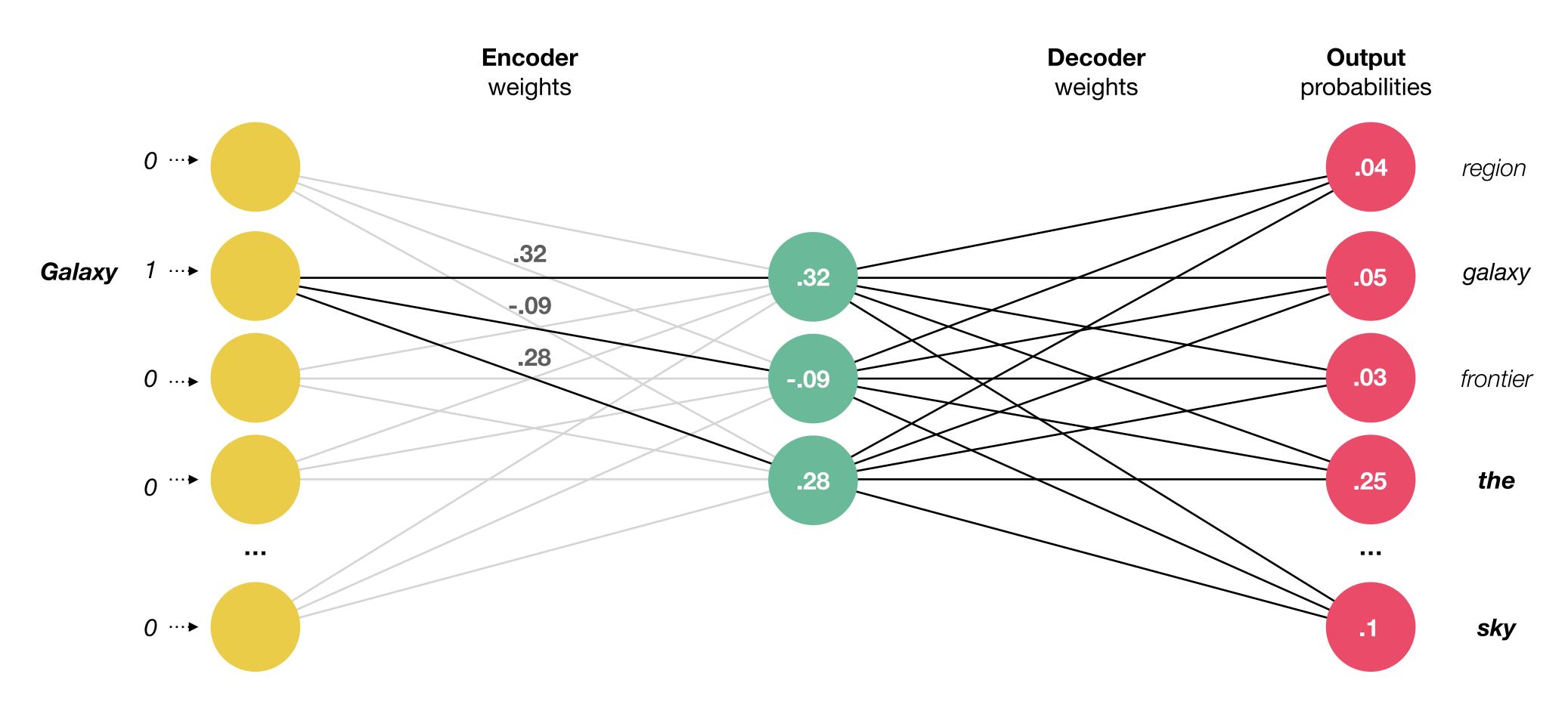
word2vec



"A good language model encodes words with similar output similarly"

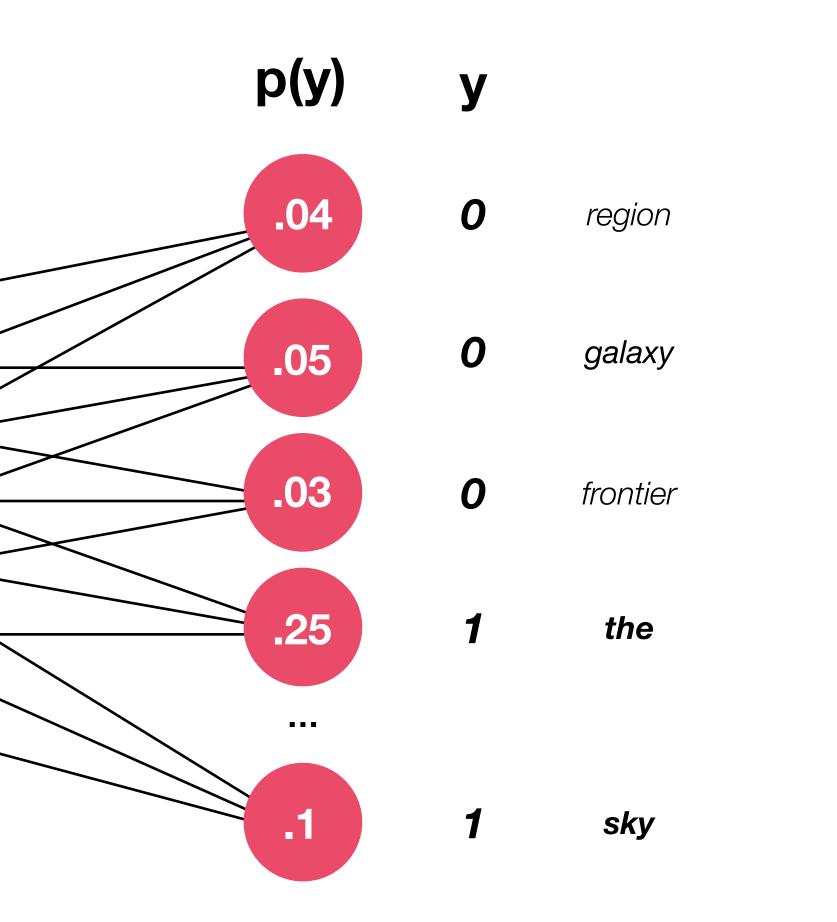


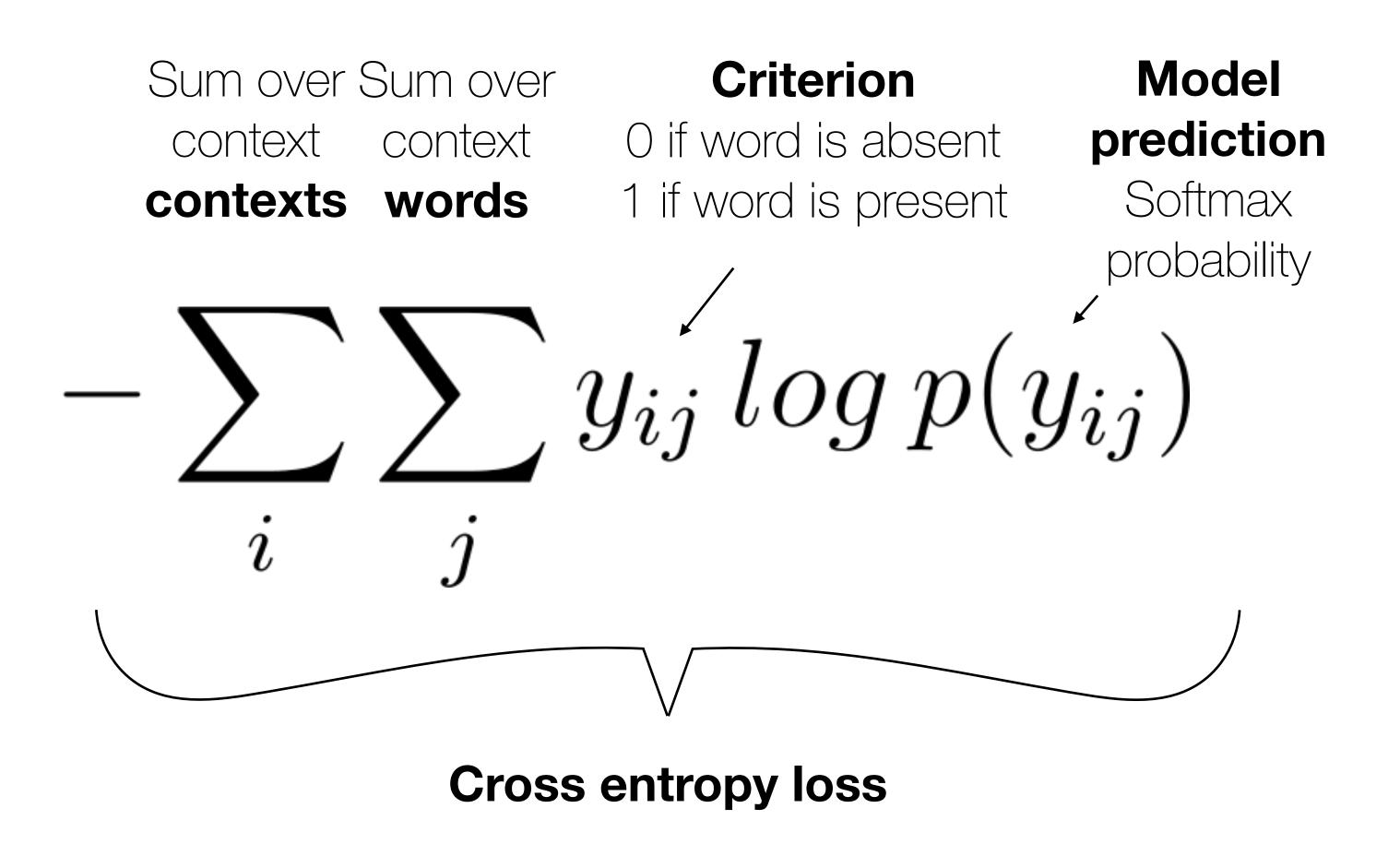
"A good language model encodes words with similar output similarly"



Error signal

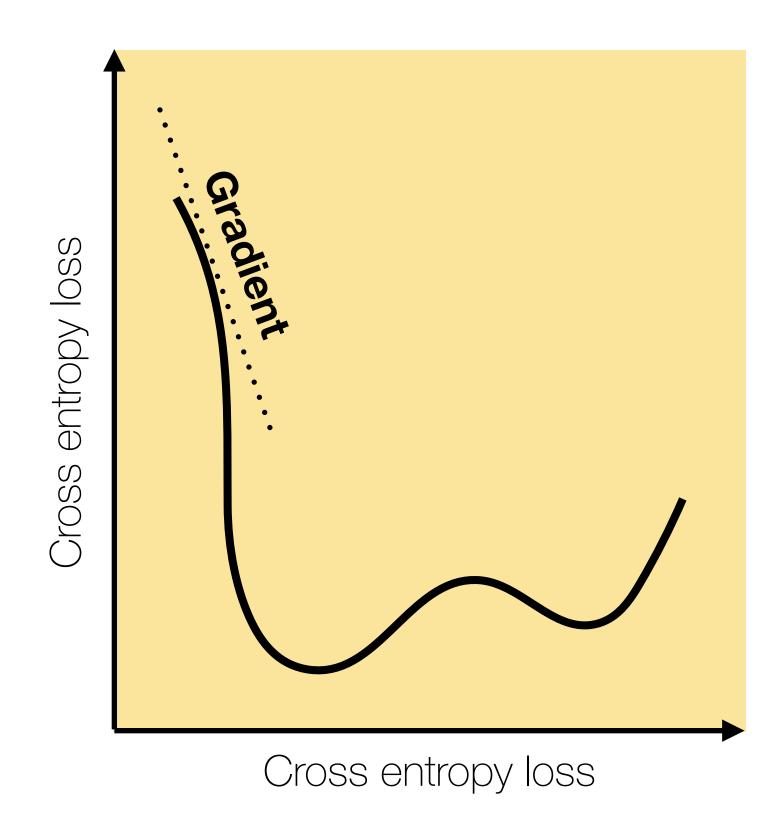
and gradient descent

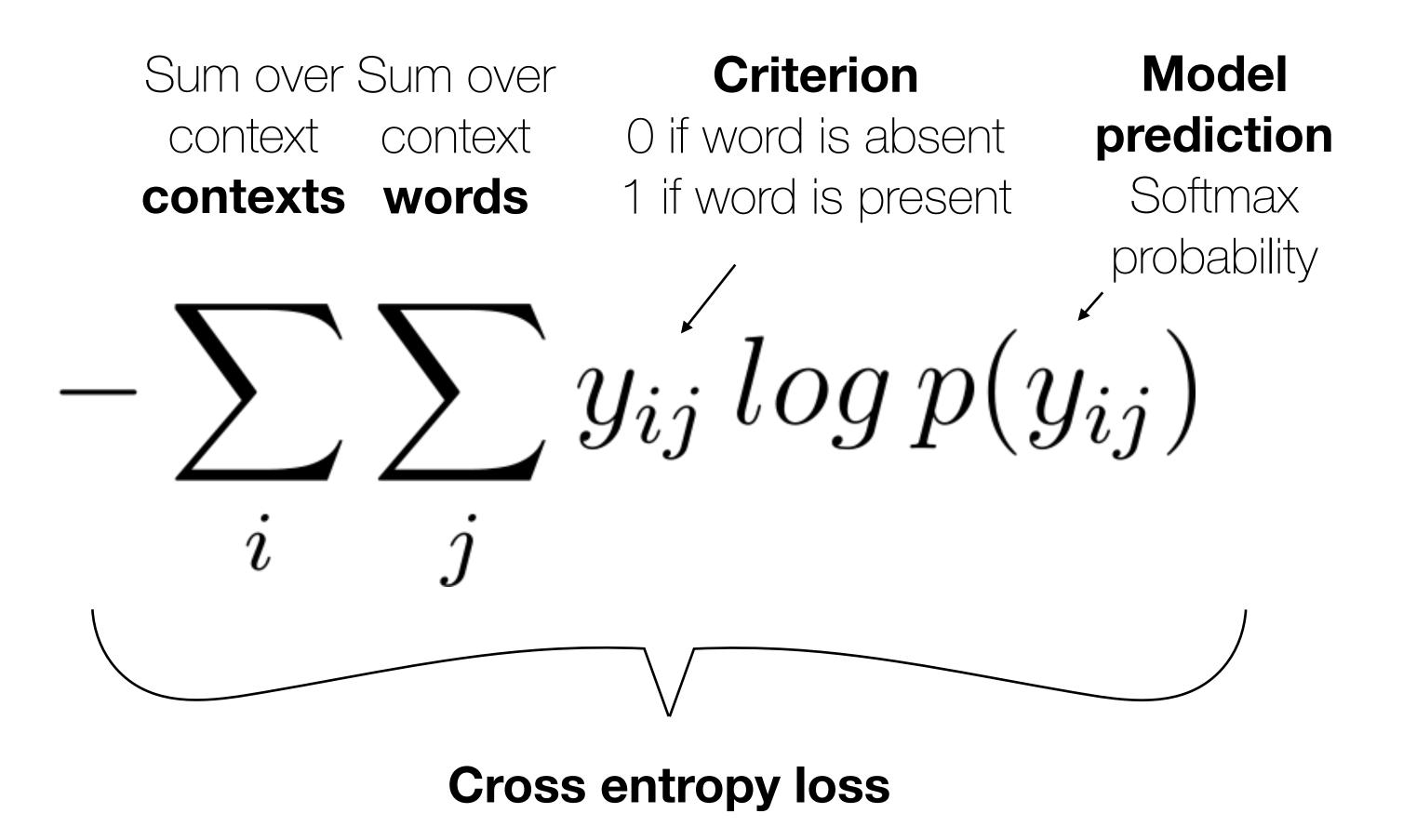




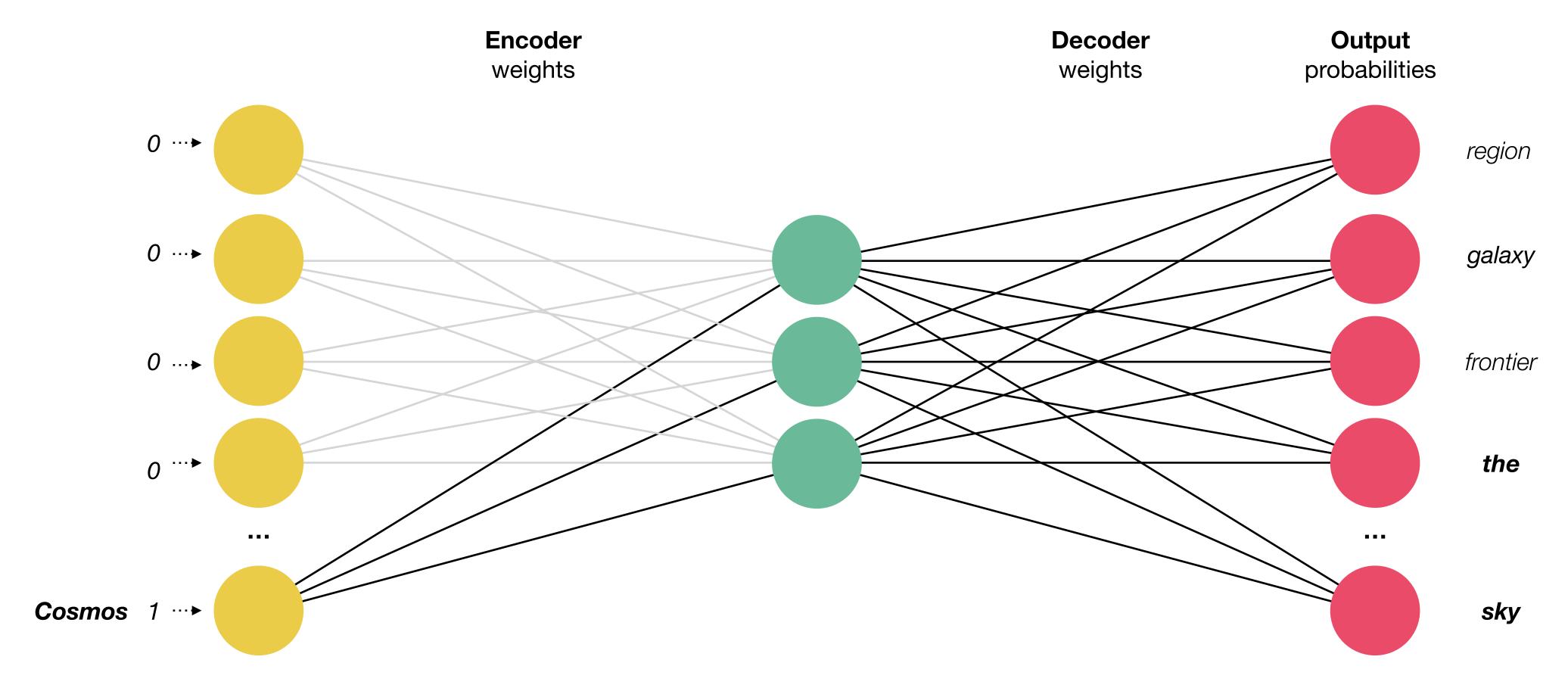
Error signal

and gradient descent

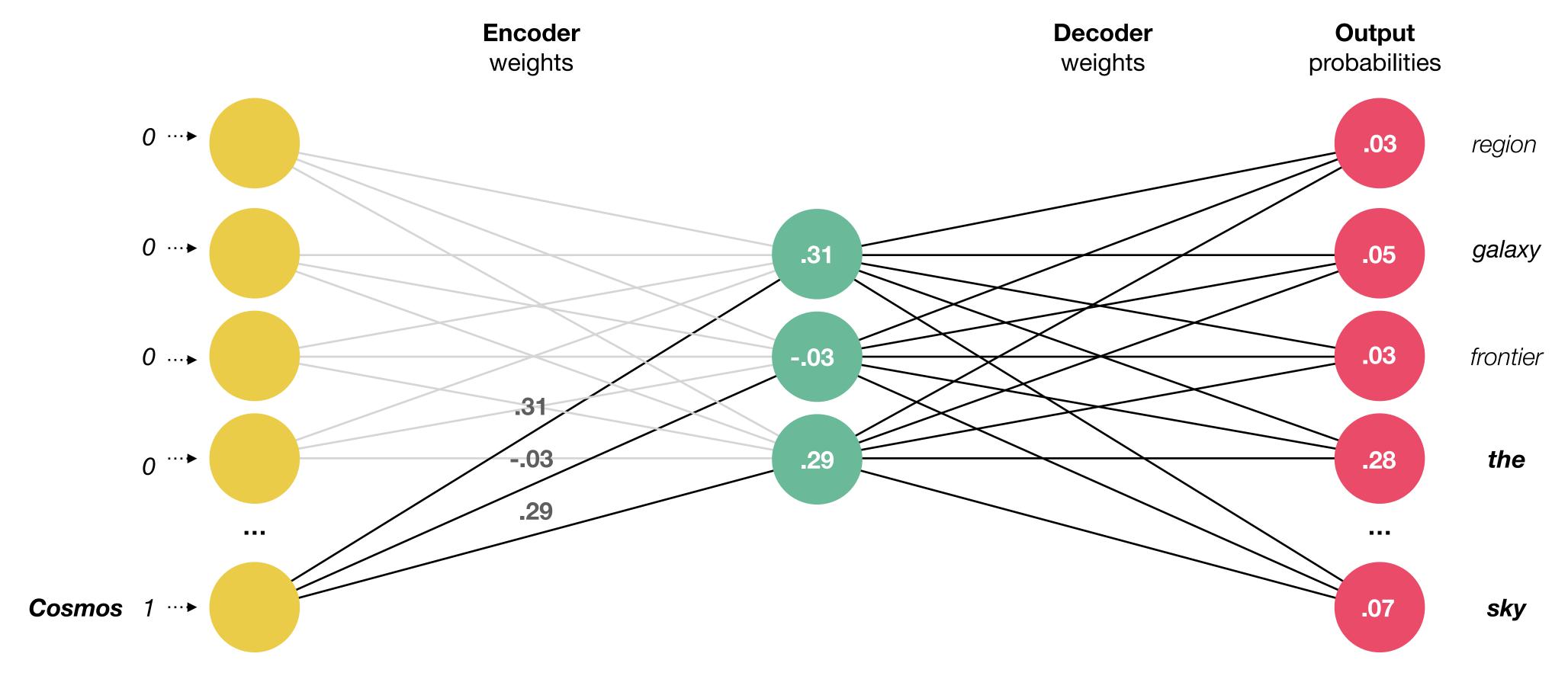




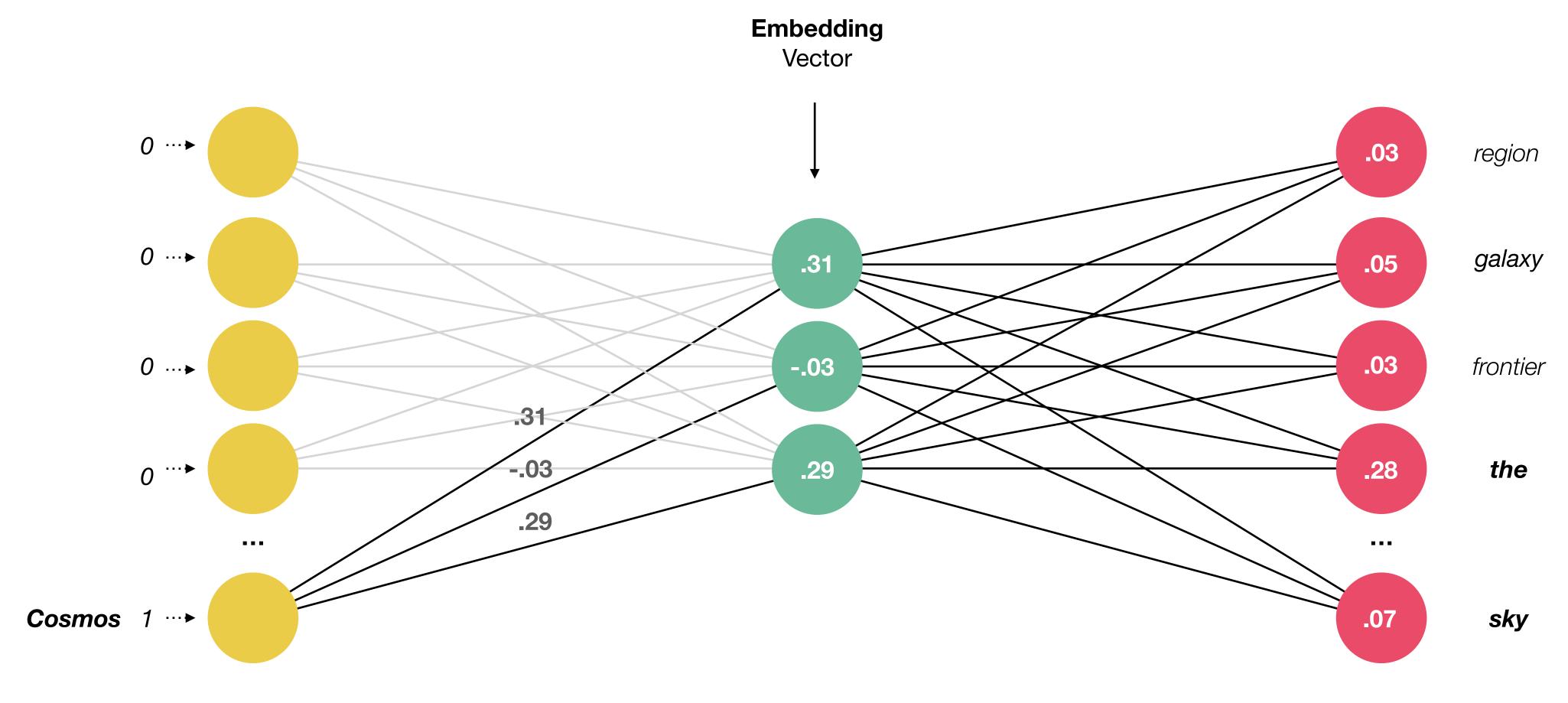
"A good language model encodes words with similar output similarly"

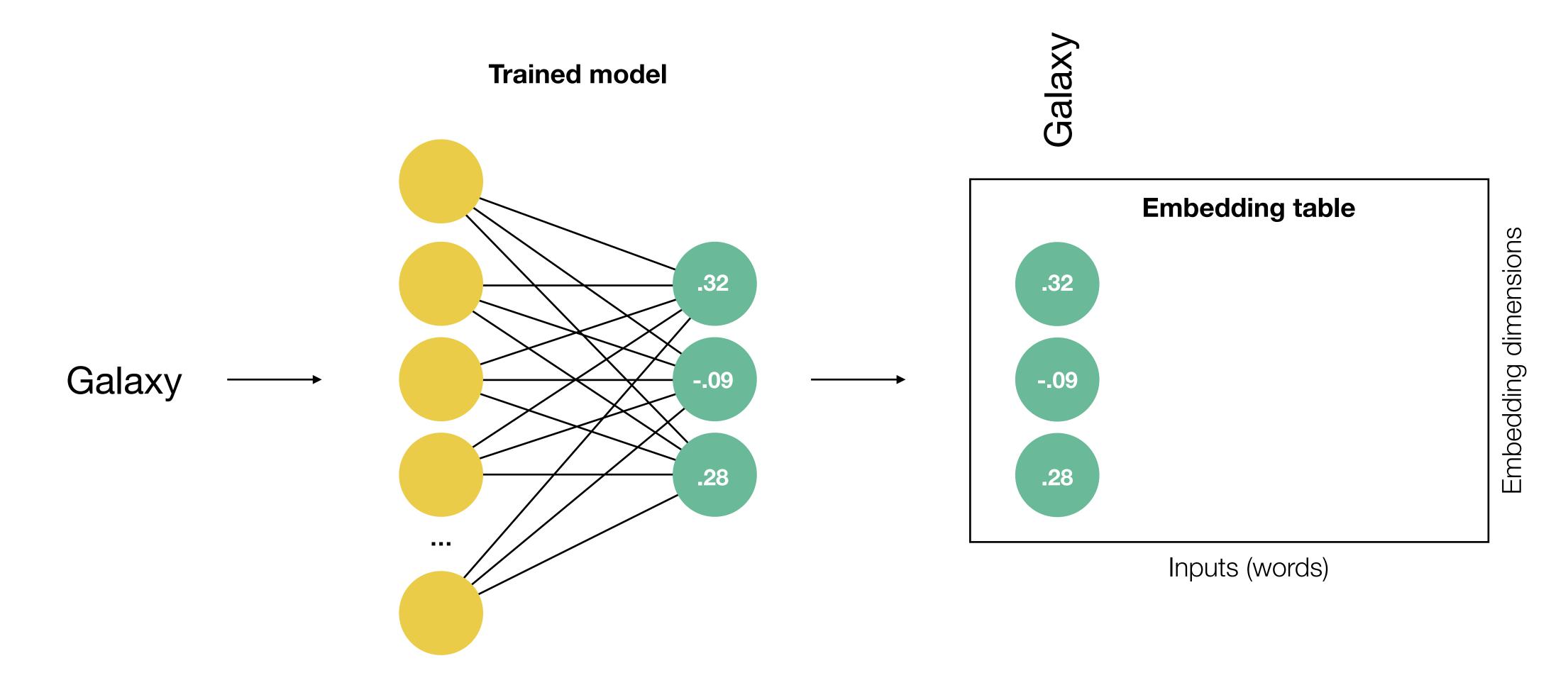


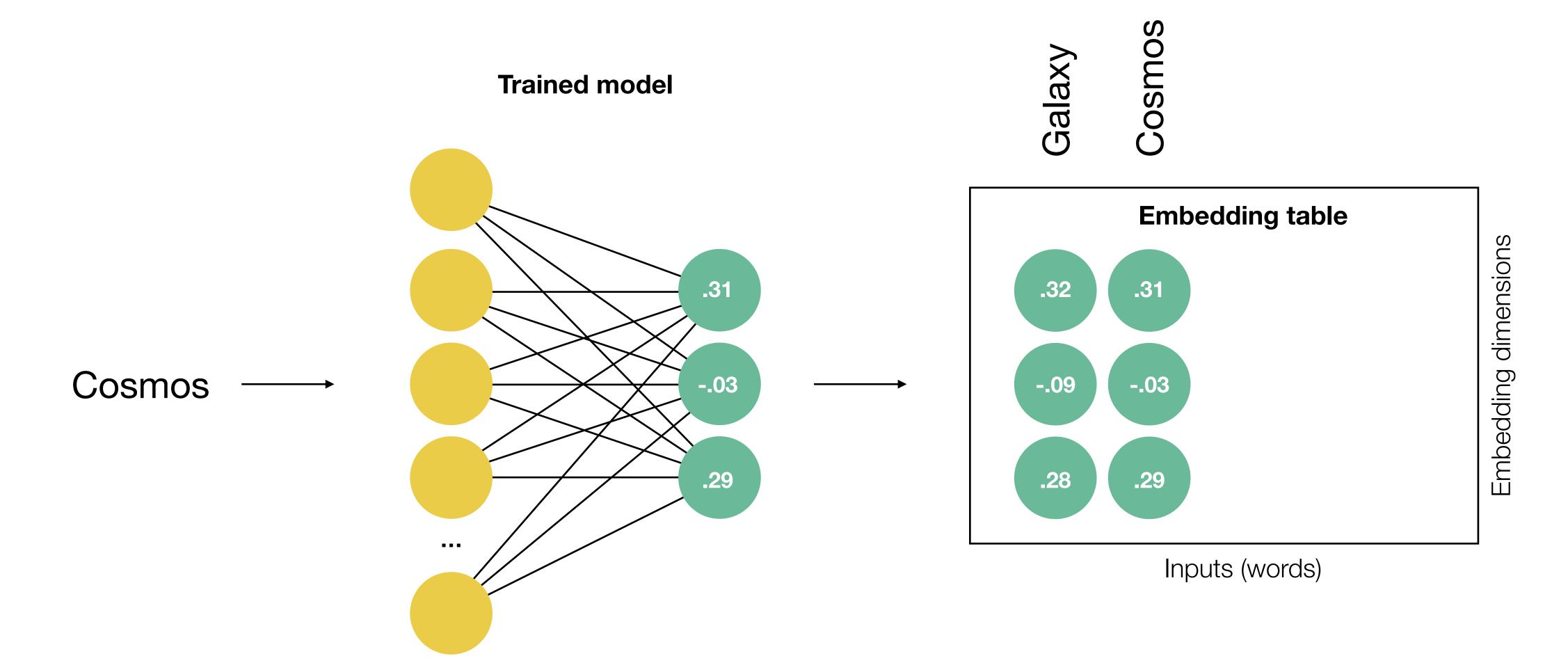
"A good language model encodes words with similar context similarly"

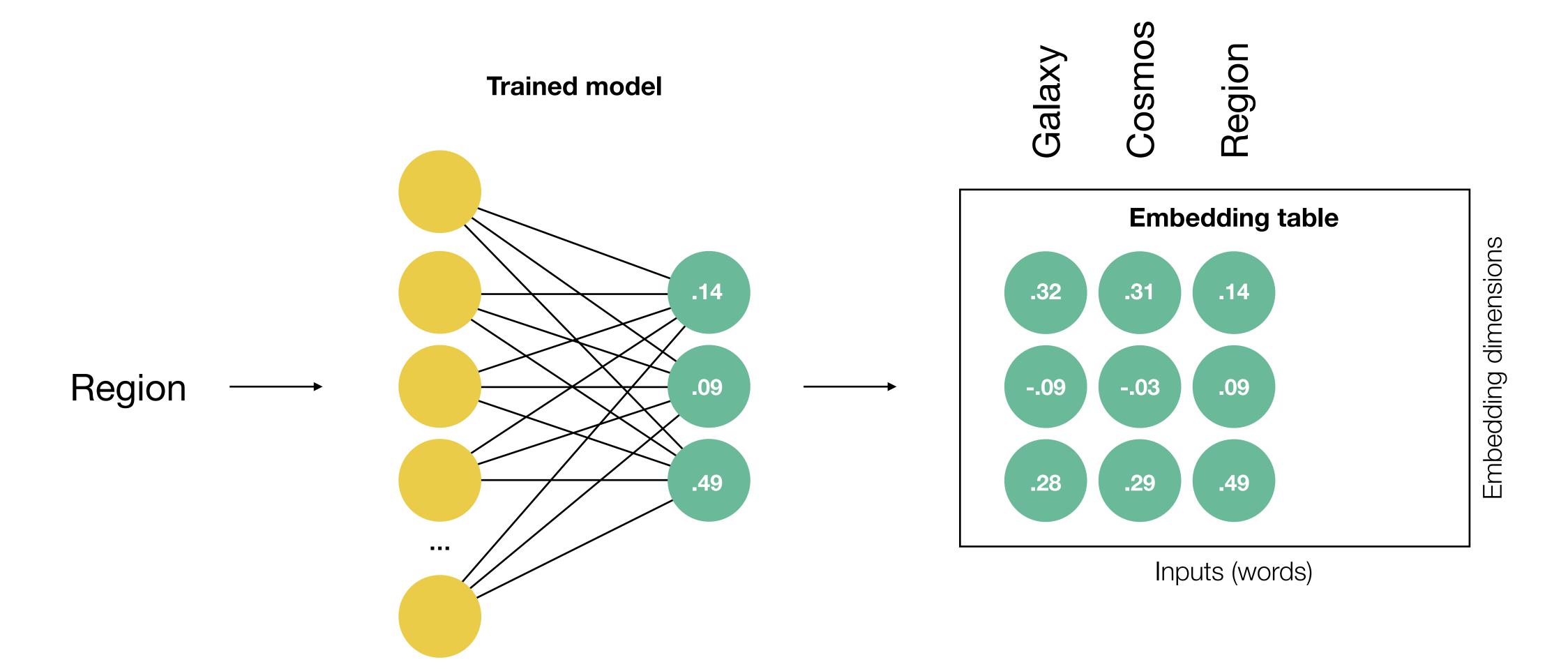


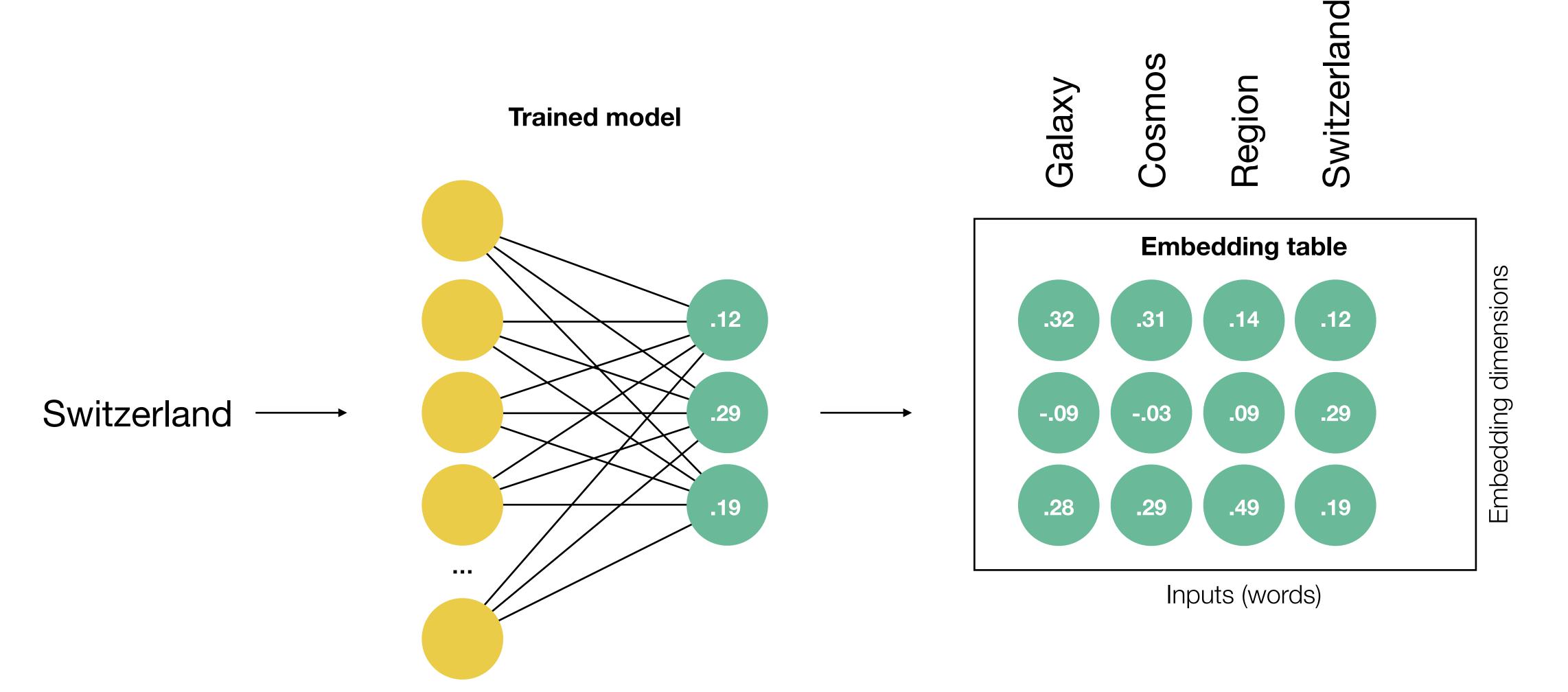
Embeddings = hidden activations (typically right before the output)

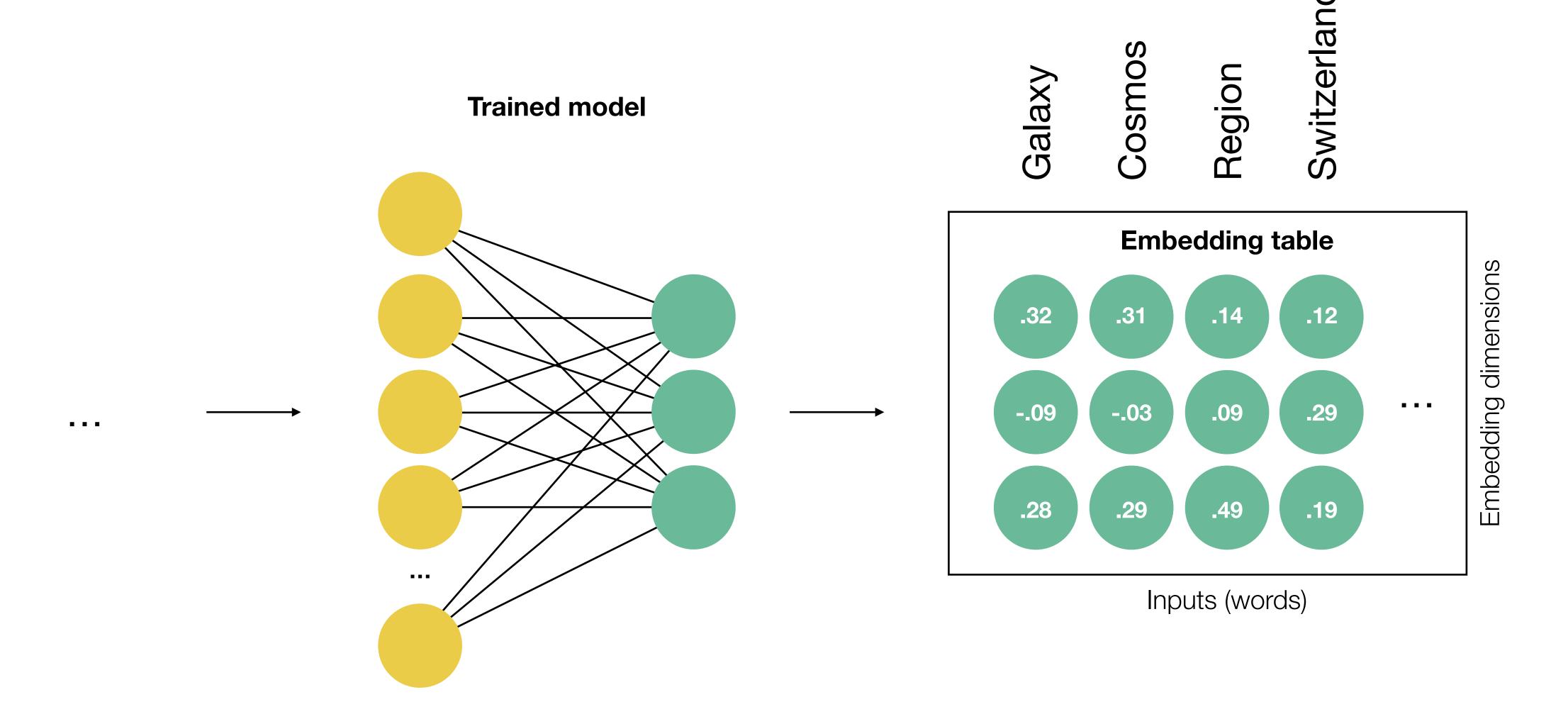






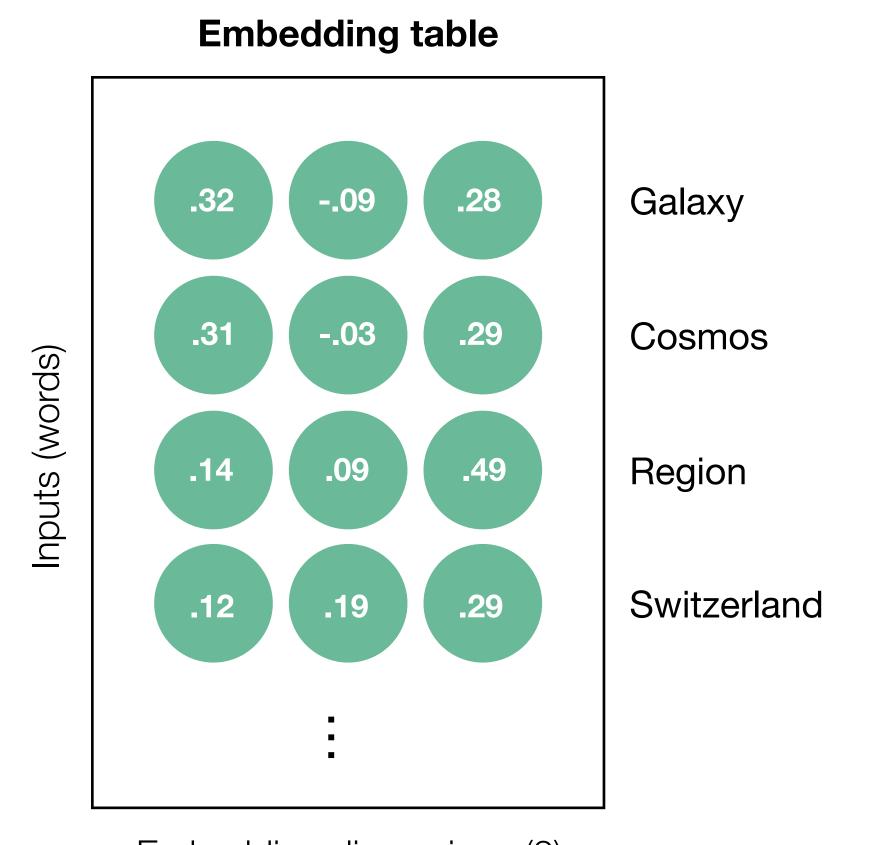






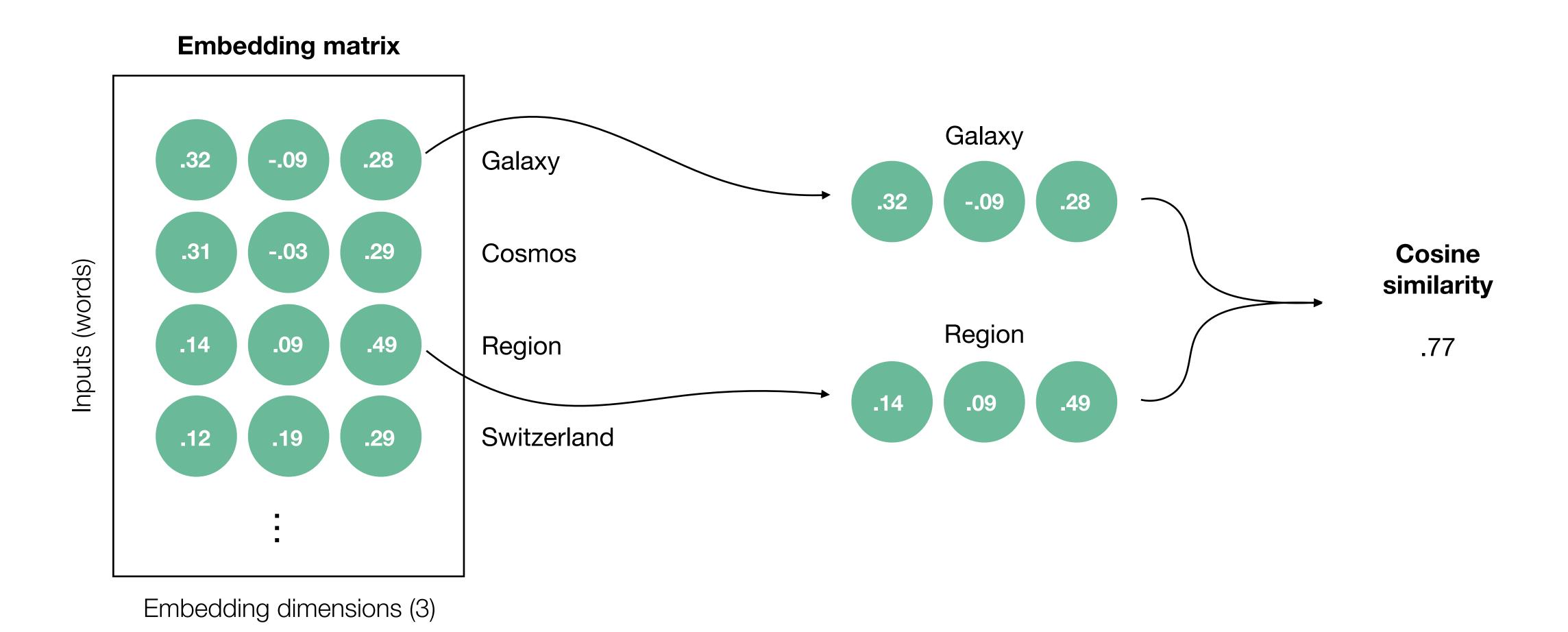
Comparing embeddings

Using cosine similarity



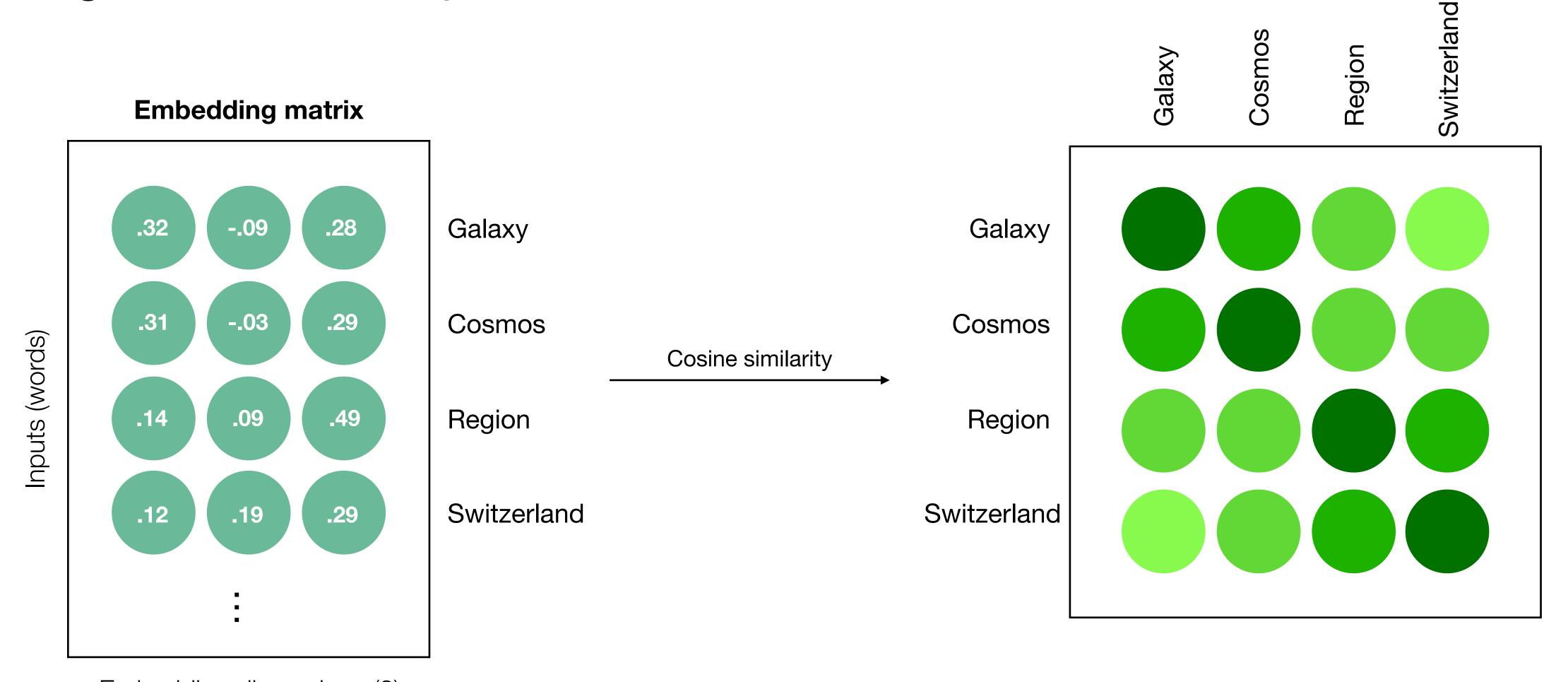
Comparing embeddings

Using cosine similarity



Comparing embeddings

Using cosine similarity



Embedding dimensions (3)

Intro to feature extraction and embedding models 2

Dirk Wulff & Zak Hussain



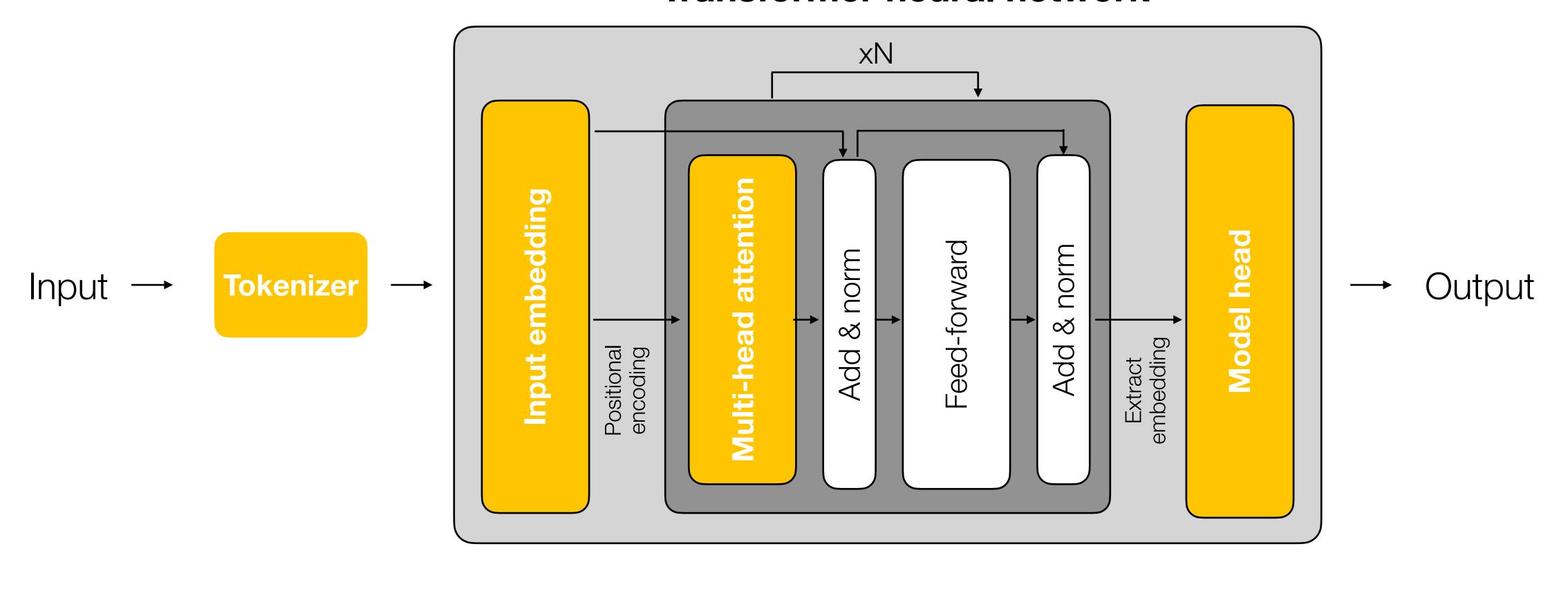






Architecture

Transformer neural network

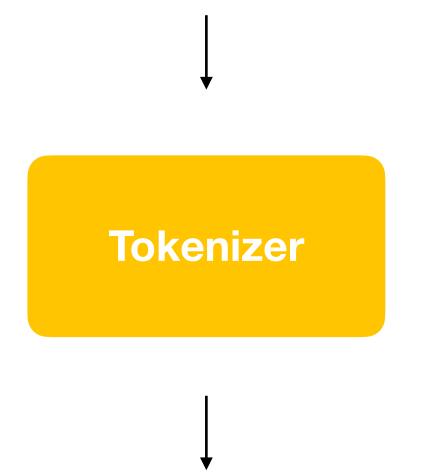


Lookup Mixing Using

Tokenziation

Sentence

'This was it, the descent.'



'[CLS]', 'this', 'was', 'it', ',', 'the', 'descent', '.', '[SEP]'

"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

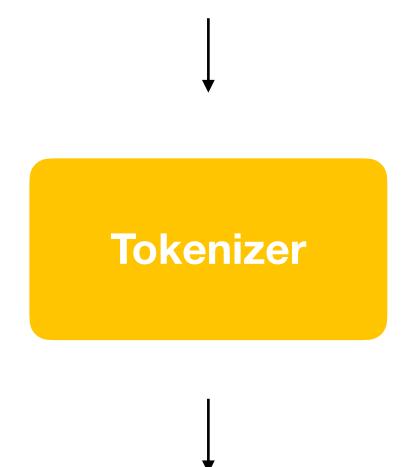
I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

Tokenziation

Sentence

'...merging into a vague, purplish glimmer...'



'merging', 'into', 'a', 'vague', ',', 'pu', '##rp', '##lish', 'g', '##lim', '##mer' "You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the _Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

Tokenziation

Sentence

'you've won 202000 Eur'



Tokenizer



'[CLS]', 'you', "'", 've', 'won', '2020', '##00', 'eu', '##r', '[SEP]'

"You're on your way, Kelvin. Good luck!" Moddard's voice sounded as close as before.

A wide slit opened at eye-level, and I could see the stars. The _Prometheus_ was orbiting in the region of Alpha in Aquarius and I tried in vain to orient myself; a glittering dust filled my porthole. I could not recognize a single constellation; in this region of the galaxy the sky was unfamiliar to me. I waited for the moment when I would pass near the first distinct star, but I was unable to isolate any one of them. Their brightness was fading; they receded, merging into a vague, purplish glimmer, the sole indication of the distance I had already travelled. My body rigid, sealed in its pneumatic envelope, I was knifing through space with the impression of standing still in the void, my only distraction the steadily mounting heat.

Suddenly, there was a shrill, grating sound, like a steel blade being drawn across a sheet of wet glass. This was it, the descent. If I had not seen the figures racing across the dial, I would not have noticed the change in direction. The stars having vanished long since, my gaze was swallowed up on the pale reddish glow of infinity. I could hear my heart thudding heavily. I could feel the coolness from the air-conditioning on my neck, although my face seemed to be on fire. I regretted not having caught a glimpse of the Prometheus_, but the ship must have been out of sight by the time the automatic controls had raised the shutter of my porthole.

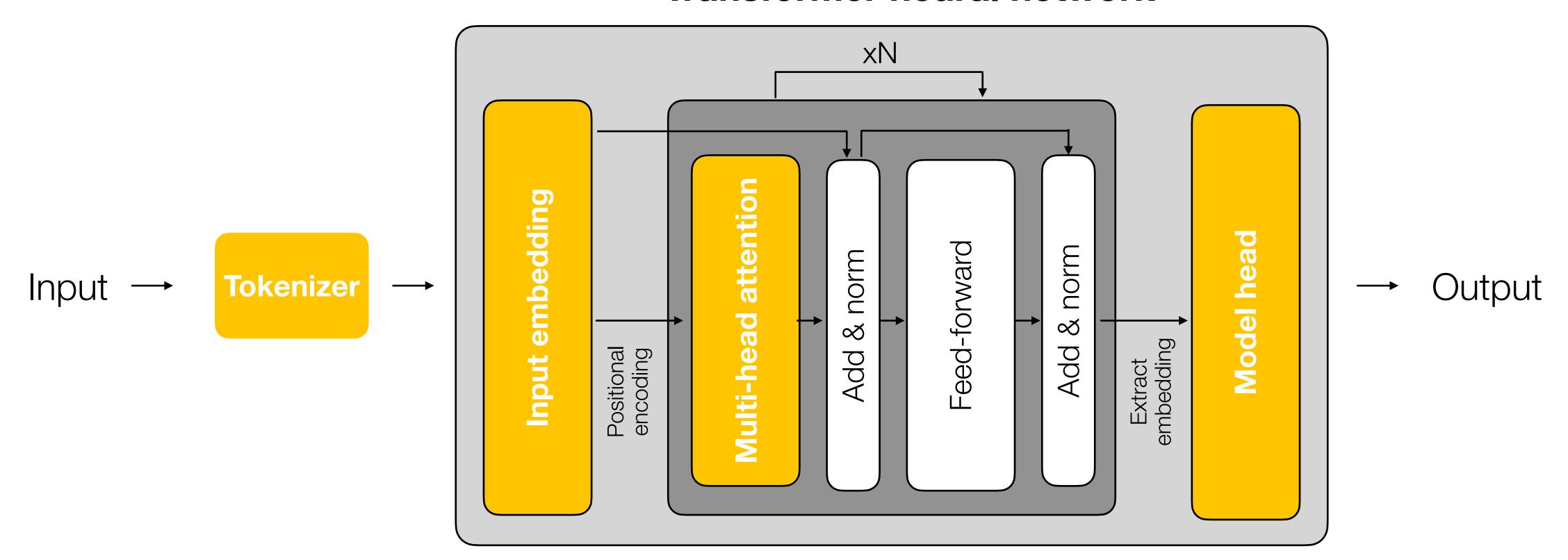
The capsule was shaken by a sudden jolt, then another. The whole vehicle began to vibrate. Filtered through the insulating layers of the outer skins, penetrating my pneumatic cocoon, the vibration reached me, and ran through my entire body. The image of the dial shivered and multiplied, and its phosphorescence spread out in all directions. I felt no fear. I had not undertaken this long voyage only to overshoot my target!

I called into the microphone:

"Station Solaris! Station Solaris! I think I am leaving the flight-path, correct my course! Station Solaris, this is the Prometheus capsule. Over."

Architecture

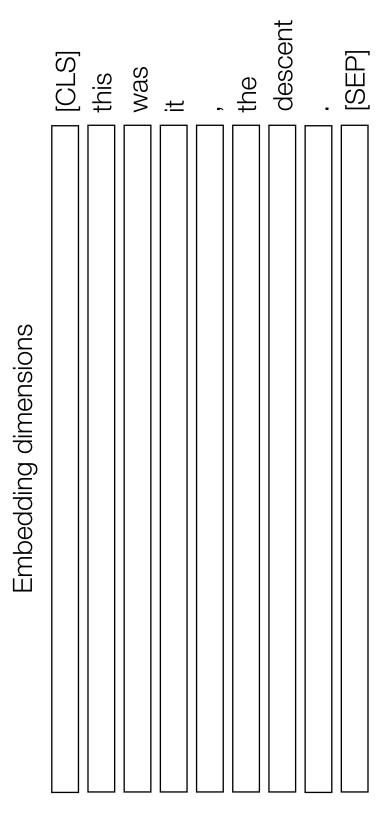
Transformer neural network



Input embeddings

Embedding

+ Pos weighting

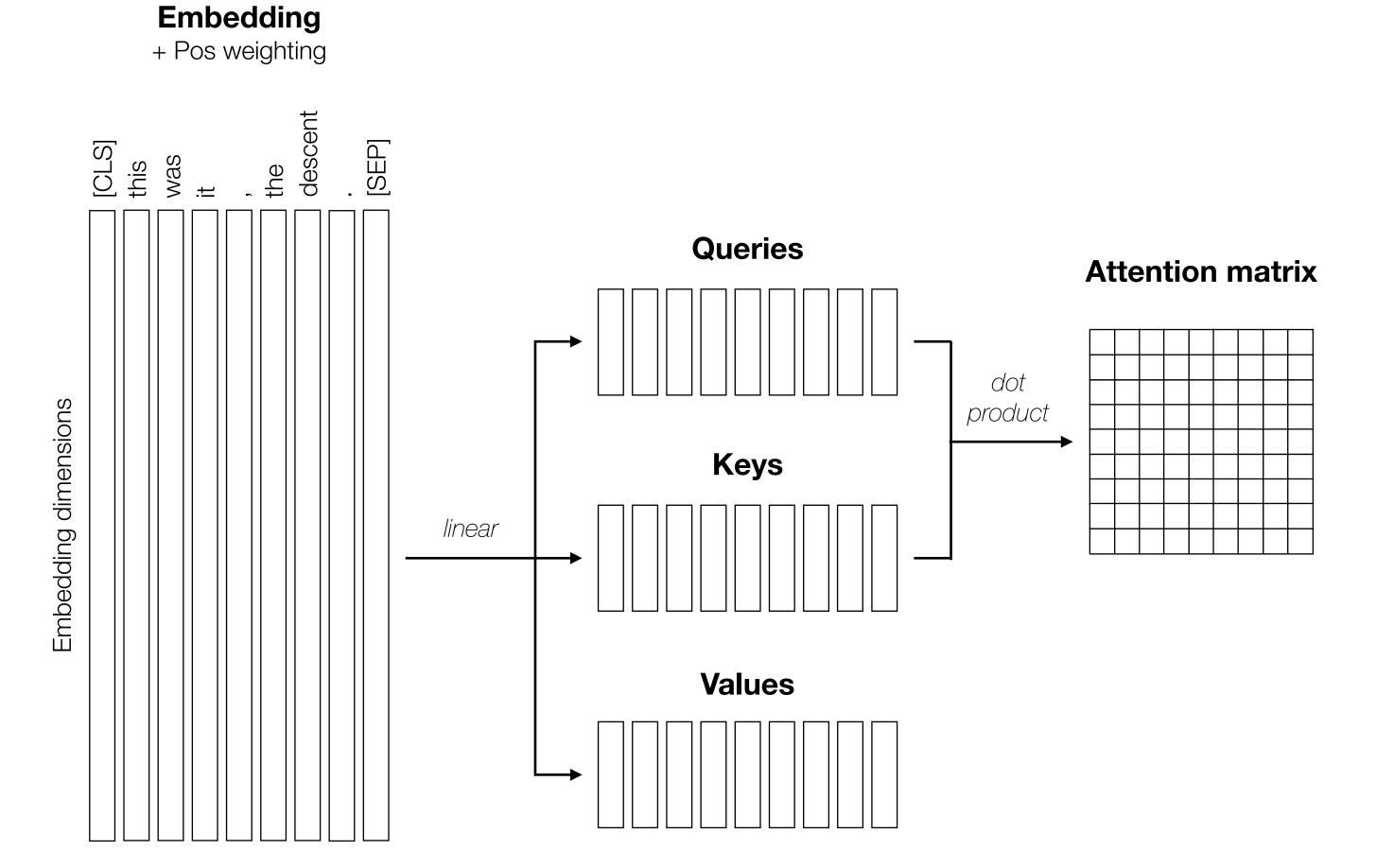


Attention

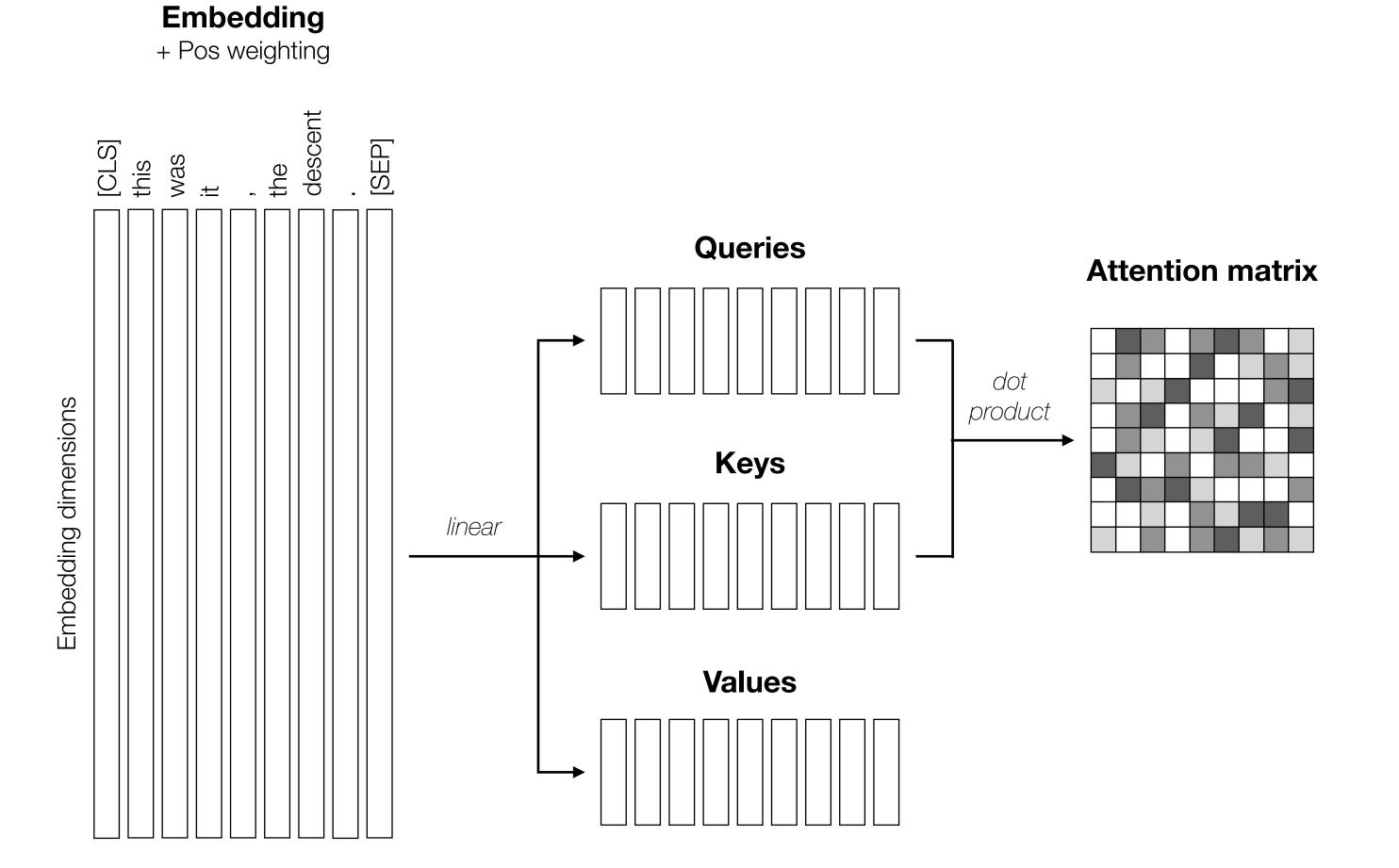
Embedding

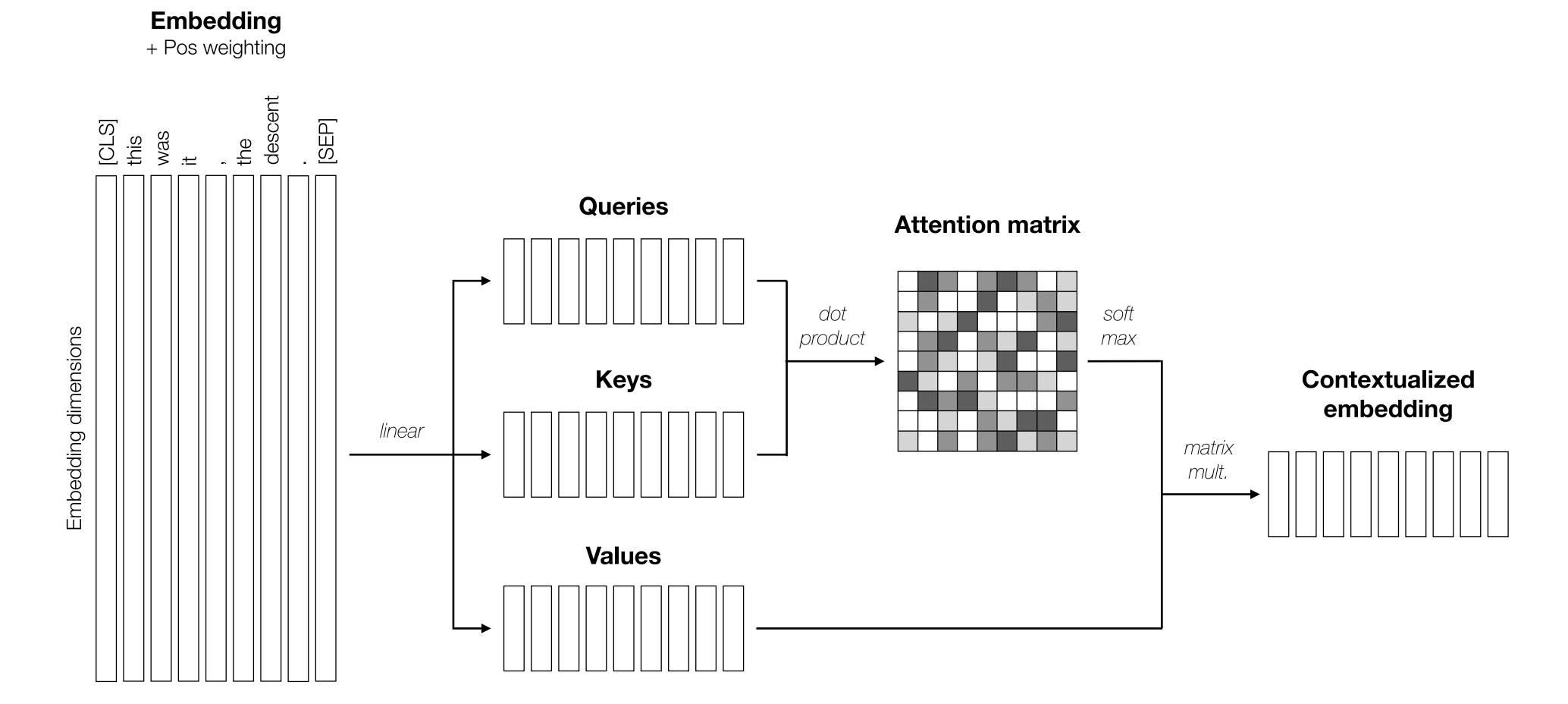
+ Pos weighting Queries Embedding dimensions Keys linear **Values**

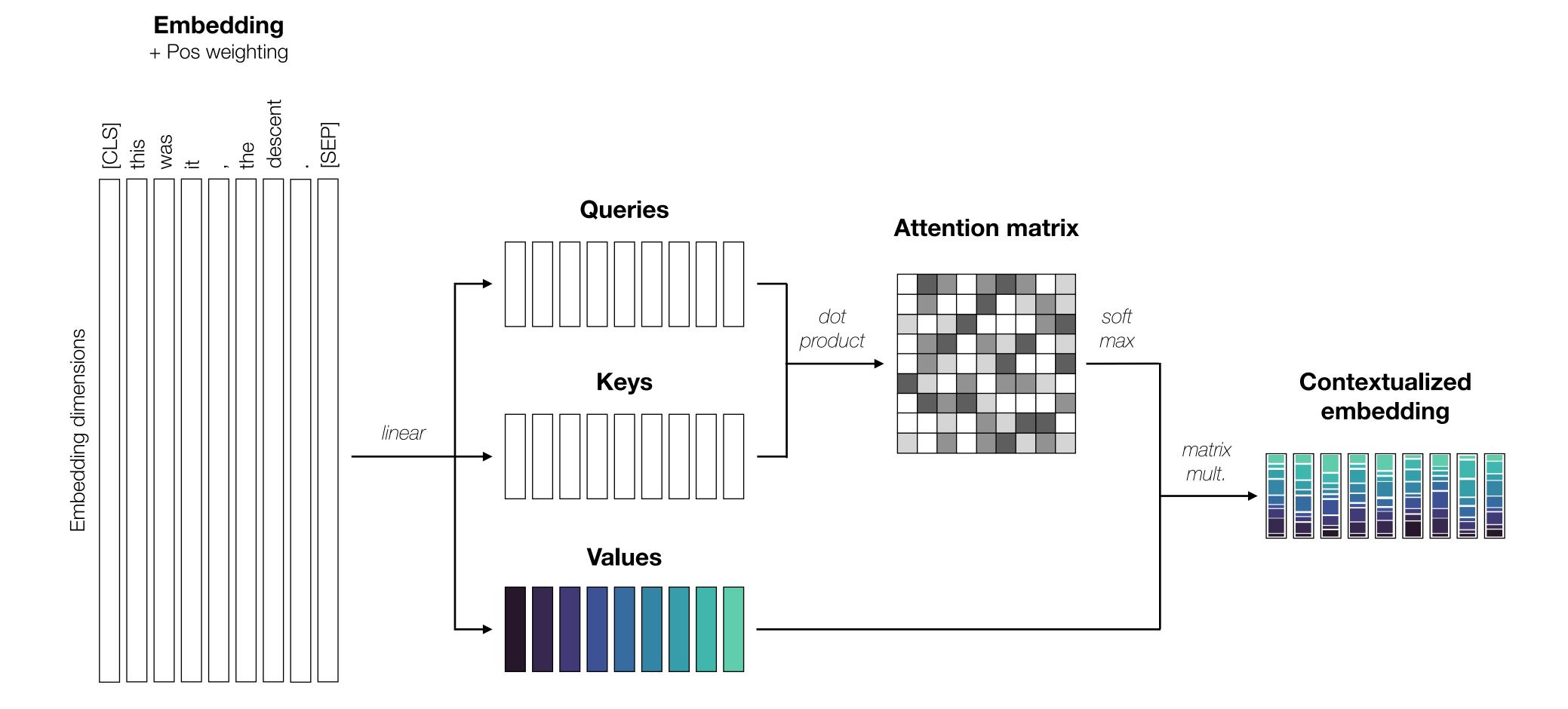
Attention

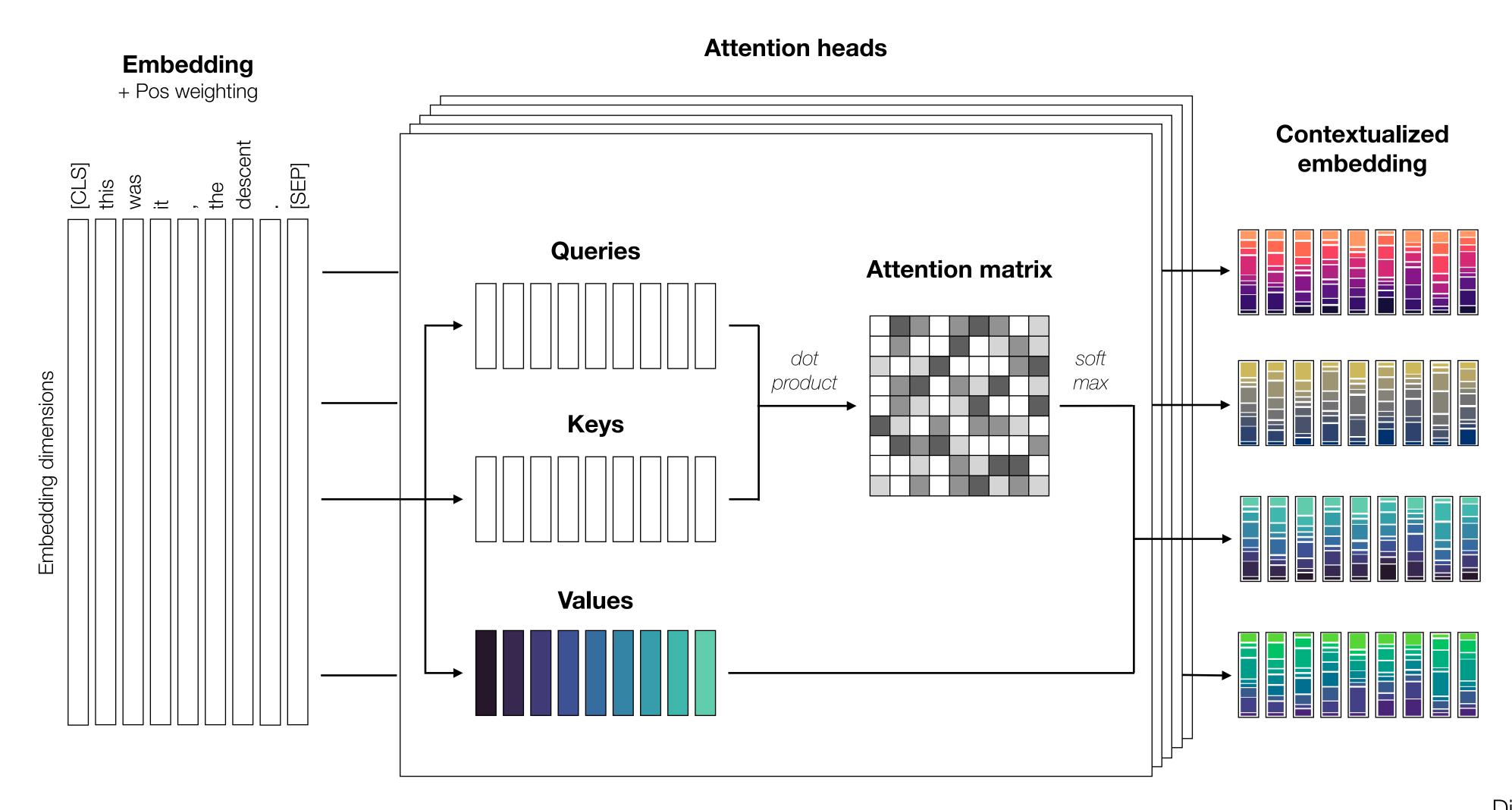


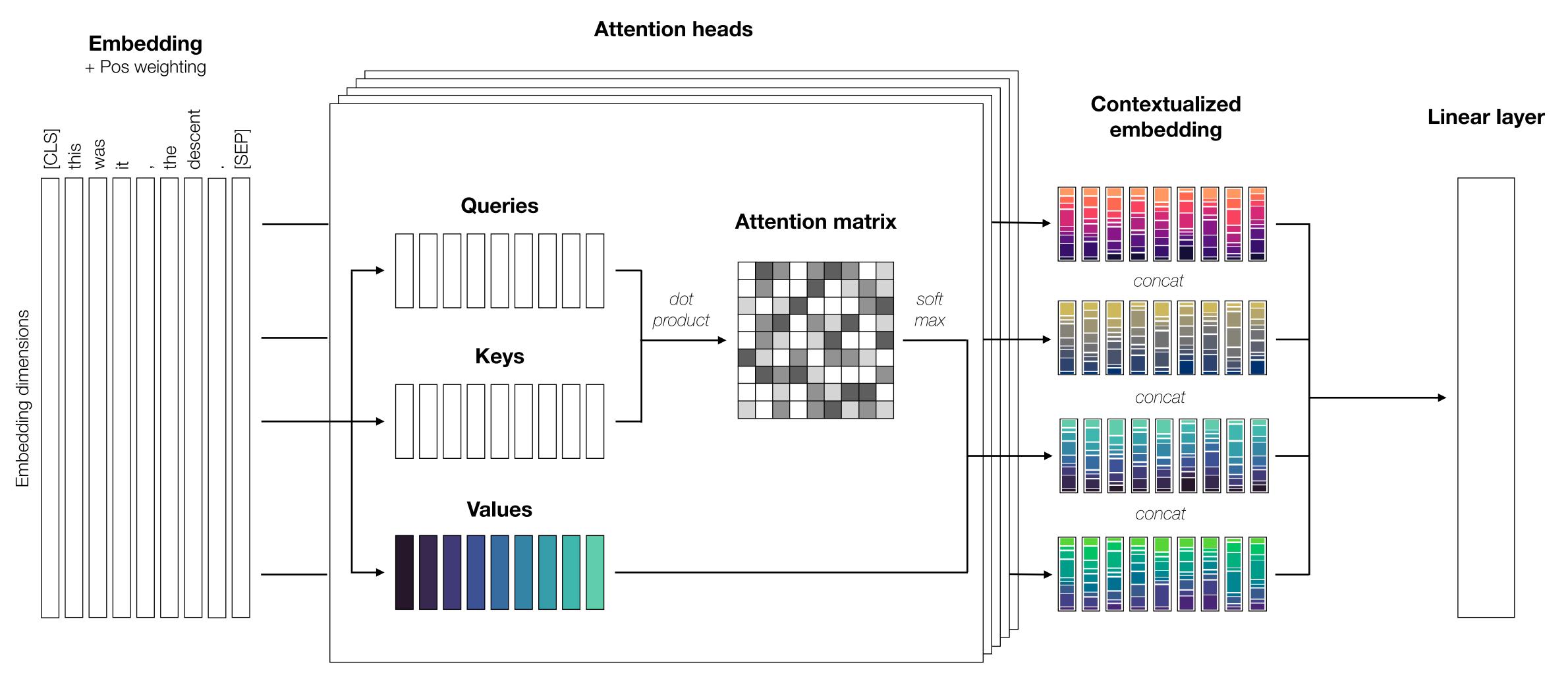
Attention





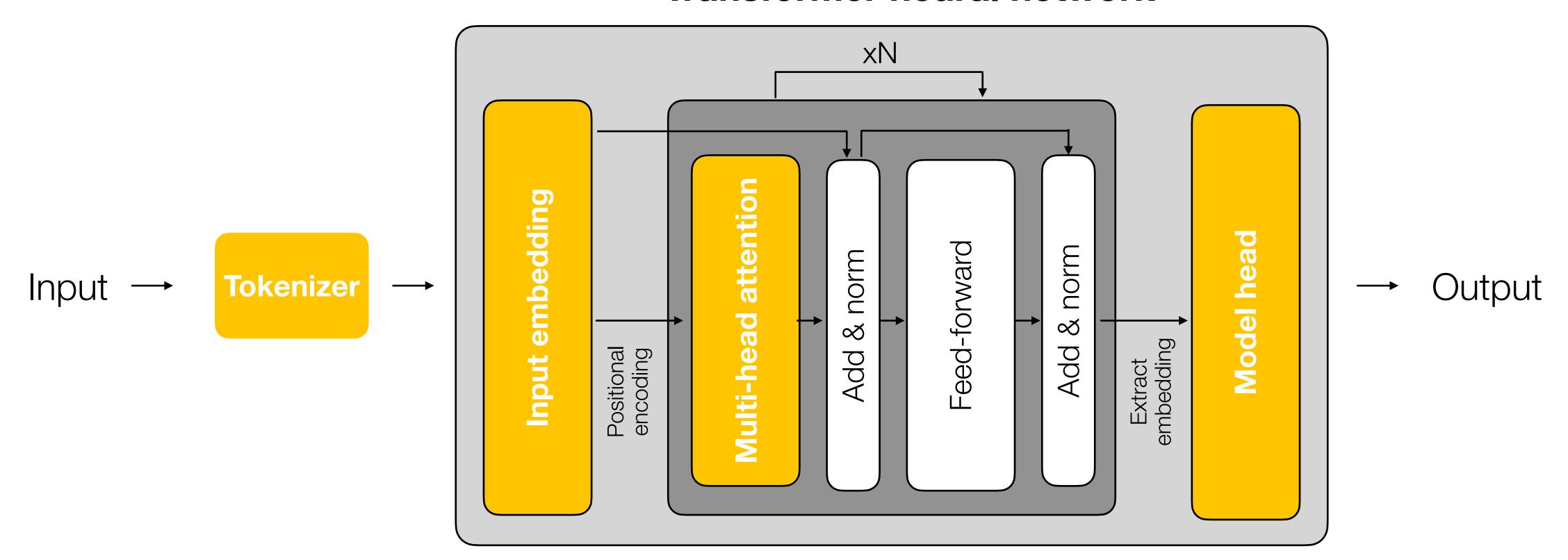




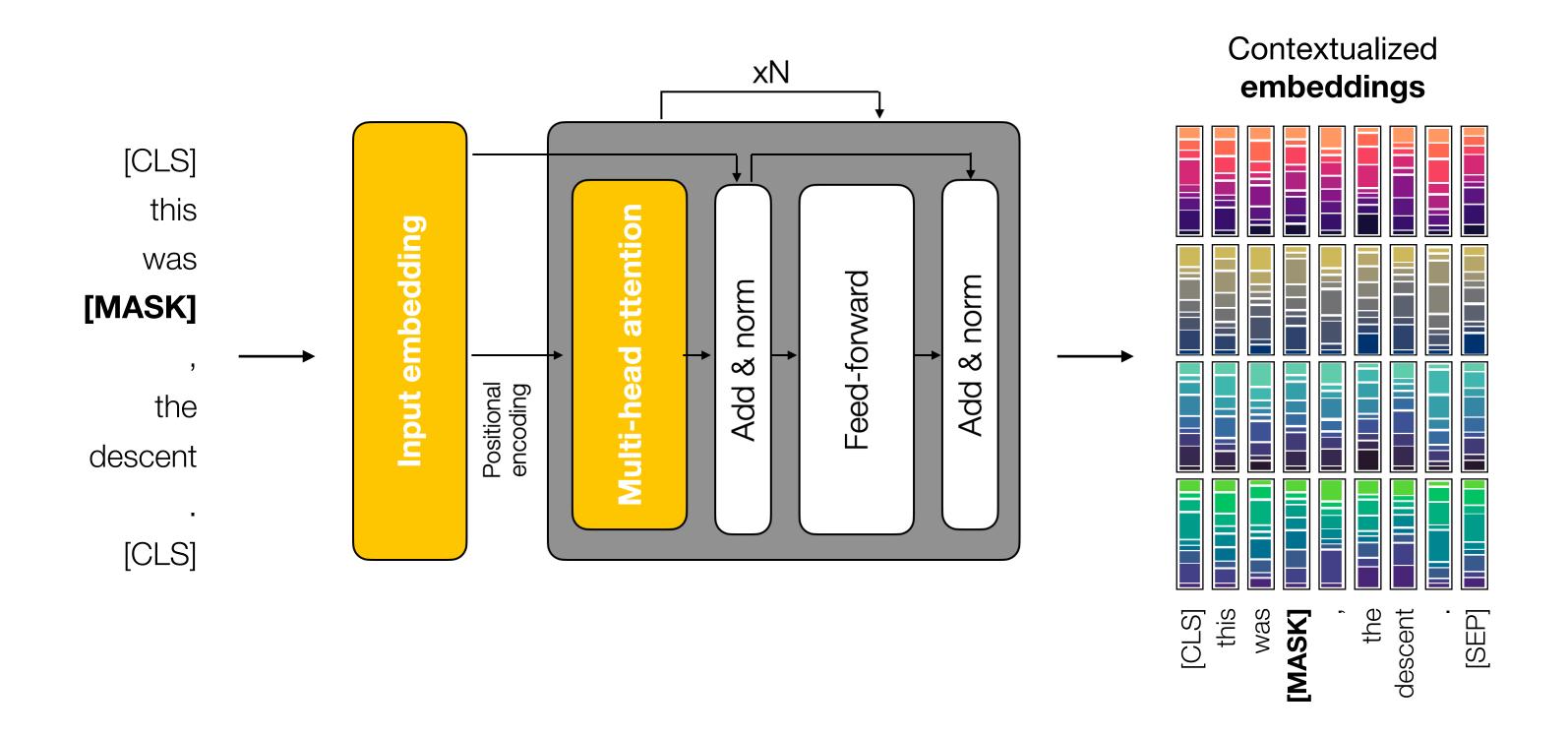


Architecture

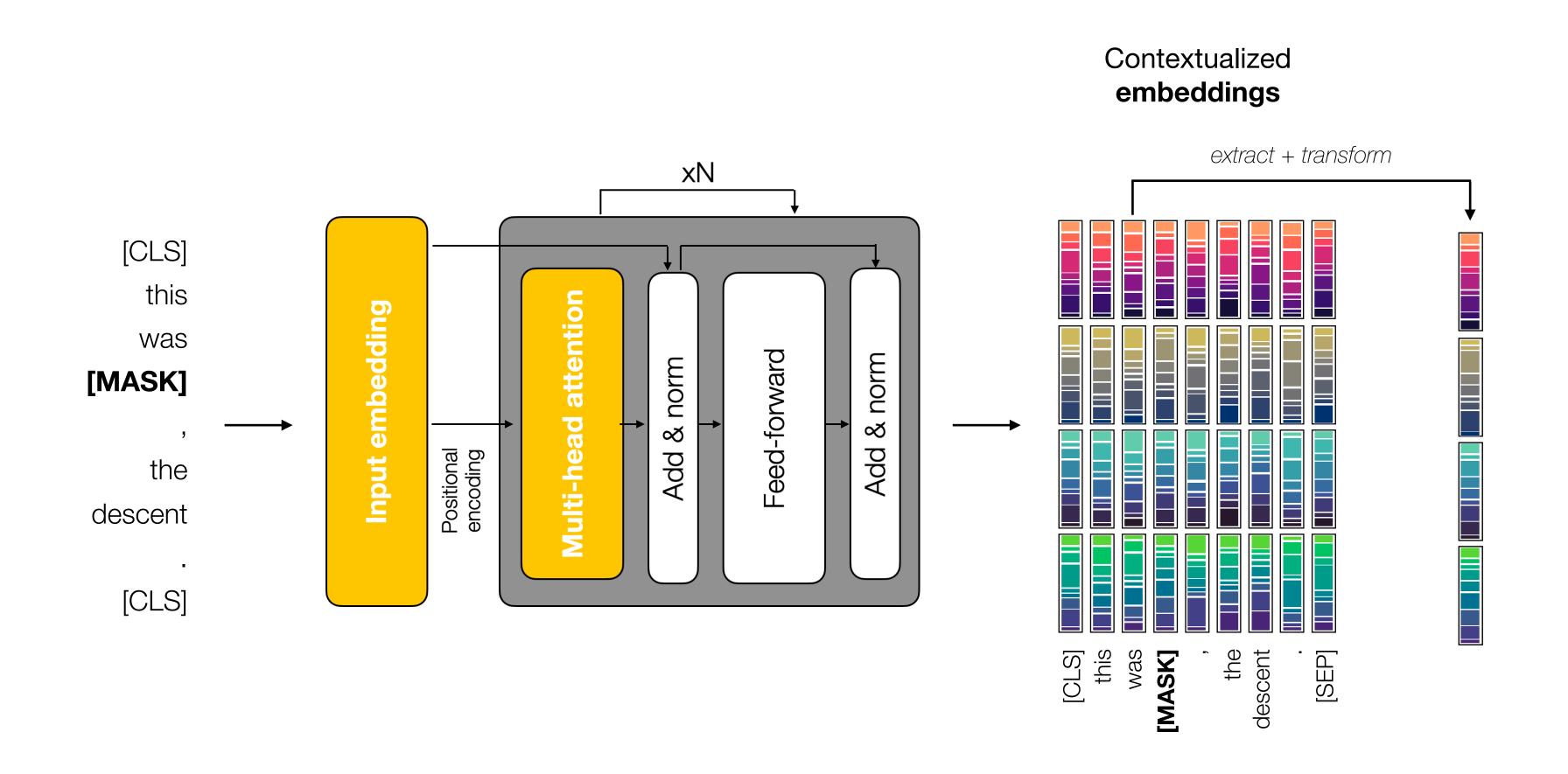
Transformer neural network



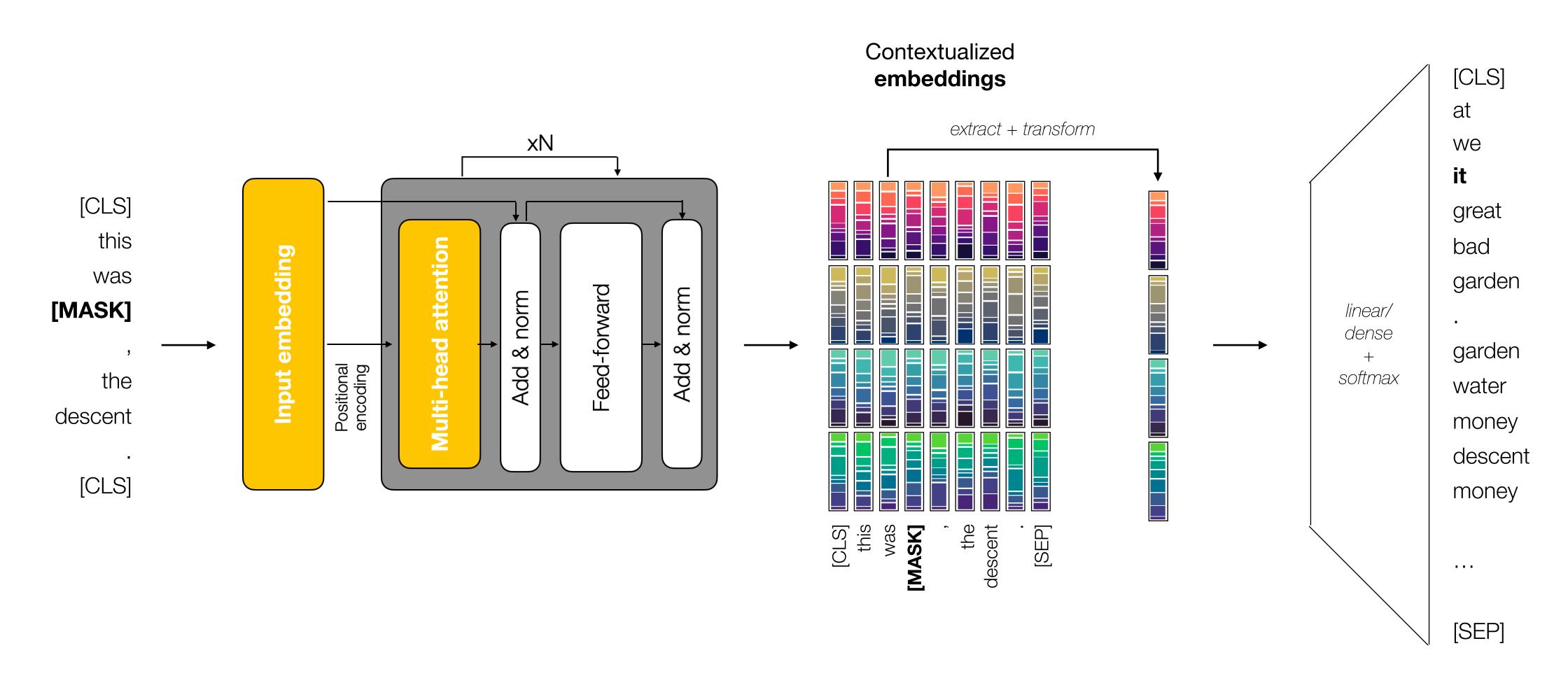
Model head for masked language modeling



Model head for masked language modeling

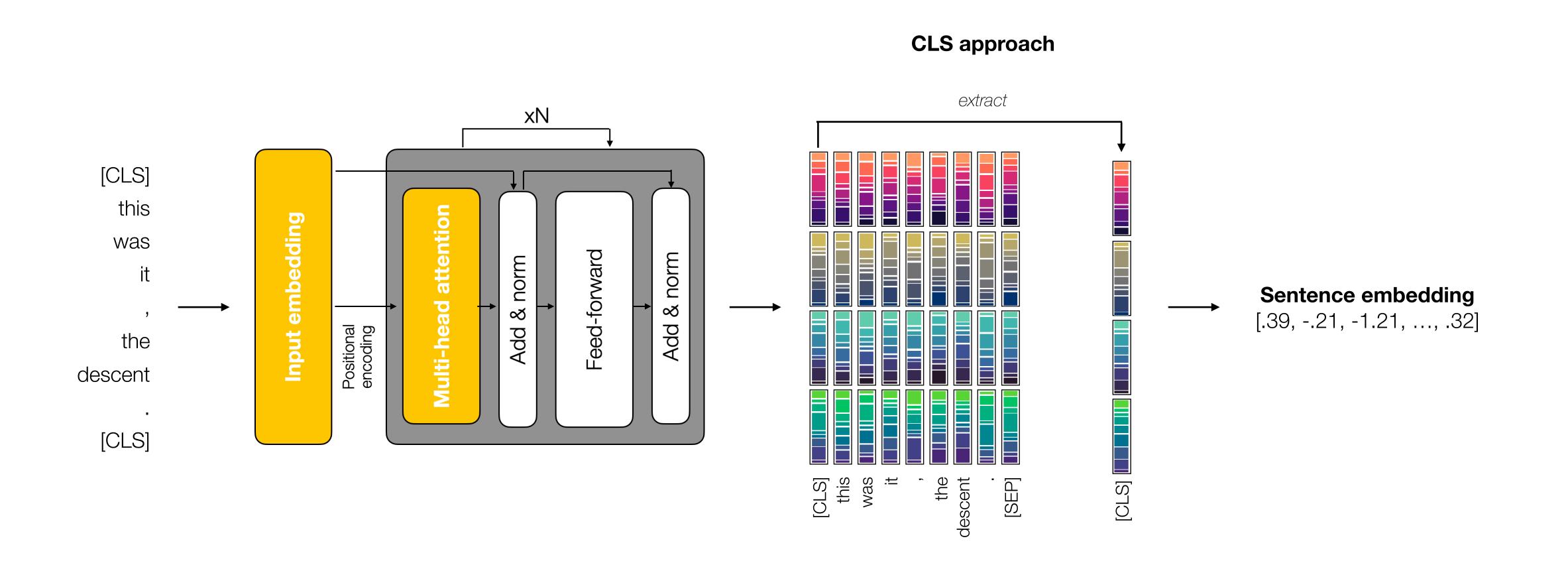


Model head for masked language modeling



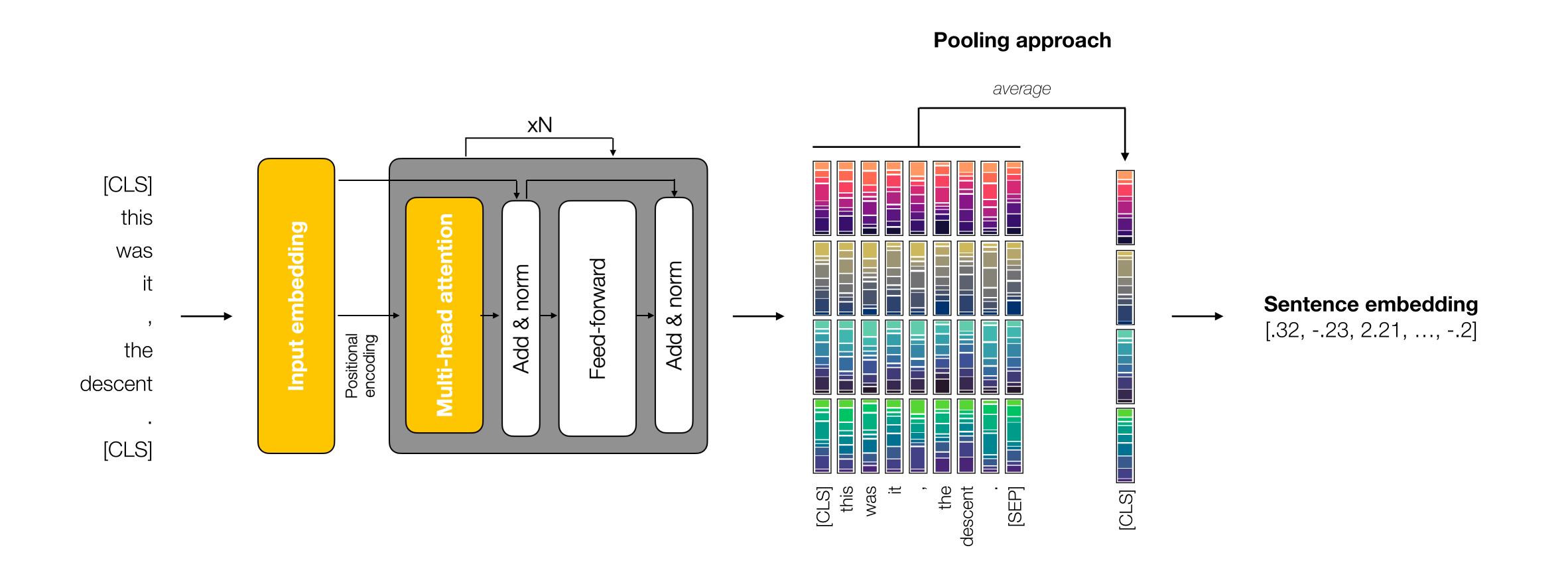
Feature extraction

to generate sentence embeddings



Feature extraction

to generate sentence embeddings



Exercise

Using feature extraction to analyze personality survey items

factor	construct	item
0penness	Emotionality	Enjoy examining myself and my life.
Neuroticism	Immoderation	Do things I later regret.
0penness	Liberalism	Tend to vote for liberal political candidates.
Conscientiousness	Orderliness	Like to tidy up.
Conscientiousness	Achievement-Striving	Plunge into tasks with all my heart.
Neuroticism	Anger	Seldom get mad.
Conscientiousness	Achievement-Striving	Demand quality.
Agreeableness	Trust	Believe that others have good intentions.
Neuroticism	Self-consciousness	Only feel comfortable with friends.
Agreeableness	Morality	Would never cheat on my taxes.
0penness	Aesthetic Appreciation/Artistic Interests	Do not enjoy going to art museums.
Neuroticism	Anxiety	Worry about things.
Conscientiousness	Achievement-Striving	Do just enough work to get by.
Neuroticism	Immoderation	Love to eat.
Agreeableness	Altruism	Have a good word for everyone.
Agreeableness	Modesty/Humility	Dislike talking about myself.
Conscientiousness	Self-Discipline	Am always prepared.
Conscientiousness	Dutifulness	Tell the truth.









How is meaning operationalized in language models?

How is meaning operationalized in language models?

What is a transformer and what components do you know?

How is meaning operationalized in language models?

What is a transformer and what components do you know?

What is attention?

How is meaning operationalized in language models?

What is a transformer and what components do you know?

What is attention?

What is feature extraction and how does it work?